

36
The Passing of National Political Conventions

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AUGUST, 1912

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Edited by *Joe Mitchell Chapple*



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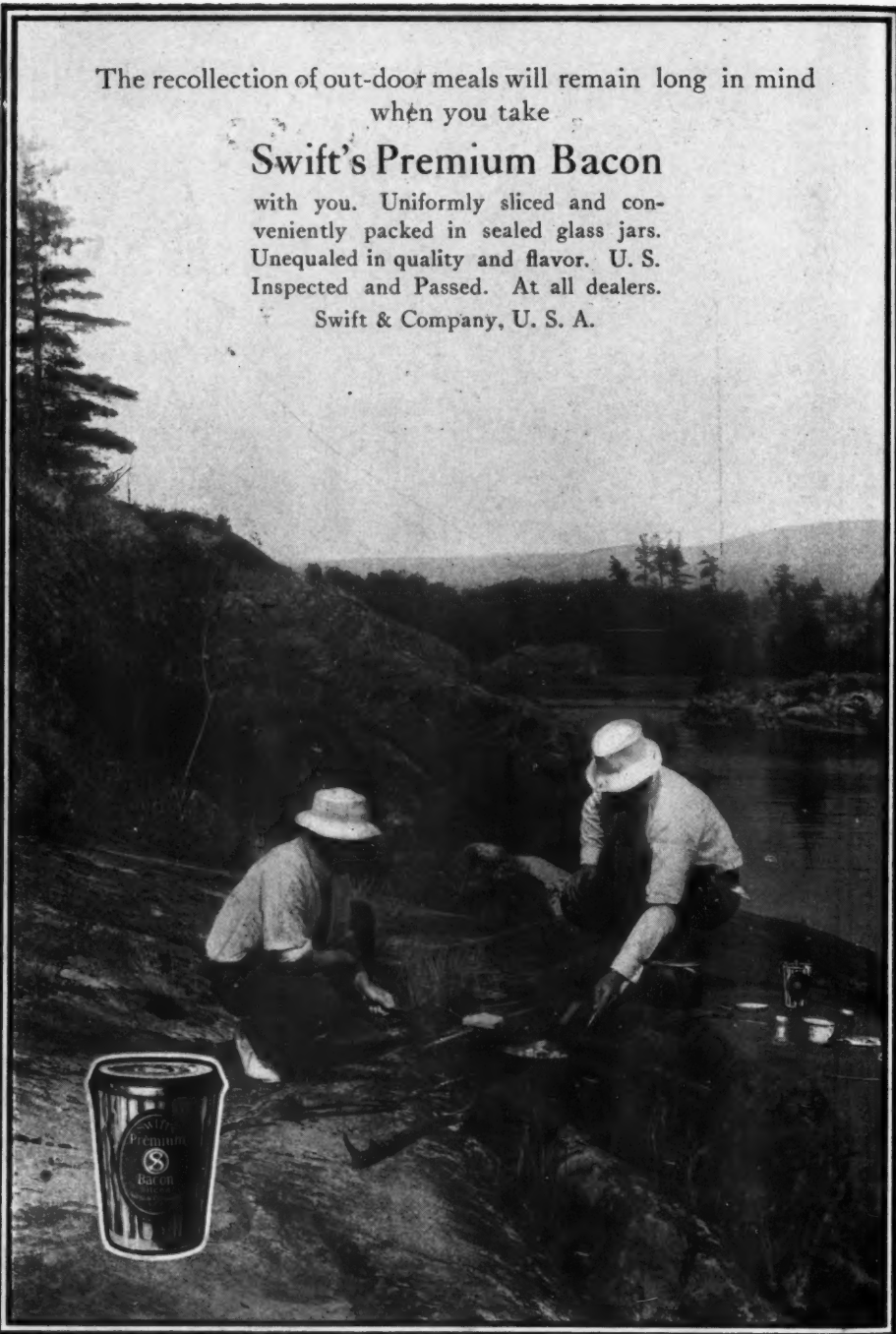
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WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT AND JAMES SCHOOLCRAFT SHERMAN

NATIONAL MAGAZINE

AUGUST, 1912

Affairs at WASHINGTON

by Joe Mitchell Chapple

AN armistice was declared between the party leaders at Washington when the recess of Congress was taken, to last while the political conventions were in progress. This recess proved a memorable fortnight of political mutation and excitement during the closing half of June, 1912. The swirling maelstrom incident to a presidential nomination seemed to have swept like a cyclone from Chicago to Baltimore—there devastating political hopes in many quarters. The friends who dropped in at the executive office to congratulate and talk matters over with President Taft were meeting everywhere on the streets and in the corridors political opponents who were in the thick of the fight at the Baltimore Convention, which, as a matter of fact, was a Washington convention. It took only an hour to run over to the Monument City and look at political monuments "in the making"—at promising careers careened in the blast of the convention forum—and it took only an hour more to return weary and exhausted from watching with the great throngs in the convention hall.

At both conventions the prominent figures at Washington were conspicuous, and the people never seemed to lose their interest in the nation's big men.

Restful calm followed the clamor of the

conventions. Director McKinley of the Taft campaign is reported to have gone home and had six straight days of sleep to make up for his lost nights, while Senator Dubois, Speaker Clark's campaign director, also retired for a well-deserved "breathing spell"; but W. F. McCombs, of Wilson fame, kept right on going. All the headquarters of the presidential candidates put in nomination were closed, and "statements" were no more of national interest.

* * *

Yet even during the sultry midsummer days big plans were being made and put in progress for the fall campaign. Preparations for the coming inauguration were considered, overlooking the vigorous campaign, which will reach its consummation in the parade to march down the Avenue March 4, 1913. During convention time the paramount question at the national capital was embraced in one small word of three letters—"Who?" That involved the old-fashioned quadrennial problem "Who's who?" The question now has resolved itself to the narrower scope implied by "Which?" And as the school-girl quotes from her favorite poem the opening line "Which shall it be?" the facetious, up-to-date college lad, with his hair combed straight back, blows a whiff and retorts "Who's it?" And the country understands

the vernacular as though it were baseball jargon.

Congressional proceedings were completely submerged for the time being, and the political chart was consulted only to measure the strength of competing candidates. Meantime the summer slipped away with the legislative bill hanging fire, and the Army and Navy and the State Departments uncertain whether there would be any money available to continue in

at the White House continues—there are throngs of callers; and at the State Department the ambassadors and ministers come and go, although most of the embassies are comfortably established at their summer quarters. The "bridal" procession passing up and down the corridors of the Capitol on the hottest days, and the tourist autos flitting about the streets indicate that so long as Congress continues in session, Washington may acclaim itself



SPEAKER CHAMP CLARK'S "DEN" IN HIS WASHINGTON HOME

The Speaker goes right on with his work, forgetting that there ever was a convention at Baltimore

business. Despite these threatening conditions, session after session, Uncle Sam seems to worry along somehow, and take care of his pay-rolls and appropriations.

The supreme court room seemed unusually dignified and exclusive, deserted by bench and bar, and with summer coverings over its furniture.

The work on the streets at Washington is always scheduled for the summer months, and the upper part of the Avenue resembled the condition of conflicting parties during convention time. The work

a lively summer resort. The moment Congress adjourns and the President leaves, Washington has its days of rest and leisure, and the sacred portals and inner sanctums of the most exclusive officials are thrown open to a curious public.

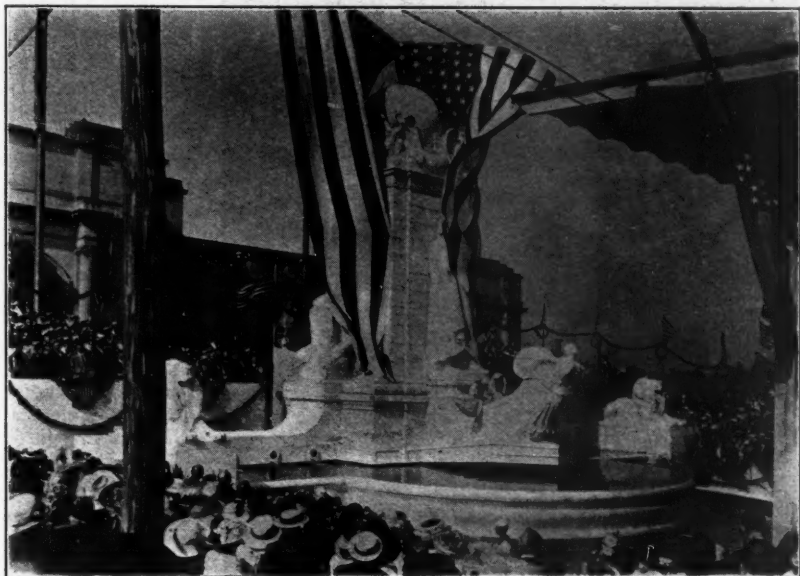
Speaker Clark pushes on with the work in his "den" and at the Capitol, forgetting that there ever was a convention at Baltimore, but conscious that he had the hearty endorsement of a majority of the delegates, who thus manifested their appreciation of the man in the Speaker's chair.

THE unexpected is always written and uttered by Bernard Shaw, who commented on the Titanic disaster in a characteristic way. He knows just how to make newspapers reprint his sayings and how to set people talking.

The opening paragraph of his article on "Romantic Lying" in the *Daily News* has the usual Shawesque scorching satire:

"Why is it that the effect of a sensational catastrophe on a modern nation is to cast it into transports, not of weeping, not of

sensible woman would trust either herself or her child in a boat unless there was a considerable percentage of men on board is not considered. Women and children first: that is the romantic formula. And never did the chorus of solemn delight at the strict observance of this formula by the British heroes on board the "Titanic" rise to sublimer strains than in the papers containing the first account of the wreck by a surviving eye witness, Lady Duff-Gordon. She described how she escaped



UNVEILING OF THE COLUMBUS STATUE BY THE ITALIAN AMBASSADOR AT THE UNION STATION PLAZA, WASHINGTON

prayer, nor of sympathy with the bereaved nor congratulation of the rescued, not of poetic expression of the soul purified by pity and terror, but of a wild defiance of inexorable Fate and undeniable Fact by an explosion of outrageous romantic lying.

"What is the first demand of romance in a shipwreck? It is the cry of 'Women and Children First.' No male creature is to step into a boat as long as there is a woman or child on the doomed ship. How the boat is to be navigated and rowed by babies and women occupied in holding the babies is not mentioned. The likelihood that no

in the captain's boat. There was one other woman in it, and ten men; twelve all told. One woman for every five men. Chorus: 'Not once or twice in our rough island story,' &c., &c."

Still it may be said that the newspaper reporter or editor has a right to presume that the average reader knows that boats are provided with crews, and that women and children are not sent adrift at sea, without men to look after them. It is not likely that many readers were led to believe that women and children were literally put into unmanned life-boats, or that

any "heroism" was attributed to any but the men who refrained from seeking to save themselves, while a woman or child claimed the first right to safety.

Many admirers of Shaw have suggested that it was an unhappy choice for even a professional satirist to take as a theme for satire the naturally perfervid

THERE is a pathetic timeliness in the appearance of a little book written by the late Major Archibald W. Butt, entitled "Both Sides of the Shield." It contains a "Foreword" by President William H. Taft in which a splendid tribute is paid to the author. The President touchingly chronicles how constantly

"Archie" was in attendance, so that he felt the shock of his untimely death as though it were a younger brother. President Taft first met Major Butt as a volunteer in the Philippines, where he made a splendid record in the quartermaster's department. His sunny disposition and kindness, says the President, was notable. Whenever he entered a room, in bad or good weather, he seemed to radiate good cheer. Major Butt was very devoted to his mother, whom he brought to Washington from his home in Augusta, Georgia, and it seemed to the President that "he never married because he loved her so."

In speaking of the Titanic disaster, the President says, "After I heard that part of the ship's com-



THE LATE MAJOR ARCHIBALD WILLINGHAM BUTT
One of the heroes of the Titanic disaster

accounts and comments of the press on the most terrible and fatal shipwreck of many centuries. The strength and weakness of those perishing hundreds while they awaited and met death in the icy sea, can never be known to any but the Almighty. Reverence and charity, however, prevented any flippant attempt to demonstrate a gift for satirizing of the naturally emotional literature that described the great calamity.

pany had gone down, I gave up hope for the rescue of Major Butt, unless by accident. I knew that he would certainly remain on the ship's deck until every duty had been performed, and every sacrifice made that properly fell on one charged with responsibility for the rescue of others.

"The chief trait of Archie Butt's character," says the President again, "was loyalty to his ideals, his cloth and his

friends. His character was a simple one in that he was incapable of intrigue or insincerity."

Major Butt was born in Augusta in 1865, and upon his graduation from the University of the South, he joined the staff of the famous *Courier-Journal* at Louisville. Later he went to Washington, D. C., as correspondent for several Southern papers. At the beginning of the Spanish-American War he took service, and later was given the rank of captain by President McKinley. After a splendid career in the Philippines he returned to America in 1904, was prominent in social army life in Washington, and when President Taft entered the White House was chosen for his military aide. In March, 1911, the President advanced him to the rank of major.

Now as to the story. "Both Sides of the Shield," (published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia) is a series of letters on the educational and social conditions in the South. It is written in the first person by a young reporter calling himself Palmer, who is serving on a Boston daily and is assigned to write a series of letters on Southern conditions, "avoiding the cities and beaten tracks." Palmer certainly made good, as the reporters say, on his assignment, and had some interesting and vivid experiences to relate. The little book appears in a way to be an autobiography; it is delightfully written, and certainly furnishes a charming remembrance of one of God's own noblemen, Archibald Willingham Butt.

* * *

NO other cabinet position seems to have produced men more prominent in the executive affairs of the nation than the War Department, from which President Taft, Senator Root, and Secretary Dickinson, now prosecuting the steel trust case, came into great prominence. On the walls of the outer room leading to department headquarters are the pictures of Grant, Sherman and Sheridan, grim warriors baptized in the very reek of battle, but of late the War Department seems to have entirely changed its mission. True, there are exhibited the bullet-torn flags which carry the memoirs of war—the flag that

floated over Fort Sumter and the flag that draped the bier of the beloved Lincoln. But among the portraits on the wall, Daniel Scott Lamont, with his close-cropped brown moustache and clear blue



MRS. CLARENCE W. WATSON

The wife of Senator Watson of West Virginia. She is a prominent leader in Washington society

business eye, reminds one of Cleveland's days, and of peaceful activities in the Department of War.

To our fathers it would seem like a paradox that the War Department should be pre-eminently identified with the development of trade, but so it is. The

Panama Canal, the Philippines, and all the great engineering of trade development come under its jurisdiction. The product of our factories is more largely its concern today than is the output of our arsenals. Secretary Stimson, young and alert, is proving a most efficient executive. His office is an indication of his policy in managing affairs. In his room are the portraits of Lincoln and Grant; at his desk was a bouquet of flowers; an arm-chair commanded the view from a balcony—and not even the suggestion of a sword, musket



SECRETARY OF WAR STIMSON
Who is running the War Department on a strictly business basis.

or gun relieves the array of maps, books and documents, which suggests that the pre-eminent object of the United States War Department is peaceful trade rather than conquest.

Nevertheless, from this desk are directed the movements of the army, the great insular bureau and all the varied engineering held in reserve to enforce federal law and justice. The army has never been as picturesque or popular as the navy, and has suffered some misrepresentation among laboring men because of its employment in times of riot and trouble. Upon the preparedness of the War De-

partment, however, depends the power to hold in check the sudden eruption of passions that flame into bad feeling every now and then between nations, like the flashes of ill temper among individuals.

Secretary Stimson is a business man in the strictest sense of the word, and a thorough student of men and affairs. He came into public prominence during the recent gubernatorial contest in New York. He is a New Yorker by birth and a graduate of Yale, although he studied law at Harvard. As a lawyer Mr. Stimson won distinction, and he served as United States Attorney of the South District of New York from 1906 to 1909. The following year he entered the contest for the governorship and revealed his splendid abilities as a speaker and a keen student of public affairs. His administration in the Cabinet since President Taft's appointment in May, 1911, has marked an able epoch in the annals of the War Department.

* * *

"WE think we are a great people," said the retired army officer, taking off his glasses, "and we feel that we are progressing at a tremendous pace, but here's a newspaper account saying that the French government has unearthed in Babylonia 45,000 tablets, giving a history in full of the reign of the ancient kings. Here we find for the first time that Babylon, and not Rome, was the real 'Mother of Law.' In those days there was a system of courts and of appeals that even suggested a recall. Sir, this report states that during the days of Nebuchadnezzar they had a free rural delivery of mail, over every highway in the kingdom. And shades of Grover Cleveland!—it has also been proved beyond a doubt that the Egyptian Government in 4,500 B. C. had a perfected system of civil service. There is a record that the first turbine engine was invented by the Egyptians, and that Archimedes devised this mechanical contrivance by which the fields could be watered when the Nile was low. This is the same principle that is used to drive the latest additions to the Cunarders."

What shocked the doughty old American most of all was the information that four thousand years ago the phonograph was

used in ancient Egypt, and was in reality only perfected by Edison in the nineteenth century. There is evidence also of the use of wireless telegraphy before the Christian Era, while the Egyptian alphabet has proven to be a scientific key to organized human speech. It is a hard blow to our self-sufficiency to find that the banjo of the Southern plantation with its fascinating "thrums" only echoes the musical instruments used by Egyptians in prehistoric times.

This all indicates the fascination of the subject of Egyptology, and the Grolier Society of London has established American offices, issuing important publications and information concerning these ancient days in the land of the Nile.

* * *

THERE is a touch of homelikeness in the office of Miss Mabel T. Boardman, the head of the American Red Cross, in Washington. In this modest room, decorated by ferns with a woman's subtle touch, a great work is being conducted. The Titanic relief work was carried on vigorously, and the assistance for the flood sufferers in the Mississippi Valley was even of greater magnitude. The Red Cross takes cognizance of all calls in distress and calamity, whether or not spectacular, and thrilling to the hearts of the people.

The great success of the Ninth International Congress of the Red Cross was fresh in mind, and the ease with which the names of foreign visitors were registered in that office indicates how close together the world is getting in the splendid work of the Red Cross. While primarily employed in the field of battle, the society has found a larger field of usefulness in responding to the distress signals occasioned by the great calamities which seem to occur in all parts of the world as regularly as the seasons come round. All this great international work is calmly mastered in a business-like way by the American woman who is devoting her life to an

endeavor whose scope is as wide as the world itself.

* * *

ONE of the busiest men in the country is Charles W. Fairbanks, whose activities during the Convention followed several years of retirement from public life. As president of the Indianapolis Forestry Association he has been kept so busy looking after the planting of trees and making addresses at the ceremonies, that he has witnessed the planting of some twenty-five hundred trees and has become noted as an arboreal speaker. All the new trees will bear fruit in a few years,



EXHIBITION HALL OF THE RED CROSS SOCIETY,
WASHINGTON, D. C.

and will beautify the Hoosier homes and schoolhouses with the rich verdure of the valley of the Wabash.

Mr. Fairbanks has his office in Indianapolis, and has one of the largest law libraries and private collections of books in the city. He is just as gracious as during his active public life, and during his trip around the world received attentions and courtesies rarely vouchsafed to any traveler. Mr. Fairbanks has a farm in Illinois, but never loses his preference for his home town, Indianapolis, the "Paris of the Middle West," where he began life as a struggling young lawyer in a modest home near the public square. He recalls the time that he walked to the Square to hear Robert G. Ingersoll's famous Memorial



HON. CHARLES WARREN FAIRBANKS
THE FORMER VICE-PRESIDENT, WHO WAS DELEGATE AT LARGE FROM INDIANA AT
THE REPUBLICAN NATIONAL CONVENTION

Day oration, introduced by the memorable words: "The past rises before me like a dream."

No wonder that Indianapolis people love Indianapolis with its beautiful streets, parks, drives and its incomparable Soldiers' Monument. The sculptor and architect of this famous memorial was among the lost of the Titanic, and perhaps his greatest monument will be the towering shaft at Indianapolis, surrounded by the life and activities of a busy people.

* * *

PERHAPS the one thing that is the very essence of modern business methods, differentiating the progressive from the backward countries, might be condensed in a few words—knowing how to keep accounts and records. In most Latin-American countries such a thing as an audit is never known, and in general these people are careless as to records and reports. This was exemplified when the United States took charge of the customs house in San Domingo and soon changed a losing to a profitable government business. The same is true of Cuba and Honduras.

The careful bookkeeping and recording methods, characteristic of prominent Americans from George Washington to present day leaders, tell the real story of progress. Facts are gathered, assimilated and made the basis of knowledge, and, as we learned from the much-quoted Bacon, "knowledge is power." The United States Census is now a gigantic machine for gathering vital statistics which form the basis of investigations and plans for better methods in every department of life and labor. Of course, there is such a thing as overdoing the card index, but the system of careful record has had much to do with the thrift and prosperity of New England.

On Beacon Hill, in Boston, under the golden dome of the State House, is one of the largest indexes in the world. In fact, the Russian public index is the only one known to be larger. More than nine million names, giving births, marriages and deaths in Massachusetts from 1843, make a complete record, showing not only where people were born and where they died, but also statistics which are vital in making up calculations. Before this time

the records were kept in the different towns, but now they are all concentrated in the State House in Boston. In a relatively small space all these records are preserved, and as births, marriages and deaths come in, different forms of cards are used, and a great variety of names, Grecian, Assyrian, Italian and others now mingle with good old New England names that have been on the records since the landing of the Mayflower.

It is amazing what an immense amount



SENORA JOSE SALES DIAZ

The wife of Senor Diaz, formerly an attache of the Mexican Embassy, now promoted to third officer of state in Mexico

of work can be accomplished by the adoption of this system. Each disease of which mankind is likely to die has a number, and as I stood by I heard Mr. Boynton, the "charge d'affaires" of the important work, refer to 93 as pneumonia, to 46 as this and 16 as that, and so on through the whole category. The adoption of the old numerals as significant terms has greatly simplified the task of gathering together chronological and other records upon which future progress and development must be planned. Patrick Henry's famous reference to "the lamp of experience" is

nowhere more carefully observed than in the keeping of reliable records on which calculations can be based as unerringly as the astronomer relies on logarithms or the surveyor on the length of his chain.

The Bureaus of Statistics in various states are now rapidly adopting a uniform system that will eventually make the gathering of many decennial census figures only a matter of addition and tabulation, for as each district is thoroughly covered, the aggregate in a country of one hundred

people anticipated with unusual interest the appearance on the American lecture platform of the Countess of Warwick, the mistress of the Castle. For many years this distinguished lady has occupied a prominent place in public affairs.

It seemed like the irony of fate that from the castle of the ancient King Maker, Earl of Warwick, this remarkable lady should issue, with her strong character and her radical ideas. Although for more than twenty years she was one of the leaders of London society, she is an ardent socialist, and is, in short, a woman of wonderful versatility. None have been more prominent in philanthropic work. She successfully launched the Lady Warwick College, a school for girls, where they are taught the arts and handiwork of the dairy, the poultry yard, the kitchen and the flower-garden. The Countess has been keenly interested in the pursuit of gardening for women, and has never ceased to emphasize the value of fresh air for girls with shattered nerves. There is no more enthusiastic admirer of Mother Earth and her beauties than the Countess of Warwick.

A decided impression was made in literary circles by the publication of her book "Warwick Castle and Its Earls," two volumes of history written in a pleasing, gossipy style which won for the Countess immediate popularity as an author. She has also been a notable addition to the lecture platform, where she tells of the men who have inhabited Warwick Castle—some who dictated the policy of their country; some who perished miserably on the block; the leaders in command; the generals of armies, and the admirals of splendid navies. One Earl of Warwick was a pirate, and one, a pretender to the earldom, distinguished himself by inventing a valuable patent medicine. "There is a whole forest of trees," says one writer, "connected with the genealogy of the Warwicks."

With all this picturesque setting it was no wonder that Americans looked forward with keen interest to Lady Warwick's visit. An extensive tour had been arranged for her, in many of the large cities; but she came, she saw and she returned, before half of her engagements



THE COUNTESS OF WARWICK

million people is not any more difficult than that of even a small fraction of this amount. It is simply a question of system, and Uncle Sam and the State governments are certainly making good use of the last and most important of the three r's, Readin', Ritin' and 'Rithmetic.

* * *

A SCENE of which the American tourist in England never wearies is Warwick Castle, which has been pronounced a national glory, and is one of the oldest and most beautiful ancestral homes in England. Little wonder, then, that the American

had been fulfilled. The inevitable woman's reason, "because," was given, and a hint of the impending coal strike at home. Her own country, claimed Lady Warwick, demanded her attention, and her American lecture dates had to be cancelled, much to the discomfort of her manager. It was indeed a disappointment to the American public that this noble lady could not have remained as expected, to acquaint American audiences with a personality at once interesting and attractive.

* * *

PERMEATING every epoch of national history is an enthusiastic pride in the American navy. No one could have witnessed the launching of the new battleship "Texas" without feeling a glory in the strength and protection for which it stood. Yet, despite its size and power, almost on the same day Japan launched a battle cruiser at Vickers which was five hundred tons larger and six knots faster. This was the first of a quartet of new Japanese cruisers which will make a squadron of four ships of 28,000 tons, with a speed of from twenty-seven to twenty-eight knots an hour.

A comparison with the development of other nations shows that it is an unwise attempt on the part of Congress to reduce naval appropriations. Naval authorities point out that our navy, as it now stands,

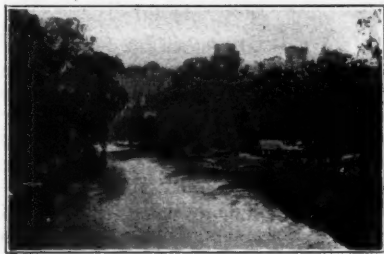
that are added from year to year. The sentiment of the country as reflected in the press and various labor organizations will not tolerate a policy of failure to preserve a powerful navy.



THE COUNTESS OF WARWICK AND HER SON

The navy today is ninety-seven per cent American; its personnel includes a splendid lot of young fellows, who are drilled, trained and taught soldierly bearing, self-reliance and navigation. Many of them become accomplished mechanics, and when their enlistment period is over, they are in demand at good salaries by private corporations. At the same time, these men trained by the government are a valuable national asset, and it has been the aim of Secretary Meyer to secure their re-enlistment and to offer inducements that will bind them to the government. "We adopted the Monroe doctrine some years ago," says Secretary Meyer again, "and insisted upon its maintenance. But the Monroe doctrine is only theory if not backed by our navy."

When the "Delaware" steamed to England and back without coaling it indicated something of the splendid management of the navy. When the boat arrived at Southampton, English vessels



A VIEW OF WARWICK CASTLE

is an excellent foundation, while others declare that a cessation of development would be the same as putting up a large fireproof building and allowing its foundation to deteriorate. We have a splendid navy, but its foundation must be represented by the ships and new equipment

asked out of courtesy if they could not furnish her barges with which to take coal, and were astonished to find that the "Delaware" had not only made the trip but also could return without calling on outside help.

The increased efficiency, team-work, co-operation and up-to-date accounting methods which Secretary George von L. Meyer first introduced in the Post Office Department are now current in the Navy. Because of his wonderful managerial



MISS CLAUDIA LYON

The little daughter of Colonel Cecil A. Lyon. She christened the new battleship Texas, launched at Newport News

ability, it is regarded as vital necessity that when Secretary Meyer approves of further naval development, no mere spasm of economy should be permitted to interfere with his recommendations. When one has seen the four great new battleships, the "Arkansas," the "Utah," the "Florida" and the "Texas," he can understand what our navy represents. The enthusiasm and *esprit de corps* of the Navy Department today is such that all should seek to encourage rather than discourage the men who have given the best effort and years of their life to its upbuilding.

FOR many years the proposed pensioning of government employes has been a question of vital interest at Washington. A plan lately submitted by the President would pension all employees over seventy years old, no person to receive over ninety dollars a year, about enough, with economy, to find them in clothes. This, it is estimated, would cost the Government not more than \$227,000 a year. The present employes are assessed not to exceed more than eight per cent of their salaries.

As one goes about the government offices and becomes acquainted with the scores of faithful and efficient clerks growing gray in the civil service, which is quite as deserving as that of the military, especially in times of peace, it seems as if a pension system is not only logical but necessary to maintain efficiency in the great army of clerks who are after all the basis of the working administration of the government. The retirement of clerks at seventy would enable the department from time to time to recruit new employes and necessarily to increase the force.

The middle-aged man can recall the time when changes of administration largely revolutionized the whole clerical force at Washington. That is all past, however, and now it is not uncommon for many thousands in the government service whose appointments come directly from the President of the United States later to oppose the man whose signature is upon their commission. There are some who still believe that civil service reform has not been altogether the benefit that has been prophesied for it because of a decrease in efficiency. The clerk who realizes that his position is secure, declare these people, is not likely to be as keen and eager to follow the leadership of the heads of various departments. The oldtime ties of loyalty and enthusiastic devotion of man for man in affairs political is passing. The passion and enthusiasm of the days of Henry Clay and James G. Blaine would make even the most ardent follower of today seem tame in comparison. As the personal relationship between the old employer and his workman has passed away, the same effect is apparent between political leaders and their followers. In the old days the interests of both were more

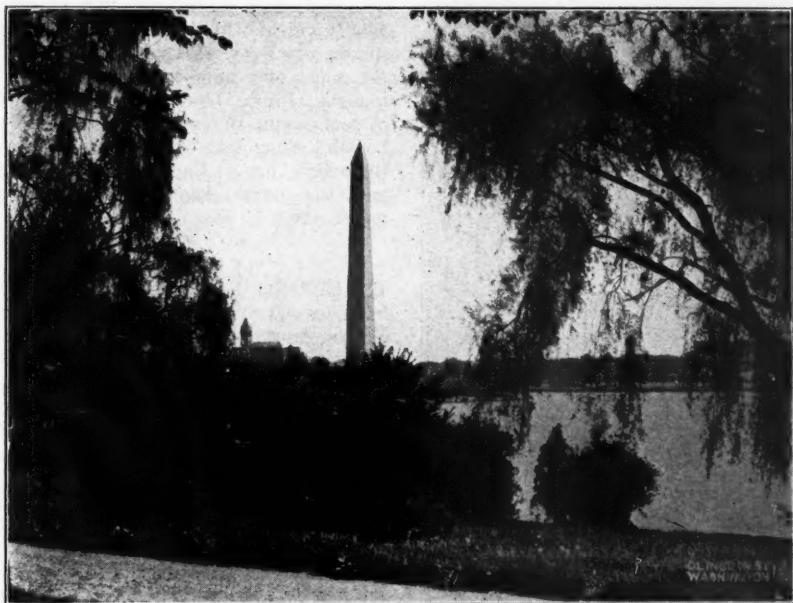
identical, more homogeneous, but today the individual looks more directly to his personal rights and privileges than to those of his leader or employer. As Dr. Edward Howard Griggs has said, sometimes it is well to stop and think it all over, whether what we look upon and laud as progress is after all real progress, and if indeed the law of compensation does not operate in subtracting some advantages where other positive benefits accrue.

In its pension system, the United States

did in the early bloom of their womanhood, is a picture that brings to mind the necessity of providing a pension for government clerks.

* * *

AFTER a face to face meeting and a delightful chat with the Rt. Hon. Arthur J. Balfour, former Premier of England, as he converses on the philosophy of literature, the conviction comes that here is a man who thinks deeply.



WASHINGTON MONUMENT AS SEEN THROUGH THE TREES AT POTOMAC PARK

seems to have been slow to recognize the necessity of guarding against the terrors of want in old age and helplessness, and surely in a country with a national debt per capita smaller than that of any other country in the world and with a per capita wealth greater than that of any other country there is coming inevitably an adjustment that will work out in a practical manner.

To see two gray-haired women who have served for thirty or forty years in government service, walking down the aisle with arms around each other, as they

His recent comment upon the literature of the times is refreshing and can hardly be reconciled with the old-time sneers and jibes of the dilettante who served as secretary to the Marquis of Salisbury during the great Peace Conference held in Berlin.

Mr. Balfour is now a champion of literature that is instrumental in cheering us up, for he insists that surely life itself is sad enough. Calling attention to the fact that the literature of the day seems to be less cheerful than in the days when he was young, he sums the situation up in an

informal and most eloquent statement to the authors of the day.

"Everything, after all, which is real is a potential subject of literature as long as it is treated sincerely; as long as it is treated directly, as long as it is an immediate experience, no man has the right to complain of it. But it is not what I ask of literature. What I ask from literature mainly is that in a world which is full of sadness and difficulty, in which you go through a day's stress and come back from your work weary, you should find in

his account of first impressions of this country are most interesting. With the phraseology of a trained diplomat, he started in to express his admiration of the great country teeming with enterprise, and paid special tribute to the Capital City.

The reporter could not resist the impulse to ask him what he thought of American women. With the chivalry and dignity of a prince, Traidos bowed low and said, "You Americans have much to be proud of in your women." Then he added, as in parenthesis, that his wife would join him in the fall, thus spoiling the reporter's intended story, and dashing the hopes of a number of fair Washingtonians. Prince Traidos, nevertheless, is of picturesque interest. He is a bright, boyish looking man who parts his hair in the middle, has an English university gait and the usual dainty black Siamese moustache.

* * *



PRINCE TRAIIDOS OF SIAM
The youngest member of the diplomatic body at Washington

literature something which represents life, which is true, in the highest sense of truth, to what is or what is imagined to be true, but which does cheer us."

* * *

DURING the full-blown beauties of early summer the youngest member of the diplomatic body arrived at Washington. He is Prince Traidos of Siam, still in his twenties. He established himself at the Siamese legation and entered at once actively upon the duties of his position. He is first cousin of the king of Siam and speaks the English language fluently. He is a graduate of Cambridge University, and

SWEEPING across the sky at sixty miles an hour in its official test, Lincoln Beachy tried out the new War Department aeroplane. The adoption of the aeroplane in the army is practically assured, and the "sky service" seems likely to become a recognized department. The aeroplane on an army test carried six hundred and eighty-seven pounds, not a very great capacity of carriage, but who can limit the development of the future? Years ago the tiny teakettles, running on wooden rails, little forecasted the massive ninety-ton monsters thundering over the massive steel metals of today.

Aviation is more than an avocation. It was recently arranged that Rear-Admiral Hugo Osterhaus of the United States Navy should receive a message at the Navy Yard in Brooklyn, from Robert J. Collier, President of the Aero Club. The machine started from Seabright, New Jersey, and circled about the Admiral's flagship. Everything was going well when suddenly the engine went dead, and it looked for a moment as if the machine would turn turtle. The aviator managed to get control of the planes, however, although they were obliged to volplane (soar or slide down) abruptly to the river and they struck with an unceremonious splash some

distance from where the message was to have been delivered with due etiquette.

The aviators were drenched, but they were optimistic, as is the wont of aviators, and they had done well to escape injury in their five hundred foot drop. They were towed alongside, and the naval message was delivered after all by boat in the manner approved by the old tars, who do not take kindly to navigating the aerial sea.

The dangers connected with aviation seem not to daunt aviators, and at the present rate of development the invention will be perfected not only for army purposes, but as a practical medium of special everyday transportation. The time has already arrived when the amateurs' and professionals' adventurous voyaging on a "breath of air" in a whirling aeroplane is swifter and even more exhilarating, however hazardous in the beginning, than the joy jaunts of the motor car in its earlier development.

* * *

FEW men in the Senate have indicated a more thorough technical knowledge upon the schedules discussed during tariff debate than Senator George T. Oliver, of Pennsylvania. Although this is his first public position, Senator Oliver's introductory address in a debate on the tariff bill proved his mettle, and he soon became a prominent figure in discussing the great economic questions of the day.

Senator Oliver is one of a family of brothers who are pioneers in the steel trade. He was president of the Oliver Wire Company at Pittsburgh, and later president of the Oliver & Snyder Steel Company until he disposed of his manufacturing interests in 1901. Since his retirement from active manufacturing in 1901, after twenty years spent in the management and upbuilding of a great industrial enterprise and the study of present day problems in practical business life, he has brought to the Senate a knowledge which has made him an important and expert factor in the tariff considerations.

Senator Oliver was born in County Tyrone, Ireland, during a visit of his parents, and was brought to America at an early age. He was graduated from

Bethany College, West Virginia, and in 1871 was admitted to the bar in Pittsburgh. When twenty-seven years old he was appointed solicitor for the Dollar Savings Bank of Pittsburgh. Senator Oliver is more largely interested in the newspaper field than any other man in Pennsylvania. Since 1900 he has been owner of the *Pittsburgh Gazette-Times* and *Chronicle Telegraph*, now conducted by



MRS. JOHN J. ESCH

Wife of Congressman Esch of Wisconsin, and one of the most popular Western women at the Capital

his sons, George Sturges and Augustus Kountze Oliver. The aggressive policy of these papers has had a marked influence in maintaining a wholesome and conservative attitude upon the great questions of the day. Senator Oliver was for three years president of the Central Board of Education and assisted in giving his home city a new charter and in having a wholesome house-cleaning from boss corruption and the ward system. Diligent in his senatorial labors he keeps up his work in

the various committees and stands firm for the policy of protection and restraint upon trade combinations that interfere with the expansion of legitimately conducted enterprises.

Senator Oliver has the real senatorial love of baseball and after his letters are signed he watches the clock to get the signal from the Vice-President about adjournment time, when the interest and discussions of the day are diverted from tariff schedules to the score card.

Virile and aggressive, in the prime of



THE WASHINGTON HOME OF SPEAKER
CHAMP CLARK

life, Senator Oliver impresses his visitors as being a typical American business man now making public business his first concern.

* * *

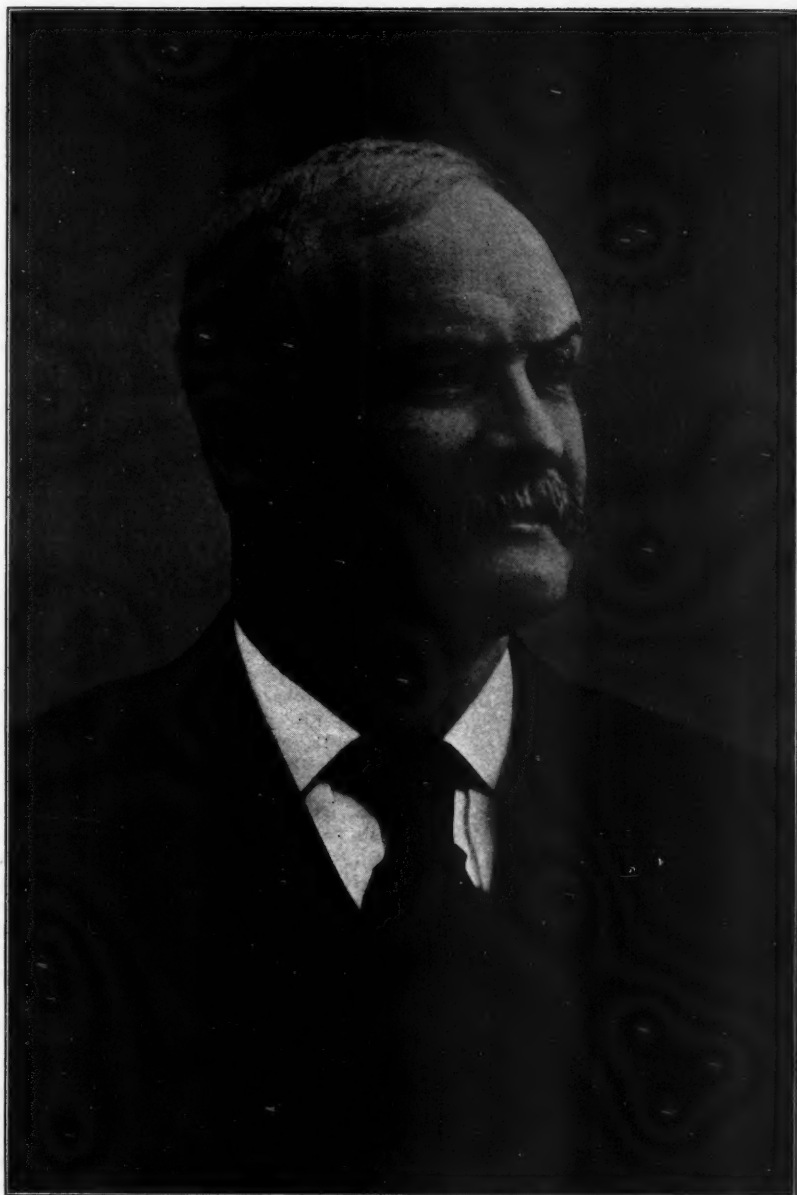
THE more I mingle with men, the more faith and confidence I have in mankind. The nobility I have met includes a King, an Emperor and eminent leaders in public life and literature, but those sturdy types of American business men, whose creative faculty and whose great, broad minds and hearts have made possible the development of the country, are to me the true nobility of the times.

Years ago, it was my good fortune to meet the late Senator J. Henry Cochran of Pennsylvania, one of those men whose kindness and genuineness are apparent at a glance. His activities as woodsman, log driver, banker, lumberman, organizer, state senator, political leader and philanthropist form an inspiring page to the business history of the age.

Born in Brunswick, his parents moved to Calais, Maine, when he was very young. At the age of sixteen, in the flush and vigor of early manhood, he came to Pennsylvania. He did not come all the way by rail—part of the way he walked. The odor of the freshly-cut pine boards and sawdust was too much for him. It was not long before he was out in the woods exploring every stream and stretch of woodland thereabouts. He joined his elder brother, Judge J. W. Cochran, of Emporium, Pennsylvania, later of Ashland, Wisconsin, and the firm of J. W. Cochran & Brother soon became well known throughout the state.

In the summer of 1870 he was married to Miss Avis Ann Rouse at Calais, Maine, and brought his bride to Pennsylvania, where he had charge of a lumber operation on Cole Run.

When the timber of Pennsylvania became scarce, Senator Cochran cruised the pine woods of Wisconsin, and many say that he is the hero of Stewart Edward White's famous novel, "The Blazed Trail." The story of the novel is that the late Senator McMillan, of Michigan, and Mr. Cochran both wanted the same tract of timber land. With an Indian guide, the latter started on the short cut to the land office, one hundred and twenty miles away. In the rush the Indian guide gave out, and Senator Cochran, with the disabled red man on his back, threaded the trail, through the brakes and windfalls of the woods, reaching his destination at daylight. When McMillan arrived he was dumbfounded to find his rival awaiting him on the land office steps. Thus goes the story of "The Blazed Trail" and J. Henry Cochran, but the modest hero would never permit discussion of his early achievements. "He always reckons," a friend once said, "upon what he is doing now."



THE LATE SENATOR J. HENRY COCHRAN
THE HERO OF STEWART EDWARD WHITE'S NOVEL, "THE BLAZED TRAIL."

J. Henry Cochran was first elected county treasurer of Cameron County in the days when political preference demanded a strong personality. He was four times elected to the State Senate of Pennsylvania, and no man who served with him in that body will ever forget his charming personality or his individual efforts in behalf of the constituents whom he represented. A born leader, with undeniable power, he was considerate and just in his dealings with men. His prominence in the counsel and guidance of the

tunes increased, so increased his quiet philanthropy and charity. The rivermen, lumbermen and the old friends of his early manhood were always his special consideration. What a picture it was to see him in the woods with his men, or in the state senate, or the busy marts of trade—still always the same—or with the President of the United States, Grover Cleveland, hunting or fishing or addressing him in his council chamber. Senator Cochran was one of the few intimate personal friends of President Cleveland. Together they hunted and lived the outdoor life which both loved; theirs was a rare and lifelong friendship.

Senator Cochran was closely associated with the McCormick family and with Henry Clay McCormick and his brother, Seth T. McCormick. He won the praise and confidence of men because they trusted him, and in his passing the tributes paid to him by all classes were tributes to the democracy of the man. To his friends he does not seem to be gone, for his radiant presence, sparkling eye, and hearty laugh are indelible memories of a personality that made the world brighter and better. His nature partook in its greatness of the forests which he loved, and if the lives of such men could be more thoroughly studied, there would be less of rancor, envy and bitterness in these swirling times. Here was a man who created opportunity and happiness, not only for himself, for his family and friends, but also for any who came within the circle of his influence.

Never can I forget meeting him during the last year of his life, among his beloved pines on the Brule River of Wisconsin, where he loved to recall the scenes of early days and to enjoy the river and its whispering trees. With his brother, Judge Cochran, he lived over again the joy and happiness of early days. The Senator loved to tell about the Judge's love for trading horses, and how he traded so often that he frequently got back the same horse that he started out with in the morning. In the glow of the logs on the hearth, what a gratification it must have been for him to look back over a life so full of usefulness! At that time he realized that his strength was failing, but never once did he fail in his consideration for others.



MRS. THOMAS L. REILLY

The wife of Congressman Reilly of Connecticut, erst of baseball fame

Democratic party was nation-wide. He loved politics "because," he said, "it dealt with men." So, too, he knew men because he loved men. The lumbermen in the camps and on the drives loved J. Henry Cochran as a youth and as a man. Although given high honor in public life, no prominence ever overshadowed his effective consideration for the men with whom he associated. All his life Senator Cochran had especial love for his home city and the people there. His name is indelibly associated with the history of Williamsport, and as his success and for-

On that last boat ride down the beautiful Brule, his dark eyes sparkled and glistened as the craft swept down around the bend and over the rapids to the rhythmic swish of the paddle of the Indian guide.

How happy he was in his home, "Rosegill," on the Rappahannock, in Virginia, a historic place dating back to the days of early Colonial Virginia. In this mansion he renewed the hospitality of the days of Washington. The plantation was the ancestral home of the Wormleys, and it seemed to have escaped the devastation of the Civil War. Here the old grist mill remains—a picture of old Colonial and antebellum days.

It was one of Senator Cochran's broad rules that no needy family should be allowed to suffer the pangs of cold and hunger in his home city. Every Christmas hundreds of well-laden baskets expressed his quiet and unostentatious and generous means of enjoying a merry Christmas. His charity knew no bounds. His face glowed with the radiance of one whose heart beat to the true impulses of kindness. He was greatly interested in the Boys' Industrial Home, and when it was started he referred to a sign, "No poor boy refused a home here," which he had seen on the front door of a boys' home in London. "I want you," he said, "to make your institution that kind of a home." When the concrete building was begun it was disclosed that there were only three contributors, and the Home was finished before scarcely anyone knew of the fact.

No record will ever disclose the countless good deeds of Senator Cochran's busy life. When I was last in his office there were two callers whom he had just helped with clothes. He always tried to cover these generous deeds, but the splendor of his charity would shine forth in the faces of his beneficiaries. He delighted in the hundreds of young men whom he had helped in business, and he seemed as interested in the details of their progress as if it were his very own. He seemed always to be one of those men who enjoy bestowing favors, and never did an appeal for help fall unheeded on his ear.

As time passes away the memory of the man is enhanced by the constant discovery of labors woven of noble acts. The life

of the late Senator J. Henry Cochran constitutes an illustrated and inspiring page of biography dissipating the cynical pessimism of these disquieted times, and radiating the glow of hope and happiness which permeated every act and every hour of his princely life.

* * *

ONE of the most impressive prayers ever offered in the House of Representatives was on the Saturday preceding Mother's Day, when the blind Chaplain, Rev. Henry N. Couden, with his familiar



MISS JULIA C. LATHROP

The head of the new Children's Bureau at Washington

and beloved voice, uttered a prayer that struck home to the hearts of all hearers:

"Our Father in Heaven, we thank Thee from our heart of hearts that the people of this country have with one accord set apart a day called by the sweetest and most endearing of all names—mother. Tomorrow we shall wear in sacred memory the white carnation, the white rose, the lily of the valley. To her the world owes a debt of gratitude which can never be cancelled. It was mother who went down to the very gates of death that we might live. From her we drew the strength of life. It was mother who cradled us in her dear arms and comforted our childish sorrows.

It was Thy love reflected in her which watched over us by day and by night and inspired in us the purest, the noblest thoughts of life. At her knee we learned to lisp the inspiring and uplifting words, 'Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name, Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven.'

"So long as we revere her name will our homes be pure and the genius of our Republic be sacred.

"Mother is in heaven for most of us. There she awaits our coming, for heaven

further emphasize Admiral Dewey's remark that the glory of the American navy was "the men behind the guns."

The Admiral told of how the war game was played in one of the worst gales ever encountered by the fleet. The maneuvers were supposed to detect and defeat an enemy, represented by the third division steaming from Europe to join another hostile force in Hampton Roads. It was the object of the remainder of the Atlantic fleet to intercept the hostile fleet at sea and to prevent its junction with that in Hampton Roads.

The torpedo-boat destroyers flitted about in the storm as scouts, but suffered so much damage that the war game had to be given up. This demonstrated that a larger type of destroyers is necessary to meet the stress of severe weather. At Guantanamo several problems were worked out to perfect the defense of the fleet against torpedo attack, both by means of the battleship guns and by a screen of torpedo-boat destroyers. Rear Admiral Osterhaus suggests that assignments for duty with the battleship fleet be made for periods of not less than two years.

* * *

DYNAMITE has played an important part in the work on the Panama Canal. In fact, this undertaking has probably beaten all records in the consumption of dynamite and other materials for the incessant blasting operations required. In 1907, 5,087,000 pounds were required; in 1908, 6,882,000 pounds; the demand increased in 1909 to 8,270,000 pounds, and again in 1910 to 10,403,800 pounds; decreased in 1911 to 9,501,850 pounds, and in 1912 to 8,533,000 pounds; in all to July 1st, 1912, 48,647,650 pounds of dynamite alone.

The purchases for the year ending July 1, 1913, are estimated at only 3,986,500 pounds of dynamite, with 328,000 caps, 877,000 feet tape fuse, 36,000 feet triple tape fuse, 3,680 half pound rolls, insulating tape, 627,100 feet electric fuse, 335,300 feet lead wire, 20,000 pounds blasting powder and other matter. The smaller estimates for blasting material indicate the comparatively small amount of difficult excavation still unaccomplished, while



MRS. JOHN H. MARBLE

The charming wife of Secretary J. H. Marble of the Interstate Commerce Commission

will not be heaven for mother until the pearly gates have opened for her children. Blessed be her memory forever, O God, our Father, Amen."

* * *

FRESH from the maneuvers, Rear Admiral Hugo Osterhaus, Commander-in-chief of the Atlantic battleship fleet, was enthusiastic in discussion of the winter's movements. The battle target practice had just been completed off the Virginia capes, and the record of achievement behind the guns, on the bridge, and in the engine room were such as to still

the immense total of high explosives used shows how great is the economy and effect of blasting in earth and rock and even mud excavation. Without the aid of dynamite even the powerful engines and dredges now at work would have been utterly unable to perform the herculean task assigned them.

* * *

BAKING day at the Washington barracks brought about the refreshing evidence of "mother's bread" for those who observed the new air bread-making for the army. General Henry C. Sharp, Commissary General of the United States



COL. COLIN H. LIVINGSTONE
Of Washington, president of the National Council and
chairman of the Executive Board of the
Boy Scouts of America

army, was present when an oven of sufficient size to bake bread for one hundred and fifty soldiers was loaded upon a wagon in a little over seven minutes. The bread cooked was of that light brown the boys love, with the sweet, crusty loaves like those "that mother used to make."

The scene made one hungry. Improvements in the Commissary Departments are being made so constantly that the soldiers of the future will have little to endure in the way of hardships. The old

"hard tack" tales and stories of cold beans and mouldy bread will soon belong to history. Soldier life should become one continuous holiday camping time, now that the matter of baking bread is solved. Bread is as essential to military success as bullets, for, as a great soldier once said, "every army marches upon its belly," and the Spanish War again demonstrated the truth of this crude but piquant epigram.



BRIGADIER-GENERAL TASKER H. BLISS
Successor of the late General Frederick Dent Grant as
Commander-in-chief of the Department of the
East. Army circles consider General
Bliss as a future Chief of Staff

"WHISKEY locks," announced the jolly drummer to his companion in a stage whisper as the Pullman made its way through a prohibition state. The man in back tapped him on the shoulder, and a sleepy individual across the aisle blinked hopefully. Then it was necessary for the salesman to explain that the catches on the Pullman doors contained alcohol, the only liquid that can be safely used with success to check the slamming of a door.

The drummer puffed his cigar a few times reflectively. "Does it not seem strange," he remarked, nudging his companion wickedly, "to think alcohol would

stop the slamming of a door, and at the same time it is alcohol that often makes the door slam. There you have your law of compensation," he went on, addressing his little audience with a wave of the hand, "and here we are traveling through a prohibition state with 'whiskey, whiskey, everywhere, and not a drop to drink.'"

The principal of a village school, who was passing through from the parlor car, overheard the last of the quotation, and smiled warmly at the drummer, marveling at the poetic class of men who inhabited



ONE OF THE LARGEST AMERICAN FLAGS 62½ feet long by 36 feet wide and containing the full 48 stars. During flag day exercises it was unfurled by Postmaster General Hitchcock in the court of the Postoffice

the buffet. "I, too, love Coleridge," he sighed.

"Yes, good old soul," murmured the drummer, wondering what new brand Coleridge might be, and he led the party to the water tank and quenched his sorrows in several glasses of sparkling Adam's ale, with a longing look between sips at the "whiskey locks" over the door.

* * *

NOT far from the NATIONAL plant is located the well which inspired the familiar lines of Samuel Woodworth to the "Old Oaken Bucket." Every time the

place is visited many new traditions are told concerning the famous old bucket, about which people have been singing these many years. Having drunk deep of the sparkling waters, between whistled snatches of the familiar refrain, how disconcerting it was to have the charm broken by learning that the original "Old Oaken Bucket" was stolen shortly after his well-known poem became famous.

The youngest daughter of Samuel Woodworth, the author, died recently in Berkeley, California, and she often used to tell about the real old oaken bucket, and of the sadness which came over the household on the day it was stolen. It seemed as if one of the family were missing. In this age of souvenir collection, who knows but that some day the real old "moss covered bucket that hung in the well" may turn up in a museum or serve as a water tank in the show windows of some enterprising advertiser? There is no other water bucket in the world so enshrined in homely, genuine romance as this one. Even the golden goblets of royalty, and the treasured chalices of the Crusaders have never awakened the universal and popular interest attained by the "old oaken bucket that hung in the well," until it was stolen and carried away in the zenith of its fame.

* * *

AS one watches the procession of automobiles driving through the parks and streets of every city, town, village and hamlet of the United States, the wonder is that there are enough automobiles left for foreign trade, but in 1911 \$21,636,661 worth of automobiles were exported.

The increased production of automobiles by local manufacturers is owing to the fact that when a man wants an automobile, he wants it in a hurry.

It seems as if the time had come when street cars will be entirely too slow, and that the aggressive, alert American will have to whiz about in the progress of his daily affairs, listening to the chug of his motor car instead of to the rattle of the trolley. The automobile has made remote farms and isolated country villages more accessible and desirable, and is working out a great economic problem.

The Prince of Story Tellers

*A Glimpse of the Life and Methods of
E. Phillips Oppenheim*

FROM the earliest ages men, women and children have loved those who can tell stories. The child cries for, and loves to hear the interesting details of a story, even if it be repeated over and over again, and the skillful "teller of old tales" always retains a special esteem in hearts and homes. The subtle charm of Dickens, the vivid satire of Thackeray, the versatility of Kipling—literature would indeed be stale and unprofitable were it not for the story teller. Even Homer with his "Iliad" was but a story teller; the minstrel with his song told the story.

Today, in Sheringham, England, there lives a man who is called the "Prince of Story Tellers." He seems to relate an incident with all the charm of the ancient saga-man, and the story-loving public finds it hard to wait between his books. E. Phillips Oppenheim represents a habit to some five million Americans, and the Oppenheim habit is one of the easiest and most pleasant habits to acquire. You have but to read one or two of his novels, to get the full savor of his work, and in ninety-seven cases out of a hundred you will at once begin to look up

the rest of them. When you have gone rapidly through these—and that's the way you will read an Oppenheim book, since it is too engrossing to be dallied with—you will join the throng of his steady readers, which grows year by year.

One of the most interesting things that occurs in an editor's life is to study the



E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM

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New York



AS SOON AS THE TYPEWRITTEN SHEETS ARE HANDED TO HIM, THE
REAL WORK BEGINS



HIS COMFORTABLE ENGLISH COTTAGE BEARS THE INDIAN NAME
OF WINNISIMMET

vogue and growth of different writers. They seem to come in groups and run in cycles. At this time there is probably no more popular writer of fiction than E. Phillips Oppenheim. His stories have the ring of interest. They divert the mind; they entertain and have an underlying subtle purpose that reveals the master hand.

E. Phillips Oppenheim, as many know, is an Englishman, related to America by marriage, since his wife is a Massachusetts woman. Truthfully speaking he is cosmopolitan in the broadest sense, since he long

thoroughfares and squares in London, a handful of restaurants, the people whom one meets in a single morning, are quite sufficient for the production of more and greater stories than I shall ever write."

"The real centers of interest of the world," he says again, "seem to me to be places where human beings are gathered together more closely, because in such places the great struggle for existence, whatever shape it may take, must inevitably develop the whole capacity of man and strip him bare to the looker on, even to nakedness. My place as a writer



LONDON FURNISHES THE BACKGROUND FOR MOST OF OPPENHEIM'S TALES

since lost the usual insularity of the Englishman. Perhaps his wife is partly to be praised for this; perhaps his occasional visits to America and his frequent trips to Paris and the Continent were important factors in his acquirement of world knowledge. At any rate his books, dealing usually with international plots and intrigues, show a wide acquaintance with the various centers of European life, with diplomatic methods, and with all grades and classes of people. Yet he says, in an autobiographical sketch, "so far as regards actual influence upon my work, I would be perfectly content to spend the rest of my days in London. Half-a-dozen

if I may claim one, shall be at a corner of the market place."

His travels, then, are for pleasure rather than to get "atmosphere," for as soon as a story is in his publishers' hands, he takes a mental stretch and yawn, and then starts off on a short trip, invariably returning, however, with the germ of a new plot snugly tucked away in his mind. Most of them he admits to "picking up" in Paris, and not a few have been confided to him by a chance table acquaintance, or a friendly waiter. Although more than twenty of his forty-four years has been largely devoted to novel writing, Mr. Oppenheim declares that the fun and

excitement of the work has never waned. He approaches each new story with the same unflagging zest. Given the glimmering of a plot, his wonderful imagination starts with the precision of a machine, and almost before he realizes it, he has built up his story. Back and forth he tramps in his study, dictating as fast as his secretary can take it in shorthand. As soon as the typewritten sheets of the

look as though he spent many weary hours pursuing his vocation. Americans who had the good fortune to meet him on his recent visit to New York and Boston declare that he is the breeziest, jolliest, happiest looking person imaginable. His blue eyes are quick to twinkle, and he is invariably ready with a better story to cap yours. His tan indicates hours spent in the open air and sunshine, for he is an

ardent golfer, playing a daily game at the links near his home in Sheringham, Norfolk. His thirteen-year-old daughter is sometimes his partner, sometimes his opponent, for this only child demands a large share of her father's time and attention. In London the author is known as the prince of good fellows. He is a well-known member of various clubs, among them the Savage, which numbers practically all the present-day English celebrities among its membership.

During Mr. Oppenheim's American visit he was the most sought and most interviewed person in both cities which he visited. In Boston he was particularly feted, as the Boston firm of Little, Brown and Company are his American publishers. Here he had, to quote himself, "the jolliest time ever," and he contributed not a little to the gaiety of nations by his own clever and witty repartee.

E. Phillips Oppenheim wrote his first story at the age of eighteen, and his first novel appeared when he was twenty. Someone has said that every book he writes is better than the one before, and all have the spontaneity and interest that makes you grip the chair as the story proceeds.

Mr. Oppenheim has a most versatile mind, and in his latest novel, "The Lighted Way," gives the usual swiftly moving story whose plot concerns an attempt at



AN OPPENHEIM HERO

first draft are handed to him, his real work begins, for then comes the revision, the smoothing and the polishing, and the new dictation of the tale in its final form. The bulk of his work is done at home in Sheringham, where the breeze blows fresh from the North Sea, always in sight. His comfortable, typical English cottage bears the Indian name of Winnisimmet, after his wife's native city of Chelsea.

Although there are few more prolific writers, yet Mr. Oppenheim does not

revolution in Portugal, but as in all Oppenheim's stories, the action involves the people and localities in the London which he knows so well—London "just off the Strand." There is always a sharp contrast in the characters, the mystery of a signet ring, and also a linking of some mysterious man on the outside with the man on the inside. There is a wholesomeness, too, in an Oppenheim story. Chetwode, the poor young secretary who makes an ideal hero in "The Lighted Way," is a man after one's own heart. And if Oppenheim can create a fiend, he can even better present a woman of the lovable qualities of Ruth, the invalid heroine. The wonder of authors is how Oppenheim manages to find such appropriate names for his characters. Then there is always the crimson thread of love running through the more tragic features, which whets the interest as the hero's adventures continue.

"The Lighted Way" has been called the best of all Oppenheim's novels. In its summer garb, it has the benefit of all that illustration and make-up can do for an up-to-date book. The drawings are by Mr. A. B. Wenzell, whose name is sufficient warranty that he has caught the spirit of the "Prince of Story Tellers" at every turn in the exciting incidents of the story. Mr. Oppenheim does not confine himself strictly to long novels, but writes occasional short stories which are in great demand with magazines both here and abroad. It was counted especially fortunate that the revival of the Boston *News-Letter*, founded in 1704, in *Joe Chapple's News-Letter*, has

included a number of short stories by this master of English fiction, and in the issue of July 7th presents the opening chapters of "The Venom of Singhisten," admittedly one of Mr. Oppenheim's most thrilling and striking serials.

Just as the child, with sleepy eyes peeping



E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM WITH HIS WIFE AND DAUGHTER

above the coverlets, cries for "another story, another story," so the American reading public unceasingly demands more and more stories by Oppenheim, to shake off the lethargy of routine life by dipping in the world of intrigue, love and adventure as portrayed by the masterful imagination of E. Phillips Oppenheim.

**"Since Hearts are Hearts,
and Poetry is Power"**

BALAUSTION'S ADVENTURE

by Emma Playter Seabury

"SINCE hearts are hearts, and poetry is power,"
The Master poet sang—all souls may see
Unveiled the shrines of life, at Love's decree,
And breathe its holy incense every hour.
And like the fragrant, wild, pomegranate flower,
That holds food, drink, and odor's witchery
In one, he chants his rhapsody,
Who tunes his soul and claims his poet's dower.
There is a bard in every heart that sings
Through bars of care and fret, a joyous lay,
Lilting a lyric measure now and then:
Lark-like, above the mist and storm, it rings,
Through our dull prose, it permeates today,
And echoes in the listening souls of men.

Since poetry is power, and hearts are hearts,
And love triumphant, let us sing the strain:
Who builds his castle in enchanted Spain
To house his dreams, is master of the arts.
He metes out justice in the crowded marts,
The quintessence of right and truth to gain,
He scorns his drudgery, and breaks his chain,
To seek the heights, whence his ideal starts.
Beauty and Love, his symphony are one:
The poets write the table of the law,
The law of love, no cankering cares devour,
The right to joy in varied shade or sun,
The faith that grows to wings, their vision saw,
"Since hearts are hearts, and poetry is power."

The MATCH-MAKING BAT

By
ISABEL ANDERSON

Clough Harrington, Englishman and diplomat, had not been long in Washington. Yet, like many another, he had been there long enough to fall a victim to the Invincible Pair.

This nickname characterized two fascinating sisters—or, to be more correct, half-sisters. Some might declare Zohra and Zelina Duryea bad style, but none could deny them beauty. Certainly all the men considered the sisters well within the charmed circle—and, indeed, among the young diplomats of Washington they were quite the rage. It was only the "cave-dwellers," the old Washingtonians, who sniffed at them and considered them new, or the débutantes, who were jealous and called them too lively.

Zohra, tall, striking and blond, might, perhaps, have seemed to justify these terms, since she certainly waked everyone up when she appeared. She was never at a loss for something to say, and her acquaintances liked to have her about.

But Zelina was very different, quite unlike her sister. She was pretty and shy and dark, and many compared her to a madonna. In her quiet way, though, Zelina was the more dangerous flirt. Men were first attracted to Zohra and then fascinated by Zelina. They were known as the Invincible Pair. In spite of the

difference in their appearance and behavior, the sisters had so far been in accord in their flirtations, and had never felt a glimmer of jealousy for each other. Their team-work was perfect.

It happened to Clough Harrington, as to many of his predecessors, that he could not make out which girl he was really in

love with. That he was really in love with one he was quite sure. Most of his diplomatic life had been spent on the edge of the desert. When not at his work he had been playing polo or pig-sticking or else sipping Turkish coffee in the legation garden of an evening and listening to the natives singing the "Lament of the Moors."

Once Mlle. Urcola, the Spanish singer, had visited the legation and sung for him alone in the garden by moonlight. People had said that she loved the young diplomat. Certainly Clough had often thought of that evening and of the charms of the sweet singer. But now it was spring in Washington, the air was heavy with the fragrance of magnolia blossoms, and the parks were beautiful with the green of spring. The love that is in the air at such a time gets into the veins of the young. For the moment the singer and the heat of the yellow desert were forgotten, and Clough Harrington decided that he was really in love.

But was it Zohra, or was it Zelina?



*"Even the birds
have bills and the
chimneys drafts"*

He felt, of course, it was Zohra when he watched her enter a ballroom, defiantly beautiful; his heart would beat more quickly then. But at the end of the evening after a talk with Zelina in the half-light of the conservatory, bewitched by her big, bright eyes, he went home to dream of her. By the next morning he was as puzzled as ever.

Clough was so calm and quiet and polite that it was an inducement to the girls to egg him on. Zohra in her rather bold, attractive way would ask, looking him straight in the eye, "Don't you love me, Clough?" and because he couldn't answer that he did, Zelina would take him in hand and in a naive little way would plead that he should love her. It was a merry game they all had together, for they were young and foolish, and the world was for them only one long laugh. Clough would stride down the avenue after such an encounter, wondering at himself and at them. He was sure the girls had made a bet as to which one would get him to propose first. "They were not like English girls. No, certainly they were not. A queer lot, these American girls."

How should he decide? He was not a Turk nor a Morman; he must choose one or the other. Clough thought of a plan! He would ask them to spend a whole day in his company. As they were sisters, they would need no chaperone. What a ripping day it would be! He was really

keen about it, you know. By night he would surely know which of the sisters he loved. His enthusiasm even carried him to the point of buying a ring for the favored one.

The first number on the program was a luncheon down town in a little foreign restaurant. Clough

had counted on being able to talk seriously enough here, but the music completely drowned out their voices and reduced the party to dumb show.

Undaunted by his failure, the young man brought on his second number—a ride in the rubber-neck wagon, "Seeing Washington."

The great lumbering vehicle was nearly filled when they reached it. He had no sooner helped the girls to a place in the third seat than he realized that there would be no room there for him. He glared at an unoffending couple of lovers and the old man from the country who occupied the rest of the space.

"Step lively, young man! See, there's plenty of room for you in the front seat. You can hear

ever so much better, too!" The lecturer grinned from ear to ear, and before Clough could object the driver clanged his bell, and the unfortunate young man had only time to scramble to the seat right under the megaphone.

Since the Fates had decreed that Harrington was not to sit with the girls, he would at least get what good he could from the situation. The lecturer told them that the Capitol was, of course, the finest building and cost more than anything else



They were calling Clough Harrington back to the east

in the world, and besides there was something about it which unfolded like a lily. The Statue of Victory, he informed them loudly, was a purely suggestive statue. Clough wondered what he meant. When Dupont Circle was reached, the home of the rich, the lecturer grinned again and waved his arms and called out: "Even the birds have bills, the grass greenbacks, and the chimneys drafts!" Clough had heard enough. Why hadn't he taken the girls to Rock Creek Park or to some other romantic place, where they could have had a chance to talk? What a duffer he was!

When he finally got them back onto the sidewalk again the sisters were very enthusiastic about their trip, though much inclined to tease him.

"You kept your yellow gloves on," declared Zohra, "were you afraid that old maid beside you would try to hold your hands?"

"Or were you thinking which one of us you would marry?" asked Zelina archly.

"Never you mind. You will know some day," laughed Clough.

The trip had consumed the better part of the afternoon. Harrington had only time to dress for dinner and present himself at the Duryea home, where he was to dine. Although he hoped that he might here find some opportunity of seeing the girls alone, he found himself seated between his hostess and one of his host's constituents—Mr. Duryea representing an equal suffrage state. By dessert Clough's sympathies were all with Mr. Asquith. There was one hope left. He was to take the girls to the opera that evening.

As they entered the theater they learned that a new Spanish singer was taking the part of Lakme, daughter of the Indian priest Nilakantha. She was standing in the market-place and singing without accompaniment an enchanting song as they entered—her tones were as clear

and delicate as the temple bells. The girls eagerly scanned the program for the plot of the first act, which they had missed.

Gerald, an English officer, had strayed into a temple garden, and had there fallen in love with Lakme at first sight. The priest had discovered this intrusion into the sacred precincts, but knew not the guilty man. He only knew that the gods demanded a life for such a deed, and it was his duty to search till he had found the wrong-doer.

The scene was in the market-place, where natives were passing and repassing with their wares. Her father compelled Lakme to sing. The dark beauty of the singer and the bell-like tones of her voice were weaving a spell over another man than Gerald. They were calling Clough Harrington back to the East, to the Moorish garden on the edge of the desert, which he thought he had forgotten. Forgotten instead were the girls at his side, as though they had never lived.

Only when an excitement not in the program was provided did Clough awake. A vicious little brown bat appeared from no one knew where and began to fly about

the darkened theater. Zohra shivered in mock terror.

"A bat is a sign of bad luck," she whispered.

"Can we be going to lose dear Clough?" sighed Zelina.

The women throughout the theater were becoming uneasy; they could not forget that bats like to get into the hair. But Clough did not think of the bat then; he was listening to the singer. Her tones seemed to be piercing his very soul. Where had he heard her before? Her voice was certainly familiar to him—hauntingly familiar. . . Now Lakme and Gerald were in the jungle, where she was nursing him back to life, and they were singing passionate love songs to each other.



Flew off with two false curls pendant from its claws

"She knows how to make love," thought Clough. "Jove, what it must mean to have a woman love a fellow like that!"

The bat chose this absorbing moment to dive across the footlights and settle with deathlike clutch upon the Spanish singer's head. She screamed with fright, the orchestra stopped playing, the audience held its breath. Something had to be done, and Clough did it.

With one spring he was out of the box and onto the stage, and with one stride his lanky figure had reached the singer's side. The bat was tenacious and resentful. It cannot be said that Clough hurried. One might even have thought that he enjoyed the publicity of the occasion. An hysterical titter swept over the relieved audience when the little beast finally flew off with two false curls pendant from its claws. Clough regained his seat with a perfectly impassive face, and the opera went on.

The comedy of the scene had not struck the young diplomat, but something else had, and very effectively. At the close of the act he left the box again, this time by its legitimate exit. At the door he met several men coming to greet the

Invincible Pair. Oblivious of them he went on his way, which led to the stage entrance.

At close range, Clough had recognized in the Spanish singer the Mlle. Urcola of that night in the Moorish garden, and the love of the East and the love of the woman swept over him, and he knew that she was the only woman in the world he had ever cared for, or would ever care for; he and the Invincible Pair had only been playing a merry game.

In the last act Lakme wore a brand new ring upon her left hand. Clough called the girls' attention to it.

"Bought it yesterday, you know," he drawled. "It fits her to a hair. I've decided to marry her, after all."

"There, I said that bat would bring bad luck," pouted Zohra.

"Yes, we've lost our Clough," sighed Zelina.

"But you forget—I've won a prima donna," protested Clough.

"Why yes, and she's won you," chimed the Pair.

"And there's still another comfort," added Zohra, joyfully; "we'll never know which one of us was jilted!"

BETWEEN THE LIGHTS

DEAR heart, come closer, while the light
Dies slowly in the darkening sky,
And, marshaled at the call of night,
The twilight shades troop softly by.

I would not have you sorrow so,
Because it must be, soon or late,
That one of us, alone, will go
From out the light thro' death's dark gate.

For life at best is all too short
When measured by a love like ours,
And death is but an open port
To broader fields and fairer flowers.

So, while the twilight shades troop past,
And night and darkness come apace,
We know the dawn will break at last,
And always there is light some place.

—Heart Throbs, II.

IN CABIN No. 117

^{by}
Robert A. Ward

CABIN NO. 117 was the aftermost one on the starboard side of that ominously named locality, and, since its occupation on the homeward voyage by a colonial bishop and his chaplain, an odor of sanctity had clung to it which it was thought nothing short of Chinese cookery could dispel. Long before reaching the Nore lightship, however, on the next outward trip, No. 117 had been fumigated of every breath of piety by the sulphurous language of the pair who then shared it. The subsequent equinoctial gale in the Bay was child's play to the chronic atmospheric disturbance in the cabin under the hurricane deck.

It is a commonplace and—what is not always the same thing—a truism, that the greatest effects are often due to the most trivial causes. The deadly feud in No. 117, for instance, on the issue of which three hundred seafaring souls for many days hung breathless, had its origin in some mischievous maggot in the brain of the Company's passage clerk. It prompted that sorely tried official to allot as cabin mates from among four score first-class passengers a cavalry subaltern and a Professor of Egyptology; and, as I shall speedily show you, the allotment produced the not unnatural results which, but for the maggot, he could not have failed to foresee.

The first to arrive at the Royal Albert Dock was the Professor. He was an absent-minded, short-sighted, long-haired, round-shouldered, loose-jointed young giant, in spectacles and a dog robber suit;

and he was preceded on board the liner by a string of Lascars bearing a Gladstone bag, two portmanteaus, and a packing case—all labelled "Wanted on the voyage."

This excess of cabin luggage moved the chief steward who introduced him to No. 117, to venture upon a mild remonstrance in the interest of "the other gentleman"; for, since the professorial impedimenta fitted into the deck space of the cabin like the pieces of a puzzle, it was plain that "the other gentleman's" dressing-bag would have to go in the hold. But the Professor obstinately adhering to the red-letter text affixed to his belongings, the chief steward decided to let the absentee fight his own battles—which, he reflected, from the very nature of his calling he should be perfectly competent to do.

Left to himself, the Professor noted that by some oversight one of the two bunks had not yet received its bedding, wherefore he lost no time in proclaiming his annexation of the other by planting thereon his bag, overcoat, and a ponderous tome on Mummies. Then, since the steamer did not sail till midnight and it was still early in the afternoon, he took

train to Liverpool Street, and picnicked happily during the remainder of the day in the Egyptian Department of the British Museum.

Returning on board at 11 P. M., the first thing the short-sighted giant did was to bang his forehead and bark his shins against a temporary structure that had been raised in his absence immediately outside the door of 117; and I think that



Switched on the electric light

even the colonial prelate would have condoned the resulting language, for that structure, which bore the oft-repeated, blood-red legend, "Wanted on the voyage," was built up of a packing case, two portmanteaus and a Gladstone bag, and was surmounted by the well-known standard work on Mummies.

The Professor stepped into the cabin and switched on the electric light. Wedged into the bunk that was still minus its bedding was a long, battered uniform tin case with its owner's name and regiment painted in white letters upon the lid. A helmet case, hat-box, gun-case, dressing-bag, cricket bat, and two tennis racquets occupied the entire shelf space of the cabin; a bundle of golf clubs and driving whips and another of walking sticks and umbrellas filled the only two available corners, while an open portmanteau of bulky dimensions completely blocked the narrow strip of standing room in the centre. Between the sheets of the other bunk lay a placidly sleeping youth with the face of a guileless curate.

The Professor shook him none too gently by the shoulder.

"Here, wake up," said he, "you and I had better come to an understanding at once. You don't seem to be aware, to begin with, that you are in my bed."

"It's the first I've heard of it," said the occupant sleepily, but tucking the disarranged bedclothes well around him, nevertheless; "I was quite under the impression, don't you know, that the other bunk was yours."

The Professor gasped. "Then why in the devil's name," he asked angrily, "do you suppose I took the trouble to come down here at three o'clock in the afternoon and put my things on this one?"

"Can't imagine," yawned the Cavalryman, for he it was; "as things have turned out it does seem a pity, doesn't it, to have put oneself to all that trouble?"

"I must trouble *you* to turn out, anyhow," snapped the Professor, "and there's an end to the business. I've had a long day and I want to get to sleep."

"So do I, God knows!" complained the Lancer wearily, "only you won't let me. But I'll tell you what, sonny. If you'll give me your word of honor not to collar

this bunk while I'm out of it, I don't mind helping you lift my tin case off yours."

"Off mine! Hang it all—off your own, you mean! But in any case I can't sleep in it; there's no bedding."

"That's easily remedied. Ring for some."

"I'll be damned if I do," said the Professor, now fairly roused, "you've appropriated my bed, and the least you can do is to fix me up with another."

The Lancer wearily reached out his hand, and pressed the electric button on the bulkhead. "I don't mind meeting you half-way, if it comes to that," he said, with the air of a man who is making large concessions.

"It really is too good of you," sneered the Professor, and until the arrival of the steward an ominous silence reigned in No. 117.

The *savant* glared through his glasses at the soldier, while the latter, joining his finger-tips above the counterpane, assumed the benign expression of one who catechises a Sunday-school infant. With the advent of the steward, however, the storm broke out afresh.

The Professor's indignant demand that "this person" should be immediately removed from his bed was followed by a peremptory order from the Lancer for the instant expulsion of "that individual" from the cabin. The "individual" thereupon expressed to the steward his conviction that the government had no right to grant first-class passages to obviously "steerage people"—which goaded the "person" into asking if the green kennel on the fo'c'sle belonged to a certain long-haired, weak-eyed pup he had seen about the ship. This inquiry, however, he quickly followed up by kicking off the bedclothes and swinging his legs clear of the bunk, for the Professor having already shed his coat, was now with offensive ostentation rolling up his shirtsleeves. But at this crisis a compromise was happily effected by the steward, who suggested, firstly, that the *casus belli* should be settled by arbitration of the captain on the morrow; secondly, that the necessary bedding should be at once procured for the empty bunk, and thirdly, that the Professor's Gladstone bag and

one portmanteau should take the place inside the cabin of "the other gentleman's" uniform tin case, cricket bat and golf clubs. The last two proposals being promptly carried out the Professor undressed with what dignity he could, and turned in, and until sleep at last overcame them, the belligerents spent an hour or so in an abortive attempt to glare each other out of countenance over the edge of their respective bunks.

It was with a fixed determination to delay his enemy's toilet operations to the utmost that each of the occupants of No. 117 silently arose the following morning, and so successful were their efforts that breakfast was half over before they entered the saloon by different doors. Never were engineers more successfully hoist with their own petard, for the only seats by this time unappropriated for the voyage were two immediately facing each other at the same table. The Professor, whose cumbersome baggage, it transpired, contained nothing but books, and who was consequently clad in the same dogrobber suit and linen of the previous day, was exasperated to the last degree by the proximity and conduct of his enemy. For the Cavalryman, in immaculate pink shirtings and creaseless summer suit, after toying a few moments with his tea and toast, leaned back in his chair and began a deliberate and supercilious survey of his *vis-a-vis* through an eyeglass. Now the Professor—unlike his tormentor, who invariably described himself at that hour as feeling "chippy,"—was a hearty breakfast eater, and it was therefore with a gratified sense of "something attempted, something done," that the soldier presently observed him savagely push aside an untasted omelet and stalk out of the saloon.

As the little world of "those who go down to the sea in ships" gradually dwindles to that gray disc of the globe's surface which is bounded by the horizon, so in inverse ratio do the trivialities of life swell into events of absorbing interest. Before lunch-time every soul in the ship knew of the strained relations existing between the Professor and the Lancer—each of whom, as far apart as possible, and surrounded by sympathetic strangers,

had spent the forenoon in a recital of his wrongs; and by tea time, society had resolved itself into two opposing factions, the Educational and the Military. An Indian judge with a liver and the voice of a street hawker was the undisputed champion of the former, while the leadership of the latter seemed naturally to devolve upon a choleric post-captain in the Royal Navy. So high did feeling run between the two parties, that when, in the smoking room at sherry and bitters time, the Captain called for orange, the Judge, who regarded angostura as deadly poison, nevertheless felt himself in honor bound to drink it.

In the cabin under the hurricane deck, meanwhile, the Lancer's soldier servant was laying out his master's things for dinner. Now, if he had been a private of the Royal Marines instead of a cavalry recruit on his first voyage, he would have known better than to place a new pair of patent leather Wellingtons inside the little cupboard beneath the wash-hand basin. This act, moreover, was the less excusable, in that he had first to remove the tin save-all designed to receive the dirty water. Nevertheless, the dimensions of No. 117 being roughly those of a four-wheeler, and the impossibility of placing old heads on young shoulders being a prehistoric axiom, Private Hellforleather cannot be held altogether responsible for the resulting catastrophe.

By a process which the Professor himself called diplomacy and the Lancer low cunning, the former got first use of the basin that evening, and having performed his ablutions with a due regard to the splashing of his enemy's highly-glazed shirt-front, he drew forth the plug, and unwittingly projected the soapy water into the fifty-shilling dress boots. Had their owner confined himself to the burst of profanity with which, five minutes later, he plucked them from their retreat, all might yet have been well. But when he presently proceeded to accuse the Professor of malice aforethought in deliberately substituting the boots for the save-all, all possibility of an amicable settlement was clearly at an end. In less than two minutes the scene resembled a gladiatorial combat in a wrecked lost

property office, but it was considerably longer ere, the Judge and the Post-Captain, who shared the next cabin, succeeded in separating and pacifying the combatants.

Then on the morrow came the gale in the Bay, which, unlike the proverbial ill wind, blew good to two persons at least. For, as the sea began to rise beneath its influence, both soldier and *savant* collapsed in distant corners of the saloon, and a day's armistice between them was tacitly understood to have been declared. Hour by hour the rolling and pitching of the ship increased, until to all appearances the wretched pair hadn't a single kick left in them. But when, very betimes that evening, and within a few minutes of one another, they crawled limply to bed, it was soon made plain to each that considerable life yet lurked in his groaning enemy. Once more "cabin's, cribb'd, confined" in their two hundred and seventy cubic feet of accommodation under the hurricane deck, of necessity the campaign quickly drew to a crisis.

Just as the lancer had succeeded, after many contortions, in wedging his back against the bulkhead and his knees against the edge of the bunk, the ship gave a tremendous lurch, and the professorial Gladstone bag, slipping from the shelf overhead, shot its contents all over him. As they consisted mainly of half-a-dozen heavy, sharp-edged volumes on the *Pyramids*, the soldier resented their fall exceedingly, and sitting up in bed, he told the Professor so with military directness. The hold, he added savagely, as he rubbed his funny-bone, was the proper place for heavy baggage.

"Then you ought to keep your infernal 'side' down there," retorted the Professor; "you have enough of it for a whole regi—Holy Moses! Are you travelling in the haberdashery line, or what?"

With the next roll of the ship an avalanche of pink shirtings, striped flannel trouserings, rainbow-hued pajama suitings,

and dainty washing waistcoats had descended upon him from the enemy's territory. The Professor scornfully crumpled them all on to the deck.

"Here, steady on with those new things," expostulated their owner sharply, "they haven't been worn yet—you won't catch anything from them, you know. And that's more than you could say for these beastly old second-hand tomes of yours."

He was gingerly picking up the *Pyramids* volume by volume between his finger and thumb, and dropping them over the side of the bunk.

"I say, anyhow," returned the Professor with determination, as he got out of bed, "that I'm not going to lie still and allow a gilded, wooden-headed popinjay of a horse-soldier to mishandle valuable Egyptological works."

In an instant the "popinjay" was out of his bunk also, and a big sea striking the ship at the same time, the two men collapsed and became hopelessly involved with each other, the haberdashery, and the *Pyramids* in the narrow space between the bunks. The Professor, who had inadvertently sat down in his pajamas upon one of his enemy's jack spurs

that had rolled out of some corner or other, kept announcing the fact at the top of his voice and in anything but academical periods; for, the Lancer having fallen across him, he was unable to extricate himself from his very trying position. But the soldier, in spite of a corner of Volume III of the *Pyramids* being jammed against his liver, stoically refused to budge an inch—accounting physical anguish as a bagatelle in his exultation over his still more suffering foe. And then something happened—trivial enough in itself, but destined completely to change the existing state of things.

Lying face upwards on one of the pink shirts in the midst of the chaos lay a cabinet photograph of an undoubtedly



Told him so with military directness

pretty girl. Equally undoubtedly was it the counterfeit presentment of a born coquette. On a sudden it caught the eye of the Lancer, who, staggering to his feet, hastily snatched it from its blushing resting place. Whereupon the Professor ceased blaspheming, and removed himself tenderly from the spur.

"Thank you," he said, observing the photograph in his adversary's hands, "I'll trouble you for that. It belongs to me."

The Lancer stared at him with unfeigned astonishment. "Well, I'm damned!" he ejaculated; "I suppose you'll lay claim to my sword and revolver next!"

The Professor seemed somewhat taken aback in his turn. "Don't be an ass!" he snapped; "I don't care twopence about your beastly trade implements. All I want is that photograph of my young woman."

"Your young wo— good Lord!" The Lancer gasped. Then he drew himself up to his full height, and regarded the Professor haughtily through his half-closed eyelids. "You are evidently unaware," he said stiffly, "that I have the honor to be—well, practically engaged to that 'young woman.'"

"How can you have the audacity to stand there and tell me a fairy tale like that," thundered the Professor, "when to all intents and purposes the young lady is my *fiancee*?"

The other sighed wearily. "Oh! look here," he said, "that is all ghastly tommyrot—it's clearly a case of mistaken identity. Perhaps this will convince you that the photograph is mine."

His sunburnt face turned a thought redder as he held out the portrait with its back toward the Professor. For it bore the legend in perpendicular, school-girl characters three-quarters of an inch long, "To Bertie, with fondest love from Flossie." Herbert was the Lancer's baptismal tally.

The Professor peered incredulously at the inscription for some moments, and

then began a hurried search between the leaves of the six volumes that lay mixed up with the Lancer's shirts upon the deck. Presently he found what he wanted and thrust it triumphantly under his rival's nose. It was a fac-simile of the photograph held by "Bertie!"

"Turn it over," ordered the warrior stonily. With an exceedingly cynical smile the Professor obeyed, and lo! on the back, in the same early English perpendicular style was scrawled "With Flossie's fondest love to Teddy"—Teddy being the name by which the Professor was known to his inner circle of acquaintance.

For the space of a full minute the two men silently faced one another, each with his photograph in his hand. Then the Professor spoke:

"We'll send 'em back to her from Gibraltar, I suppose," was his moody suggestion.

"With Teddy's and Bertie's united and fondest love," supplemented the Lancer bitterly.

Then their eyes met, shifted uneasily, travelled round the limited area of No. 117, and met again. The Professor sniggered foolishly, the Lancer's curate-like countenance became more inanely blank

each second; until at last they fell back on their respective bunks with peals of hysterical laughter.

* * * * *

"I'd back the weakest woman on God's earth," observed the Professor five minutes later, as he carefully picked up and sorted the Lancer's pink shirts, "against the whole dynasty of Pharaohs for duplicity. She took her dying oath I was the only man outside her family who had ever kissed her!"

"Did she?" said the Lancer with emphasis. "Well, I certainly don't belong to her bally family myself, and yet"—he finished repacking the work on the Pyramids in the Gladstone bag before he added—"but anyhow, I won't give the girl away."



"All I want is that photograph of my young woman"

"This is indeed magnanimity," murmured the Professor.

"After all, you know," went on the other sententiously, when they were once more settled in their bunks, "there are just as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it."

"Every bit as good," assented the philosophical Professor. "By the bye, I should like to be allowed to retract that ill-considered remark of mine to the steward *in re* steerage passengers."

"Don't mention it, sonny. My reference to the dog-kennel on the fo'c'sle was in devilish bad taste, now I come to think about it. I apologize."

"Oh! don't worry about that, old man; I didn't mind. Pleasant dreams to you!"

"Then they mustn't be about *her*," returned the Lancer ungallantly and with conviction.

The Professor laughed softly. "She's not likely to be dreaming about us, anyway," he remarked cynically; "you may take your oath she's busy enough by this time making tom-fools of Algy and Freddy."

"D—n!" said the Lancer viciously between his teeth.

"Amen," returned the Professor.

And thereafter silence reigned in Cabin No. 117.

THE CHIMNEY NOOK

By MARGARET GRANT MAC WHIRTER

A WHITE-HAIRED man—a chimney-nook,
With falling sight, yet earnest look;
On snowy hair the light shines clear;
Into the eyes a glance of fear
A moment thus—then gone, and now
Sweet peace returns to lip and brow.
The firelight shows a face transformed;
In eyes grown dim a new light burned.

A lad again by the old hearth-stone,
With years of hardship backward flown,
And mother's hand on tumbled hair,
Teaching the while life's lessons there:
"Not wealth for thee, dear son, I pray,
But honest living day by day;
To walk the path that leads to light,
To face the wrong, to aid the right,
To raise the fallen when you can;
Thy duty do to God and man."

The years were gone—an old man he,
The vision held—the mists would flee,
And life beyond would the sequel be.

The shades of evening fell apace,
The fire sank low in the chimney-place;
A passing gleam on the white face lay,
And sight was clear at the close of day.

Now other eyes in the fire shall look,
New visions see in the chimney-nook.

MELISSA'S ELOPEMENT

by
Carrie Hunt Latta



CHRISTOPHER GIBSON, gray haired and bent with long years of hard work on his farm, walked slowly along the road to his front gate. It was a pleasant evening in September. The leaves were still green and abundant and rustled softly in the gentle wind.

There was no moon, but the stars twinkled brightly so that it was not so dark but that Mr. Gibson could make his way very well, especially since he followed the low stone wall in front of his own house. As he reached the gate he heard the murmur of voices and murmured:

"I s'pose John's to see Lissy. What a happy time young lovers do have. They'll make a fine couple, them two. And so sensible, too."

But he stopped suddenly to listen, as his daughter's tone was anything but that of a happy girl speaking to her lover and rang sharp with impatience.

"If you won't do as I ask, John, then I want you to find somebody else. I've made up my mind that this has got to be, and if you're not willing I'll know you don't care enough."

Mr. Gibson, surprised at his daughter, usually so gentle and especially so with the brawny young farmer to whom she had been engaged to be married for more than a year, felt his knees weaken under him and he sank slowly to the ground on the outside of the stone wall.

"It ain't," he muttered, "like me to be eafsdroppin'. But in a case like this when my little girl's happiness is dependin' they ain't no sin in it."

Now the lover was speaking.

"But this is so uncalled for, Lissy. Our parents have planned all our lives we should marry when we grew up. Why everbody's tickled to death and they're

all planning for our weddin' on Thanksgiving Day—Lissy, I don't understand you, honest I don't."

The girl's tone was tearful.

"Don't try, John. Just tell me you will. I know all the folks are willing—that's one reason I want to elope."

Mr. Gibson, just over the wall, started up. Elope? John and Lissy elope? He leaned forward to listen.

"You see, John," Lissy went on vehemently, "things have went on in just the same old way till I'm sick of 'em. All my life I've wanted to see an' do things. Three times Pa's promised I should go to Silverton to Normal School, an' every time the corn crop wasn't good or the wheat crop failed or the potatoes wasn't good or it rained or didn't or spring was too late or too early; oh, John, I think nobody has it as uncertain as them as depends on the weather as farmers do."

"I'm a farmer," remarked John grimly, as Lissy paused for breath.

"I know it, an' that's one reason I want this one excitin' event. After that I'll be willin' to settle down just dull as any of my folks or yourn. I'll do without the weddin' trip to Niagry Falls—and can't go because the corn crop was bad, an' never complain, but a elopement won't cost any money. Oh, I do so want a elopement."

"What's excitin' about such a illopement as ours would be? Nobody would suspect nothin' if we started off in a buggy; we've had heaps of buggy rides. We'd simply go somewheres an' be married, have all our folks mad at us, git talked about gen'rally, Lissy, this ain't a bit like you. I wish you wouldn't ask it."

"An' what's more," Lissy's tone was more determined now, "I want to elope after night. I, I want to climb out of my window on a ladder, or a rope, or, or something foolish, drive hard all that four mile

to Silverton, purtendin' all the way there are two—mad—fathers after us, hollerin' an'—an' swearin'."

Mr. Gibson gasped. John said something under his breath, then spoke impatiently.

"You want me to drive that purty little gray mare at top speed all the way to Silverton? I thought you was proud of her an' talked about her bein' ours. Lissy, I b'leeve you're goin' crazy."

At this Mr. Gibson, on his knees by the wall, nodded his gray head emphatically. A short silence followed, broken by the girl. Her tone was cold and hard.

"Well, John, it's as I say. If we can't have this one bit of excitement, this one out of the way happenin' in this hum-drum world where everything is cut an' dried an' where all our plans has been made for us from our cradles, oh, I'm tired of it as never was. I b'leeve if you won't elope with me I'll go by myself. It's always been the same old thing over an' over with me. There's Sime an' Fred have been all around. They don't ask Pa and Ma if they can go, they go. Oh, I don't see why I wasn't born a boy."

"Huh!" ejaculated John angrily.

A silence followed. The soft wind rustled among the leaves and the crickets chirped contentedly in the long grass.

Mr. Gibson, with aching knees, with an impatient frown on his usually kind old face, still remained in his uncomfortable position. And wished the conversation would either be resumed or broken off altogether so that he might go into the house.

Finally the girl spoke. Her voice sounded tired and shaky and went straight to her father's heart.

"Well, John, think it over. Mebby it's a queer thing to ask, but I'm set on it. I'm fonder of you than I am of anybody, er, though Pa's a close next. But, as I say, things have gone so humdrum for so long I must say I won't be willin' to settle down for life on Thanksgiving Day unless we elope. Even if it ain't a real elopement it'll be something dif'frunt. Think I'm crazy if you want to but think it over, John, please, please do."

Her voice trailed off in sweet persuasive-ness. John caught her to him.

"Aw, I'll do it, Liss. Even if I do make

a fool of myself. Even if some of your folks should take me for somebody else snoopin' around in the night with ladders an' fill my hide full of shot, we'll elope."

"Oh, it'll be fine," laughed Lissy. "We'll have something to laugh an' talk about all our lives."

"An' give other folks the same chanct," said John soberly. "I'll bet our folks will be good an' mad."

"My folks ain't ever been real mad at me," said Lissy, reminiscently. "But that'll be part of the excitement, to have them all mad—since we ain't doing anything really wrong."

"Well, I've got to go now, Lissy. Plan it all out the way it's got to be, it's a new subjec' to me and it's plain you've been thinkin' about it for quite a spell, you're so fermilyer with it."

When they had gone Mr. Gibson rose painfully.

"Tarnation," he said angrily. "Think of that little Lissy o' mine bein' able to twist that hard-headed young feller into makin' such a fool of hisself. Well, since he give in and she's set on it, I'll help 'em, an' 'mongst us I reckon we'll be the most talked of folks hereabouts, more shame to us. Lissy'll get her excitement if that's what it takes to make her settle down. I wonder," he added thoughtfully, "what I'll tell M'r'i when she asks me where I been all this time?"

Mr. Gibson slept but little that night; the first part of which he spent worrying over the fact his favorite child was planning to deceive him. And the hours after midnight being taken up with figuring how to help her carry out her plans without her knowing it.

"I never experienced a 'loperment," he muttered grimly to himself as he rose next morning, "but I've read about 'em. Oh, what a mizry I've got in my knees! From kneelin' on the ground last night, I reckon."

For the first time in her life Melissa Gibson avoided her father. At breakfast she kept her eyes on her plate and ate but little. And no amount of teasing from her brothers, Simon and Fred, brought any response. When her father asked her tenderly if she felt poorly she rose suddenly and ran out of the room.

Mrs. Gibson, large, ponderous and slow to think, looked after her daughter and said with a drawl,

"Girls in love is that cantankerous. I'll be right glad when Thanksgivin' Day rolls 'round and Lissy and Johr. is settled down."

Mr. Gibson's face flushed and he spoke eagerly.

"M'ri', if you feel that way 'bout it, let's have 'em marry right away, er, tomorri mebbby."

Mrs. Gibson raised her eyebrows very high, and sniffed.

"Course not. The idyl!"

"You'll wish you had, 'cordin' to my opinion," replied Mr. Gibson firmly.

"John's folks, everybody expects them to be married on Thanksgivin' day. Besides, there is a quilt to finish, to say nothin' of her weddin' dress. Tomorri nothin'."

Mr. Gibson jangled a spoon in his tea cup as he spoke impatiently.

"I wish it was customery for the bride's father to pay for a weddin' trip. I'd send them two to Niagry Falls, after all."

"An' the corn crop what it was?" asked Simon.

"An' after losin' them five hogs?" asked Fred.

Mrs. Gibson bristled.

"I've lived more'n half a hundred years an' ain't never seen Niagry. More'n likely it'd be froze over anyhow, in November."

"Losin' crops an' hogs ain't as bad as losin' confidenzes," replied Mr. Gibson absently. Then, suddenly finding his wife and sons regarding him curiously, he spoke sharply: "This is a great way fer farmer folks to be sittin' 'round at this time of day. Boys, git busy."

As Mr. Gibson passed the milk house he saw Lissy bending over the milk crocks skimming off the cream.

"Churnin' day, Lissy mine?" he called with pretended joviality.

She nodded her head but did not look at him. He went to her.

"Lissy, my girl, I hope you ain't feelin' too bad this mornin'."

Down went the skimmer and with a low cry Lissy threw her arms around her father's neck.

"Oh, Pa, I do feel bad. Not in my body, but in my mind. I've got a secret, and nobody knows it but John and me."

"An' who else orto?" demanded her father.

"If I could only tell you, Pa, but I can't, it has to be a secret or it won't be a—Oh, I can't tell you but honest as I live, Pa, it ain't anything wrong and can't hurt nobody. I can't be satisfied unless it's done, and Pa, if you love me or ever did promise me you won't be mad at me when you find it out. Promise, Pa, no matter if all the rest are mad don't you be."

Mr. Gibson forced a laugh and patted her soothingly.

"Mad? Me mad at my little girl? You couldn't do anything that 'd make me mad at you."

"Oh, Pa, I've allus told you everything."

"Well," he replied, "the time has come when you must tell your secrets to your husband 'stead o' to your old father."

Lissy cried harder. Mr. Gibson pushed her aside with a forced laugh.

"Look up, Lissy, all your life you've got frum me whatever I could git for you. Sometimes it wasn't in my power to git what you wanted most. This time I won't fail you. Don't say nothing to nobody but jest go about an' let me hear you laugh an' sing. There's nothin' to worry nobody. Hear me? Nothin' to worry nobody."

"But the secret, Pa," she said timidly, lifting her pretty tear-stained face.

"Ain't you told me there's nothin' wrong in it? Ain't I always believed you? Didn't you say you'd told John? There, see how we've hendered each other. Mother'll be scoldin' us both. I hope you ain't cried no tears in the cream jar," he added with a great show of jollity.

Lissy, too, forced a laugh and hurriedly emptied the cream into the churn and fell to churning industriously.

At noon as Lissy stood by the stove



Lissy fell to churning industriously

frying great slices of ham, her father placed his hand on her shoulder and whispered,

"Red up th' dishes right peart after dinner an' ride over to Silverton with me."

"Oh, Pa, I'd love to, but Ma said we'd tack a comfort."

"Leave it to me," he whispered.

When the meal was finished Mr. Gibson spoke to his younger son.

"Fred, hitch up Nance, I've a ernt to Silverton. I want you to go with me, Lissy, my eyes ain't what they used to be, an' I'm goin' to look about at the Court House."

"Ain't no trouble, I reckon?" said Mrs. Gibson anxiously. "No mortgages, ner nothin'?"

"Listen to mother, always huntin' trouble. No, M'ri, none whatsoever," he added, patting her broad shoulder.

"I told M'lissy we'd tack her last comfort—Thanksgivin' Day ain't so turrible fur off."

"It's a good while till cold weather. Anyhow I reckon if Lissy was to run short of bed covers you er John's mother could spare some, havin' loads of 'em."

When Mr. Gibson and his daughter, after a pleasant ride in the sweet September sunshine, drove into Silverton, he put a small roll of money into her hand, saying: "Git a new dress for yourself, Lissy."

"Oh, Pa, Ma's coming here next week to pick out my weddin' things."

"Why, Lissy, I reckon you're old enough to pick out a dress fer yourself, ain't you? An', pick out something purty, something as could be wore at a—consid'able 'casion."

Lissy looked at him sharply and her lips quivered. But he met her eyes smilingly.

"Thanks, Pa, you're too good to me, honest you are."

They parted, Mr. Gibson going to attend to his supposed business and Lissy hurrying to make her purchase. Her cheeks burned red and her hands shook with excitement.

"Oh," she murmured, "if I only knew what a elopement dress ought to be like. It's got to be a weddin' dress an' still if it looks like one Ma'll find out. I reckon

I'll get something betwixt an' between an' I can wear my long coat over it while we're drivin' furious an' still look like a— a bride. Oh, land! I purty near wish I hadn't planned a elopement. Deceivin' Pa, an' him so good to me."

But nevertheless she entered a store, and when she joined her father her face wore a pleased smile and she carried a large package.

"I hope I didn't spend too much, Pa," she said, handing him some change.

"Keep it, Lissy, I give it all to you. I hope you got what you wanted. Didn't you want no ribbons ner—fixin's?" he added anxiously.

"I got just what I wanted, Pa," she replied gratefully. She tried to smile, but her lips trembled.

When they reached home and Lissy unwrapped her parcel, her mother eyed it disapprovingly.

"Neither fer summer ner fer winter. Neither a weddin' dress, a infare dress er a Sunday dress. Ar' a heap too good fer ev'ry day—what did you go an' buy it fer, M'lissy? You don't need it now, your old ones is good 'nough fer th' few weeks 'tween now an' your weddin' day. Your Pa was mighty foolish to resk you with money, an' I doubt if John'd be much pleased gettin' you fer a wife if he knowed about sech pore manigment."

Mr. Gibson laughed.

"I never heerd of a girl havin' too many dresses, M'ri. Git it made into something right away, Lissy, I don't see why we can't have you lookin' nice 'round here the next few weeks. I reckon John Ross ain't no such pumpkins as to see you in a whole lot of finery."

After saying this Mr. Gibson laughed so heartily that his wife regarded him curiously and Lissy darted a quick glance at him. She could not understand him. Was it possible for him to know?

Mrs. Gibson spoke impatiently.

"Dory Leeds ain't coming here to sew for two weeks an' more."

"M'ri, you don't mean to tell me John Ross is goin' to have to hire Dory Leeds ev'ry time Lissy needs sewin' done?"



Her mother eyed the parcel disapprovingly

"Pa, a girl of mine has got to be handier with a needle than most girls. But you don't expect her to make her weddin' dress, do you? An' while I've been kep' in the dark what this new dress was a yard I've a idy it cost 'bout as much as I'd paid for the weddin' garment. It ain't going to be spoiled by one who ain't a dressmaker."

"Well, anyhow, Lissy, you git that made into a dress right soon."

"Your pore Pa gits more domineerin' as he gets older," sighed Mrs. Gibson as her husband left the room. "Howsumever, it never pays to cross a man, Lissy, remember that. If you've figgered out how you want that dress made, you didn't need it an' you know it, we'll have Dory come tomorrow."

It took skillful maneuvering on Mr. Gibson's part to do the required amount of eavesdropping necessary to learn just when the elopement was to take place. When he learned that it was to take place on the following Monday evening he was as busy as could be.

Lissy watched him furtively and was even more affectionate than usual. Only once did she waver and that was on Saturday evening before the elopement was to take place. The evening being chilly the men gathered around the kitchen fire while the women prepared supper.

Mr. Gibson, enveloped in the "Weekly Caller," suddenly ejaculated:

"Jiminy cracky! Here's a interestin' bit o' news. 'Mis Maudie Haines, daughter of Mr. an' Mis. Jud Haines o' Listerville an' James Cline o' Idletown eloped an' were married at th' office o' th' Jestice o' th' Peace at Edgers on Tuesday afternoon. The young lady's father an' brother pursued 'em for two miles but were then obliged to give up th' chase an' return home. Mr. Haines says there was no 'bjection except he an' his wife considered their daughter too young to enter into th' married state. The young couple afterward returned for th' parental blessin'."

Mr. Gibson gasped for breath as he finished and glanced stealthily at his daughter. Her back was to him, but she stood stiff and upright in a listening attitude. No one spoke for a moment. Then Fred remarked, as he poked his brother in the ribs.

"You wasn't up to your business, Sime, er you might 'a' been the lucky fellow. You kep' company with her two or three times. Oh, but wouldn't I liked to 'a' been the brother who follered 'em; but I'd made it lively."

Sime laughed and spoke to his sister.

"Did you know her, Liss?"

"I've seen her," she replied breathlessly, not turning her head.

Mrs. Gibson spoke with her usual drawl. "What a girl wants to do sech a ornery thing

as that for beats me— an' have her good name made that common in th' mouth of ev'rybody. An' I had a girl to do that I wouldn't give up chasin' her in two mile. I'd go all th' way an' when I'd got her, married er single I'd jounce her back home. An' what's more I'd shet her up on bread an' water till she'd know she couldn't go off disgracin' herself an' all her folks."

There was a sudden clatter of pans and pots as Lissy caught up an empty water pail and hurried to the door.

"Let Sime or Fred fetch th' water, Lissy," called her father. But she pretended not to hear.

On Sunday evening John announced to Lissy, in the presence of the family, that he would not spend the next evening with her. A remark which caused them all to pause and look at him, much to his embarrassment since it was not and never had been his custom to come on Monday evenings.

"Well," said Sime with a grin, "I reckon I can do without seein' you."

"Think you can stand it, Lissy?" asked her father, though he regretted the question the next instant as Lissy covered her face and began to cry.



Mr. Gibson was enveloped in the "Weekly Caller"

"Land o' Goshen, John, tell her you'll come," said Fred in a disgusted tone.

"I don't see what ails you, Lissy," said her mother. "I think, Pa, next time you go over to Silverton you'd better git her a tonic. She 'pears run down. Sulphur an' m'lasses might help, but a bottle o' sassyp'rilly'd be more to the p'int."

* * * * *

On Monday morning Mr. Gibson rose earlier than usual, routing his family out at four o'clock, which made them all cross, he himself being absent minded and when spoken to responded sharply. After breakfast he called his sons into the barn where he talked very earnestly for half an hour while his sons' faces showed plainly the surprise they felt at what he disclosed.

That Monday proved to be a very long, very unsatisfactory day. Especially so to poor Lissy, who, very pale, gave way to tears more than once.

As soon as Mr. Gibson finished his talk with his boys he went into the house and told his wife, without the flicker of an eyelash, an untruth. That he was going to a sale. Mrs. Gibson said "yes" with a rising inflection and warned him "to not git bit by some trickster."

He did not return till late, very tired and very, very dusty. His wife looked at him, then put her glasses on and looked more closely.

"Lookin' to see whuther it's me er not, M'ri? Well, it's always best to be on th' safe side."

Mrs. Gibson, her hands on her hips, looked at him sharply.

"Well, I never knowed th' roads to be that dusty. An' Nance never was a mare to kick up much of a dust nohow."

"Well," he replied gruffly, "I shore et it today, full of it, inside an' out. That's what I had fer dinner, road dust, so, if you don't mind, I'd like supper jest a leetle mite early."

Mrs. Gibson, looking rather uneasy, repaired to the kitchen and spoke to her daughter, who had preceded her.

"We'll have your father's fav'rite supper this evenin', Lissy, he ain't jest hisself. I shouldn't wonder if he did git bit at that sale, bought, maybe, an' found it wasn't," she added mysteriously.

But Lissy was too flurried and absent-minded to pay much attention to anything. She allowed the potatoes to boil dry, salted food already salted and spilled and dropped things until her mother lost patience completely, exclaiming in exasperation:

"Time an' place! M'lissy Gibson, what's come over you?"

Supper was a silent meal. In vain did Mrs. Gibson try to talk, first with one member of the family and then with another. In vain did she query her husband about the 'sale.' And when the meal was over she announced solemnly:

"I'll be monstrous glad to see this family safe tucked in bed an' early, fer this has been consid'able of a day an' I've been that oneasy an' unsettled as never was."

If she had looked up as she finished this statement she would have found four pairs of eyes looking intently at her. But she did not. No one spoke. Mr. Gibson walked the floor uneasily, asking himself the same question that had haunted him all day:

"How'll I ever fix it with M'ri?"

Later Sime and Fred went to the barn. Mr. Gibson followed but soon came back. He found Lissy rushing the dishwashing with all her might.

"Gits dark earlier than it did a few weeks ago," Mr. Gibson remarked carelessly.

"Is it—dark—now?" Lissy asked anxiously.

"Black as cats," he said emphatically. Lissy finished her work and hurried to her room. Mr. Gibson wandered from room to room.

"Can't you set down?" Mrs. Gibson asked irritably. "Why don't the boys come in? An' what's Lissy gone up so early fer? What's come over this family?"

"Whur's that magazine Lissy borried from Minnie White?" he asked instead of replying.

"I reckon she's took it to her room. Call her to fetch it."

But Mr. Gibson climbed the stairs and knocked on Lissy's door. There was no answer at first, then a sleepy voice asked:

"Who is it?"

"Kin I have that magazine o' Minnie

White's? I was readin' a article 'bout flyin' machines. An' I wish I had one tonight," he added under his breath.

"Wait till I slip something on, Pa," said Lissy.

"Ain't you turned in early?" he asked anxiously. What if, after all, she had changed her plans. After all his preparation. He grew hot, then cold. She opened the door. She was wrapped from her head to her heels in a bed quilt.

"Here it is, Pa," she said sleepily, as she smothered a yawn.

His hand trembled. Yes, she had surely changed her mind. Well, he would be the laughing stock of the country. He sighed deeply as he bade her goodnight, then suddenly he grew calmer as he listened as his daughter tiptoed across the bare floor. He smiled, and, unable to contain himself, called,

"Lissy, you must ha' been sleepy to have went to bed with your shoes on."

There was a short pause.

"I certainly must have been," she said hesitatingly.

Fifteen minutes later, Mr. Gibson, who had gone to the kitchen for a drink, saw a dark form carrying a ladder across the yard. He watched calmly as the ladder was placed at Lissy's window. Watched Lissy climb down so fluttered she came near falling. When the two were half way to the gate he stepped outside and closed the door behind him.

"Hey, who may you be? Lissy, Lissy, is that you? Didn't John say he wasn't comin' this evenin'? Who are you, stranger, snoopin' 'round carryin' off my Lissy? Sime? Fred?"

Faster and faster Lissy and John ran until they reached the buggy and then began the pounding of horse's feet. They had barely started when Sime and Fred dashed past their father in their own buggy.

"Be mighty keeful, boys, no accydents," Mr. Gibson shouted. Then he turned very suddenly and hurried into the house. His wife was sound asleep in her chair. He glanced at her in the keenest anxiety, then hurried into the bedroom. When he returned he carried an arm load of clothing which he dumped into a chair, disappeared for a moment and reappeared,

with his wife's best shoes in one hand and her bonnet in the other.

He bumped chairs against the wall, coughed and was otherwise noisy. His wife slept on. He stumbled over her feet. She did not waken.

"M'ri," he called impatiently. She opened one eye.

"M'ri, dress yourself in your Sunday best. An' hurry."

She sat up and regarded him curiously as he struggled out of his old clothing into his best.

"It ain't Sunday, I reckon," she said sarcastically. "It can't be I slep' fer nigh onto a week."

"M'ri, you gotta hurry. Dress quick. We're goin' by the three notch road an' it's a good four mile further than th' pike."

"Goin' whur?" she asked indignantly.

"To a s'prise, at Silverton."

She sniffed disdainfully.

"To a s'prise—at Silverton! I ain't been out in th' night air fer nigh onto a year. I ain't goin' to begin gallivantin' at my time o' life. I wouldn't go if th' s'prise was on me."

A shiver ran down his spine and his face darkened as he spoke.

"If you don't go you'll—be—sorry—all th' days o' your life."

"Well, I might as well be sorry fer th' rest o' my life as sick er dead, an' I'd be one or t'other. I'm goin' to bed an' it'd be a heap more becomin' in you, Pa, a gray-haired man, the father of three an' old 'nough t' be a gran'father, if you done th' same thing."

Mr. Gibson, red and angry with struggling into a starched shirt, paused and lifted a warning finger.

"M'ri, I ain't never before found it needful to remind you. But didn't you promise years ago at th' marriage altar to love, honor, an' obey?"

He almost shrieked the last word and his wife began to cry.

"After all these years, Christopher Elihu Gibson," she sobbed.

"Dress. And dress quick," was his curt reply.

And she did; and though she did not look quite so neat as she should she soon announced, rather sulkily it must be confessed, that she was ready. Her husband,

terribly excited, threw an extra shawl about her ample shoulders and almost jerked her, unmindful of her groanings, to the front gate.

Suddenly two great lights flashed out and a voice said,

"Well, she can go some, Chris, but if you don't git a move on you I won't promise."

"Al White. An' his new mush-eeen," gasped Mrs. Gibson. "I won't ride in it, no, not fer you, Chris Gibson, ner fer nobody. I'll not go d'lib'rate to my death."

Mr. Gibson pushed his wife to the automobile.

"I've rid in this thing all day invitin' folks to th' s'prise an' I'm still alive. Set over, Mis. White, she'll git in."

"Why, Minnie White, you here? You agin me, too? Somebody's got to tell me what this is all about afore I step in this death dealer. Invitin' folks? Is it your s'prise, Christopher Gibson?"

Her husband looked at her helplessly. Not even with the help of his old friend, Al White, could he lift his wife's two hundred pounds into that motor car.

"Well, I'll tell you," he cried angrily. "Lissy an' John has eloped an' right this minute is bein' chased by Sime an' Fred, with a gun, to Silverton. If you'd git in we might git to th' minister's in time."

Mrs. Gibson, with an angry snort, climbed in.

"Make it go, Al White," she ordered. "Git there in time if you kill us. We might as well be dead as disgraced. Little did I think I'd meet my death this way, in one of these dangerous, death-dealin', dust-prevokin' juggernauts."

"Don't be afraid, Maria," said Mrs. White soothingly. But they had started and there was little opportunity for conversation. Now and then as they flew along they could hear a smothered groan or ejaculation from Mrs. Gibson—now the word "elope" and again "disgrace." But the words she used oftenest were "death" and "the grave."

She clung desperately to Mrs. White at first; later she slid from the seat to the bottom of the car, a huge, gasping, sobbing heap. Her husband regarded her with considerable concern but did not dare to speak.

In the meantime, along the other road leading to Silverton, there was a race between two horses. In front was John Ross, with his jaw set, his eyes stern, driving. Driving as fast as his horse could go. By his side with her face white, her hat gone, her hair streaming in the wind, was Lissy. Wide-eyed and dry-lipped. Excitement? Surely.

Now she urged John to drive faster. Now she urged him to call out to her brothers and tell them that it was he, John, with her. Now she begged for mercy for the horse. But never a word passed John's lips. He only drove.

Now and then when a shot rang out behind them, Lissy screamed and the horse leaped forward and ran faster. Close behind them Fred was driving his own horse. He was bareheaded, his eyes were shining, how he was enjoying himself; except that it mortified him because he was under orders to not quite catch up.

"Thunder!" he ejaculated again and again, "think of lettin' him think his flea-bit mare can beat my horse."

Sime, too, was having a glorious time. He was doing the shouting and firing the old-fashioned, noisy shot gun at short intervals. They passed several vehicles, barely escaping accidents and filling the occupants with anger, wonder and alarm.

As they neared Silverton, John drove still harder so as to reach the minister's enough ahead of his pursuers. And, according to orders, Sime and Fred fell back a little.

"Oh, oh, John," sobbed Lissy as they stopped in front of the minister's dimly lighted house. John half carried her to the door which was opened instantly.

The parlor was poorly lighted, but Lissy caught a glimpse of the minister's wife who hurried to her and greeted her warmly; the minister patted poor Lissy reassuringly and said since they were, no doubt, in a hurry, they might take their places in the middle of the room and join hands.

He read the service slowly and distinctly and John made his responses as though he meant them. But Lissy, almost exhausted, barely made herself heard. When the ceremony was over and the minister had offered a short prayer, the lights were

turned up. Lissy shrank toward John, and whispered:

"Oh, John, don't I look awful?"

A well-known voice, not John's, answered her.

"Awful? More than that. Tur'ble. Disgraceful. Fasten up your hair this minute, M'lissy Loueesy Gibson."

Mrs. Gibson loomed large and mighty before her frightened daughter. It had taken the combined efforts of all present to persuade her to allow the ceremony to proceed. But a hearty laugh saved the situation as Mr. Gibson came forward.

"Call her by her right name, M'ri'. Her name ain't Gibson, it's Ross. Mrs. John Ross, how d'ye do?"

He gathered her in his arms and kissed her tenderly, then handed her to John's mother who appeared out of nowhere. Lissy looked about in amazement. Fred and Sime stood in the doorway, in apparent unconcern, but with a world of fun in their eyes.

"Hullo, Liss," called Fred laconically.

"Wasn't you, didn't you—" began Lissy, but Sime interrupted her.

"Set a time fer us to beat you in a fair race, John, we could 'a' passed you a dozen times."

"Why didn't you then?" demanded John.

Then they all fell to laughing.

"But who found it out?" asked Lissy breathlessly.

"What does it matter, since somebody did?" asked her father.

"Oh, Pa, I b'leeve 'twas you. Nobody else would have made it such a beautiful,

gr-rand elopement. Oh, I'm so glad all of you was to the weddin', after all," she added earnestly.

"Hear her," snorted her mother. "After all that plottin'. Do try to stick to th' truth, Lissy. Right here an' now I want it know'd that I ain't a-goin' home in Al White's mush-eeen. Not if I have to walk. Freddy, you'll drive me home, d'ye hear?"

As Fred nodded he turned to hear John ask,

"Say, Sime, was them blanks you was firin' off?"

"I was shootin' at th' stars, John," he answered with a laugh.

"Sounded like a army comin'. Well," he added, as he pinched Lissy's cheek, "it was excitin' anyhow."

"All th' weddin' guests, them as expected to 'tend this weddin' long 'bout Thanksgivin', is waitin' over to th' ho-tel whur th' infare's spread, so I 'low we'd better go over," announced Mr. Gibson, trying to appear calm, but still excited.

"What intrav'gance!" ejaculated Mrs. Gibson.

"I come in on that," laughed John's father. "Each pays half."

"Oh, Pa," cried Lissy, "a' infare at th' hotel? Oh, now I know it was you who planned th' elopement."

Mr. Gibson's jaw fell and he looked anxiously about the company.

"Me? Me plan a elopement? Why, Lissy Gibson, you planned it yourself, you know you did."

Then he joined heartily in the laugh which followed.

TRAIL O' DREAMS

JUST a bit of the way on our dear Trail o' Dreams,
For a while we may wander together,
When sweet wildflowers blow,
And soft winds sing low,
And rose leaves drift over the hills of white heather.

For a bit of the way where the golden sun gleams,
Would that we might forever be roaming,
But roses will die,
When chilling winds sigh,
And the Trail of our Dreams will fade far in the gloaming.

Jessie Davies Willdy.

THE MAGIC HOUR *by* Lottie A. Gannett

OUCH! I'll bet that hurt, and the boy leaned over and kissed the tip of the sick girl's ear, which he had just raked with the comb.

The sick girl, for she was only a girl though twenty-one, and wife to the boy, who was only a boy though he was six feet tall, and twenty-three, looked up and smiled.

"Not a bit," she lied consolingly, then blinked to keep back the tears that the scratch had caused.

The boy kissed her again, then went on with the story that the accident had interrupted:

"Then, when my book is sold, and it is going to stick this time, I know," he said jubilantly, "I am going to get you wine, oh, just oceans of it, and—and chicken broth, and oysters, and nourishing steaks, and oodles of candy," he went on in the story-telling tone one uses to a child.

"Yes, and then we are going to have a carriage"—she encouraged him to go on, for she liked him in this gay, hopeful mood. Too, often, she had to do the "baby" talk to encourage him when he was ready to give up.

"No, not a carriage, an automobile. I am going to take you out every nice day, and then the roses will come back to your cheeks, and you will get strong and fat, so fat you will not be able to wear the stylish gowns I am going to buy you. Then I suppose you will be so uppity you will not notice me except to permit me to hook your back."

"Why, you could hardly expect to be noticed by a lady who has her own auto-

mobile and has stylish gowns she can't wear, could you?" she bantered lovingly.

"And, it's all coming, Kittie, Girl. Gee, I wish I had some fellow's luck!"

"When I was a little girl, I had an old nurse who told me she always spelled her luck p-e-r-s-e-v-e-r-e, and she said everybody had at some time in their lives the 'Magic Hour' when, if they would try, they could accomplish anything, and when I asked her how one

could tell their Magic Hour she said it couldn't be recognized except by results, and the only way to take advantage of it was to do everything that we undertook to the best of our ability every hour."

They fell silent for a space, the boy, winding the braid he had made of the girl's hair—as little boys make watch fobs—around his wife's head. Turning his head on one side he looked at it critically, then apparently much pleased with the result, he got basin, water and cloth.

Carefully, and with a world of tenderness in his movements, he ran the cloth across the girl's pale, thin face, jabbing his thumb in her eye, pushing her nose about ten degrees out of plumb, almost rubbing the skin off in some spots, and not touching others.

"Gee!" he said, after a minute's silence, spent in hard work, "That's done. I didn't hurt you, did I, Kittie? I'm afraid I'm a little clumsy," he said ruefully.

"Indeed, you're not," emphatically declared the little heroine again, "you're just the gentlest, bestest boy in the world," and she pressed to her lips the big hand that was dabbing a towel in her eyes and mouth.



"Five hundred dollars," Don repeated

"Aren't you just the dearest girl," he said, "And don't you know how to make a fellow feel good all over and as if he was some good in the world?" Tenderly he took the little face, that was almost lost in one of his hands, between his palms, softly he laid his lips to hers for a second as if he feared to kiss her with any force for fear she would crumble up and fade away from him.

"And now for breakfast," he said gaily.

Quickly he stepped out into the tiny room they used for a kitchen, then as he saw the meagre contents of the larder his boyish face clouded, and for an instant his lips trembled.

"Nothing to eat but bread and tea, for a little sick girl who needs wines and jellies and nourishing things," he thought bitterly. "This is the life I am giving that little girl who gave up father and mother and a fine home for me. Poor little Kittie," he said, to himself, "They told you I was a dreamer that would never have anything, and I am. I am not even a 'was', I am a 'never will be'. It would have been better for the little girl if she had married the rich suitor they had picked out for her husband," he thought—"and now they have washed their hands of you"—how well he remembered the "washing". It was after he and Kittie had taken the matter into their own hands and eloped, and had come back for forgiveness.

"Go," said her father, while her mother stood acquiescent by, "you have married my daughter against my wishes, take care of her, and never let me see your faces again!" Then turning to his daughter, he went on, "After all, it is with you I should be most disgusted, for one expects of Donald Douglas that he try to better himself, but that you my daughter, should disgrace—"

"Disgrace," Donald had said, with a black face and clenched hands. "In what way has your daughter disgraced you by marrying me? It is true I have no money, but I do not ask you for any, and—"

"See that you never do," answered Old John Clare, "and is it not a disgrace to be a penniless pauper, and a dreamer as your father was before you—always

moonin' over his books, leaving his child without a dollar, and—"

"That will do, sir," Donald had said, and there was something in the voice, low and tense as it was, that made the older man pause. For an instant Don's hand seemed about to strike, then it unclasped, and he turned to Kittie:

"Come," he said, and they turned away together, Kittie leaving father and mother without a word being spoken by either side.

Since then they had gone from bad to worse. At first he had kept things going by writing short stories, but lately he had been so engrossed with a book, into which he was putting his heart, his very soul, that he had no time for other work, and now they were living in one furnished room with its tiny kitchenette.

Things had been so much worse this past month since Kittie had taken sick. At first they thought it was some little temporary disorder, but as she grew thinner and weaker daily, and the hours of body-racking pain became more frequent and of longer duration, they both realized, though neither mentioned it, that the trouble was a serious one.

With no money to get a doctor; for what little they had must be kept for food; the patient little girl had grown steadily worse, until now she was but a shadow of herself, and sometimes had to shut her teeth on her lips to keep from crying aloud with the pain.

Donald had walked the streets the past two weeks looking for work of any kind. At first he had sought office work, but lately he had asked for anything, even to digging ditches in the streets. The bosses would look him over and shake their heads. And this was the point they had reached this morning as he went to get Kittie's breakfast.

"Would your Ladyship like milk toast, or just plain buttered toast this morning?" he called out brightly.

"M—mm"—Kittie had been about to say milk, but suddenly remembered that the milk man had been pressing about his money the other day, and she feared her choice of it might embarrass Don, so she changed the word into an exclamation—"Why, really, I think I should

like it plain this morning, and without butter, too," she added. "You eat the butter, it is too strong for sick people." She remembered the other day when her pain had been so bad, Don had come in and brought his plate and had sat beside her while he ate, and she saw that his bread did not have any butter on it. When he saw she noticed it, he said he was not eating any butter these days as it gave him indigestion, and she had sympathized with him and made believe to believe.

"All right, Miss, Madame, I should say, coming," he called. He brought the tray and sat beside her while she ate a pinch or two of the toast, on which he had put the last dab of butter, and took a sip of the tea. Then she stopped and the scalding tears ran down her cheeks as the pain came on again.

"Honey, Honey," he murmured, cuddling her, "I wish I could take that nasty old pain, it has no right to hurt my girl."

"Whee-e-e" went the mail carrier's whistle, and Donald sat erect, then dropped back to petting Kittie.

"That's the mail carrier, Don Boy," Kittie said, drying her tears, "Go, dear, maybe he has an acceptance from your publishers."

"Can you spare me a moment?" he asked.

Kittie pushed him lovingly from her.

Down the steps he went three at a time. Then back slowly, heavily, he came. No need for Kittie to ask if it was good news, no need to look at his face or the bulky package in his hand.

Dejectedly he sat on the side of the bed, his body hunched forward, his hands hanging idly.

"Don Boy," Kittie's voice was heavenly sweet, "don't worry, don't mind, it will all come out right soon. Who knows but this may be your 'Magic Hour'?" Then she fell back on the pillow shaking, white, gripped by another paroxysm of pain.

"Well, of all the selfish brutes," exclaimed Don, jumping up, "you have

to hand it to me. Here I sit in the dumps because things don't come my way just when I think they should, and you lie here day after day like an angel, suffering and suffering, and I can't do anything to help you, Girl. God! That's what hurts so. But I will, I'll see a doctor, money or not, and he will come and see you if I have to carry him every step of the way." And Don gently removing Kittie's fingers from his arm, rushed from the room.

"Hello, Don, old man! Whither away on such fairy feet?" And Don felt himself caught by the coat and stopped in his pell mell rush from the apartment building, where he and Kittie were roosting under the roof.

"Swayne," Don exclaimed, "what brings you to this neck of the woods—" then as he remembered, "You must excuse me, I'm in a hurry."

"So I gathered from the way you knocked over the old apple woman, the cripple and the blind man," Swayne prevaricated, "but even if you are in a hurry you have time to meet my friend here,"

and he pressed forward a gentleman who had stood almost behind him as he grabbed Don. "Old Pal, I want you to know Doctor—" But he got no further.

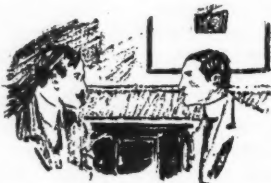
"Doctor," said Don, and grabbing the stranger by the arm he almost literally carried him up the stairs and into the room where his wife lay.

Swayne, left standing on the sidewalk, watched his friend the doctor elope with his friend the author. He shook his head and laughed.

"Don always was, in spite of his bookiness, the greatest practical joker at college. I am glad I told Jimmie about him, though, before he kidnapped him."

"Doctor," said Don, "this is my wife; will you please do something for her? Give her something to ease her pain, won't you?" and Don looked at the doctor with the pleading eyes of a collie.

The doctor straightened his collar,



"Would I buy your book?"
Crane asked

twitched his necktie into place, and was about to consign the big boy before him to a warmer climate, but, looking at the pathetic, pain-twisted face of the little sufferer, then at the pleading eyes of the boy before him, he realized that he was in the presence of something stronger than conventions or nicety of manners; that here was the big boy-man, made primitive by love.

He turned and examined the sufferer, then asked some questions, gazed pityingly first at the girl, then at the boy.

Arising, he started out, and when out of sight of the girl on the bed, nodded for Don to follow.

"Your wife is sick, very sick. So sick that there is only one man in the United States who can cure her, and that is Professor Doane, the greatest surgeon in the world. It would be folly for me or any other man to touch the case, but the one I have mentioned," he said, when Don had followed him into the hall. "It requires an operation, one of those that are so fine as to be almost miraculous, and I feel sure that Professor Doane can perform it successfully; but your wife will have to help by using all it is worth her determination to live."

"An operation," said Don, aghast. "Professor Doane can perform it successfully—and it would cost—?" he asked.

"Oh, about five hundred dollars, I presume, but take my advice and make haste," he added, "there is not much time to lose." And he hurried on his way.

"Five hundred dollars," Don repeated. "Five hundred dollars—and for this sum, a sum that rich ladies spend for one evening cloak, Kittie must die. And they say the poor have one thing equal with the rich—that the rich cannot purchase life. It is a lie, a lie," he said, "a rotten, deluding lie! They can purchase life, and the poor must die because they are poor."

"Don, boy," Kittie called feebly, and Don composed his face and went in.

"What did the doctor say, Don?" she asked.

"Oh, he said with a little care, and—and—" lying did not come easy to Don, and especially with Kittie's clear, trusting

eyes upon him—"that you would be all right in a—short time."

"Did he, Don?" she said, and shut her eyes wearily.

Don leaned over her in a few minutes and thinking she was sleeping was glad, for he wanted to think.

"How to raise five hundred dollars?" he asked himself, dropping into a chair—"How, how?" he asked. He bowed his head on his arms and fell asleep. He hadn't slept much for several nights, and so he sunk into a restless doze. He dreamed and imagined monsters were holding him down, demanding five hundred dollars.

"Five hundred dollars—my book—I am sorry—I could make something—must be—if I could only wait and had five hundred dollars," he babbled in his sleep. A book fell to the floor, pushed down by his arm. Quickly he jumped to his feet, now wide awake. He had a thought—why hadn't it come to him before.

He went over to the bed and made sure that Kittie was still sleeping, then quietly he tiptoed around the room, picked up a package, and as quietly tiptoed out into the kitchen, wrapped his package, then slipped quietly out of the door.

Kittie turned over and opened her eyes as Don went out. "And so for five hundred dollars Don could wait until some editor recognized the merit in his book," she said to herself. "For five hundred dollars, a paltry sum that some boys of his age think nothing of spending on some new fangled device for their car or yacht. What a drag she was to him, how she was holding him down, for if he had not been married to her he would have had enough to live on decently until his book was accepted—and now he had not even enough money to mail his book out again, and it was all on account of her," she thought, "because he had married her, and now she had to go and get sick besides. She was disgusted with herself. Why, oh, why, am I not talented in some way so I could help Don, poor boy, who had to drag along with scarcely enough to eat, when for five hundred dollars he might be on

the road to fame. If there was only something she could do, but there was nothing, just nothing."

She had heard the doctor say she must use her determination to live. Suppose she didn't, suppose she used her determination not to live, would that help Don any?" Her eyes wandering around the room took in the old, familiar dabs of pictures, the calendar, given by some life insurance company. Don had had his life insured shortly after their marriage, saying he wanted to protect her in case anything "happened" to him, and she had teased him to have hers insured too, and he had—for five hundred dollars.

For a while she lie quite still while the big thought took possession of her, then she buried her face in the pillow and cried her heart out. The weeping over, she was calm, almost bright; she knew a way to give Don his chance—and she was big enough to use it.

* * *

Morris Crane, the great writer, sat with his publisher's last letter open before him.

"And so I have gone 'stale,'" he said slowly, "I have lost my grip; can't reach my readers!" he got up and walked the floor.

"Gad!" he thought to himself, "and is this the end? After one has been able to move his public to laughter or tears at will, to write a trite truth in words that are echoed the length and breadth of the world, to end like this! It is worse than death," he told himself. "Better to be an unknown than a used to be." He sat down at his desk and took up the letter again.

"A gentleman to see you, sir," the servant announced.

Morris looked up impatiently, he wished he had told the man to let no one in, but he hadn't done so and it was too late now, for even as the man spoke the caller was at his heels.

"What can I do for you, sir?" Crane

asked as Don stepped into the room.

"Mr. Crane," Don said, going right to the heart of the matter, while his clear, boyish blue eyes held the other's with a straightforward gaze, "I have come here on a peculiar errand, and if I overstep any rules of proprieties, violate any ethics, you will forgive me, I know, when I tell you why I have come. Will you listen?"

Crane nodded, and over his kindly features came a softer look, as he placed a chair for his caller, which that young gentleman promptly accepted.

"Mr. Crane," Don said again, "I have here the manuscript of a book which I have written, will you look it over and tell me if you think it is worth anything—

wait a minute, please," as the other was about to speak—"I do not ask that you read it and give a criticism, but that you just scan over a few pages and tell me if it is worth anybody devoting enough time to, to read it through. Will you do this? Ah, thank you," as Crane reached and took the book from his hand. He hadn't intended doing so a moment

before, but there was something compelling about this boy.

Silently, with almost bated breath, Don sat and waited while Crane read the book, for he was reading now with deep interest. At first he had idly turned the pages, glancing here and there, then something caught his eye, he turned back and started reading from the first, apparently forgetful of the presence of the boy. When Don could stand it no longer he spoke:

"Is it worth anything?" he asked, "Is it any good?"

"Worth anything? Good?" Crane repeated, "Why, Young Man, you have a winner here, a sensation!"

"Do you think it would be worth five hundred dollars?" Don asked, holding his breath after he said the sum.

"Five hundred!" Crane repeated again, "It is worth—but then," he broke off,



"Why do you not send it to a publisher and get his opinion?"

"I have sent it to a dozen," Don replied, "and they have kept it barely long enough to change envelopes and start it back. Mr. Crane—" he hesitated, then gained courage when he remembered why he was here—"I want five hundred dollars more than I ever wanted anything in my life before. Maybe 'want' is a bad word, I need it, have got to have it. Would you—a—buy—a—the book and give me five hundred dollars for it now?"

"Would I buy your book?" Crane asked, apparently he could do nothing but repeat this evening, "You mean—?" he asked.

"That you give me five hundred dollars for my book—buy it as your own. You can have it published as your own. The publishers will take it from you because they know you do such great work—but then, maybe you'd be ashamed—"

"My boy," Crane said gently, "I do not wish to flatter you, but this is something that any man, no matter how great he may be, would be proud to have appear under his name." But I cannot—" he paused—swiftly before his mental vision there had flashed his publisher's last letter:—"Get back your hit—you are not written out, only stale. Put some spice in your work, charge it, electrify it—do anything, so it is something to make the public sit up and take notice." It was all here in this story, everything they had asked for, in the comparatively few pages he had read he had had a dozen distinct thrills.

"You must need money pretty badly, my boy, to sacrifice such a story as this for a paltry five hundred dollars. It wouldn't be fair, would be a great injustice to you to allow you to do it—"

"I do, oh, I do need it badly," Don broke in. "It is a matter of life and death, and far from being an injustice, it would be the kindest act you ever did."

Crane, looking the boy over, searching his earnest face, thought it must be something connected with his mother, or perhaps he needed the money to help a dearly loved one, father or brother, out of a scrape—"and it would be a

kindness—" he did not finish the thought.

"Will you leave this with me for a while?" he asked.

"Gladly," Don replied, "I know you must have time to see more of it, and all I ask is that you report as soon as possible, the need for the money is very urgent, and is one that requires as little delay as possible. I will sign any papers, do anything that you deem necessary."

"I understand," Crane answered, "You will hear from me in a few days, perhaps tomorrow."

If it was with mixed feelings that Don left the home of Crane—his greatest hope was gone, his dream shattered—yet it was with a feeling wholly of gladness that he rushed into the bedroom where his wife lay.

"Kittie," he called gently, then went over to the bed. Softly he leaned over her. She was sleeping yet. Tenderly he pushed back the hair from her forehead, then started—something in the pose of the figure on the bed, the clammy coldness of the face, struck terror to his heart.

"Kittie," he called, "Kittie, it is I, Don, wake up, girl," he cried, shaking her with each frantic call. But the little head with its grotesque wreath of brown braid rolled from side to side as it rested against his shoulder. Poor little Kittie had worried too much.

Quickly he felt her heart. No, she was not dead, there was a faint flutter there. What should he do? What could he do? He knew what was the matter, she had fainted from weakness, because she did not have good nourishing food, and he had killed her, he told himself.

Frantically he bathed her face, stroked her hair, called her by every endearing name he knew, but to all his frenzied appeals she gave no sign of life, made no answer.

He mashed the hair from his forehead with his clenched fist. "I must do something. A doctor, that's it, a doctor. But the doctor he had this morning had said there was only one man—and he hadn't any money. I will go after him," he said, "and he will come—he *must*—money or no money—he *must*!" Gently he laid down the figure of his wife, and

for the second time that day rushed out in quest of a doctor.

* * * * *

Professor Doane sat in his sumptuously furnished room, in which there was everything to delight the eye, the mind, the taste, of the most fastidious, but on his face was a look of weariness, almost of sadness.

"And so you have lost your cunning?" he said, as he held up to his face his long, slim, white, right hand. "You have saved many lives, but you are a back number. The papers, the other physicians, may say what they will—that it was a 'miraculous operation,' that 'When Professor Doane failed, it was hopeless,' but you know, and I know, that you have lost your cunning, that the brain that directs you, the nerve that steadies you, the eye that guides you, have failed, all, all have failed!"

He read again the account of the operation he had performed that morning. One paper said:

"When Professor Doane fails, there was nothing to be done, for he is a miracle worker in operations to the ninth degree, a master of masters, and while we regret the loss of our esteemed fellow townsman, and sympathize with his family, we know it was decreed by an all wise Providence, and that the limit in effort to save his life was reached."

"Very pretty," said the professor, but we know, do we not," he said again, looking at his hand. "You and I know what the doctors who stood at our elbow could not know—that it was a slow acting mind, a quivering nerve, a faltering touch that cost the life of our 'esteemed fellow-townsmen'. What caused it?" he asked himself, then came the answer, the one he knew it must be, the one he had feared for some time—"old age, just old age," he said quietly, dispassionately. He felt that everything he did now would be done in the same quiet way, without

any life or spring to it, without any snap. Of one thing he was certain, he would never attempt another operation. There were others better fitted to save life in that way than he, and he would leave it to them.

He would retire, he would announce it in a few days when the wonder over his failure at this operation had subsided—he would say he wanted a rest—anything but the truth, which was that he was an old man—an old man at sixty-seven. Many men have just become famous after that. Oh, well, I have had my measure of fame and helpfulness, I suppose," and he bowed his head on his arms, and in the room was the saddest sound imaginable—an old man's sobs.

The servant entering a few minutes after he had composed himself, aroused him, and sitting erect, and turning with a movement that bespoke none of the old age of which he had been complaining, said:

"I told you I did not wish to be disturbed, John-

son," and he was wholly the Professor now.

"I know you did, sir," Johnson replied, "but this young man, he—he seems—queer, sir, and he would not be denied, and—and—I could not help asking, sir. Will you see him, sir?"

"Seems 'queer,' you say?" asked the Professor. "Oh, well, show him in."

"Perhaps the son or some other near relative of the man on whom I operated today," the Professor said to himself, as the servant departed, "come to reproach me—but how foolish I am getting," he said. "He does not know, nobody knows but you and I," he said once more, glancing at his hand. "And besides," he went on, "if he did know, who would dare reproach Professor Doane—ah, surely I am getting old. I could almost believe the shock of my discovery—that I am no longer a great surgeon, no longer even a good one, has deranged me."



*"If you will promise to be
real good, I'll let you
read something"*

"This will help me," he said, and going over to the cabinet he poured himself a drink, the first one he had ever taken, to steady shaking nerves.

"Professor," Don burst out, as he entered the room with outstretched hands, "will you please come and see my wife—please wait," he said again as he had earlier in the day—"I have no money, cannot pay you just now, but I have hopes, I think—that is, I expect some money in a few days, and if you will come now I will give you every dollar I get. Doctor, it is my wife."

Imperiously the doctor raised his right hand, the hand that had failed him that morning.

"Young man," he said, "you are mad—mad to come here like this. Who told you that Professor Doane went out to cases of unknown people? Do you know I never see a case that is not recommended to me by some eminent physician, and I do not take all of those by any means. And you come to me as if I were some common practitioner that you can run in upon at any hour of the day or night. I would not go out to see a case tonight, no, no, not if you gave me a thousand dollars, I—"

"By, God! you will go, and you will go now," said Don, rushing over to the professor, his eyes flashing, his face twitching and white. His fists were clenched and lifted, but they did not fall. "Who and what kind of a thing are you?" he asked. "You who have the Heaven-lent power that may be taken from you at any minute—" The Professor flinched as if struck. "You who have all the advantages that money, education and a special training can give. Who are you, I ask, to deny me the life of my wife—the only thing I have?"

"Look at us—look! I say," and the Professor looked, "you have everything—riches, friends, fame, everything—and I have nothing but just my wife, and even her life you hold in the hollow of your hands, and that you refuse to save for me. But you shan't refuse, you shan't! This much of your wealth you must give me—must, I say, do you hear me—*must*! There is my card. I will give you fifteen

minutes to get to my home!" Don exclaimed, almost beside himself, as he flung the card down on the table and rushed out.

Slowly, like a man dazed, the Professor looked around him, and then he did something that went far toward proving unfounded his fear that he was an old man. He threw back his head and laughed.

Not at Don's trouble, but that he, Professor Doane, whom royalty treated with marked courtesy, should have been bearded in his den by a mere boy, and with all of his servants just within call by the bell at his elbow.

"What peculiar methods, how original," he said. "How odd to leave when he had stated the time limit for the doctor's visit." In all the stories the Professor had ever read, the captor stood with watch in hand and called out the minutes to his victim as they were ticked off. "I wonder what will happen when fifteen minutes have elapsed?" he thought. He half reached out his arm to ring for a servant to have the police informed that a mad man was loose and had been in his study threatening him, but he drew back his hand as the memory of the boy's white, twitching face came before him. "Not mad, surely" he thought. "Just wild with grief."

Glancing at the clock he noticed that it had been five minutes since the boy had left.

"What a handsome boy he was," he thought, and he had said that he, Professor Doane, had everything, and that the boy himself had nothing. "Nothing!" the Professor thought. "What would I not give for his fire, his vigor, his youth," he whispered. "He says he has nothing! Why, with his youth, his power, he has the world before him. There is nothing he could not accomplish, no avenue could remain closed, nothing be denied him. At this minute," the old man thought, "I would sell everything I've ever done in life to stand where he does in life, with the power, the force that lies latent within him—no, not quite everything," he thought. "There are some lives—I think I can say without egotism—that I saved. Lives that I alone could save."

For a brief space he sat toying with the card which the boy had flung down.

"Donald Douglas," he read. "Well, Donald," he said, whimsically, "I enjoyed your call, but as I am not in the habit of obeying my callers I think I'll just sit tight and see what happens in fifteen minutes."

"Ting-ling-ling!" went the telephone at his elbow.

"Hello," said the Professor. "What's that? You're a reporter for the Daily Mail? Servants denied you admission? I am glad of it. I never grant interviews—what's that?—you have something to say to me that no one else knows anything about—why, young man?—why—oh, you were at the hospital as I came out today, after performing the operation—you thought I looked pale, 'all in'. Feared a nervous collapse, did you? You are very kind to call me up to make sure. Well, are you satisfied now? If I had been 'all in,' as you put it, I would not be likely to be talking to you now, would I? What's that? Am I going to retire? Why should I? Am I ever going to operate again? Why, of course, why not? You thought I would fear that I had lost my power after losing my case today?—Well, you are wrong, wrong, I say—No, I am not afraid to keep up at my age. On the contrary, I expect to operate on a very grave case in a few days—Of course, I will give you details, first one. Good bye."

"Confound the reporters!" the Professor murmured fervently, then he sat and studied for a moment. "I wonder—if—I could?" he mused.

"Johnson," he said, when that person had answered his ring, "my hat and stick, I am going out."

"Going out, sir?" the servant asked in surprise. "You will want the car, sir?"

"No, I will not want the car, I am going to walk," and wriggling into his coat without the servant's assistance, he took his hat and stick from him and walked out, leaving a most astonished man leaning against the table for support, for in all the years he had served his master he had never known him to go out on a case at night, no matter

how important, and had never known him to walk a block.

The Professor hardly understood it himself. "What manner of boy was this who could come into a man's house and give him a certain time to do a thing, and then rush away and have the man do it?" For, everything he had done since the boy left, he knew now had been done with the unconscious feeling of being on time; even while he had been talking over the phone he had watched the clock, and the first thing he did when he rang for the servant was to look at the clock again. He didn't stop to explain it to himself, but he could have found a good answer in the power of suggestion, aided by the love of victory over disease, the lust for victory of the skilled, trained mind, and back of it all the unacknowledged but overwhelming wish to know if he could still do it.

"At any rate," he told himself, "I will go and see what manner of case this is; I do not need to touch it." And so musing he reached the home of the Douglas's.

It was Don himself, who, leaping down the steps three at a time, opened the door for him.

"Good evening, Professor," he said, as if it was the most natural and expected thing in the world that the Professor should be there. "I am so glad you found time to come, but you are a little late, aren't you?"

The Professor started, then quietly, in a matter-of-fact tone that just matched Don's, replied:

"No, I think I am just about on time. Perhaps your watch does not agree with my study clock."

It was beautiful to see him after he entered the room where the sick girl lay. Without a question, without one unnecessary move he made his examination. Gentle, dexterous, sure were his movements, and Don, watching, granted this grand old man his full meed of praise.

For a space of time that might have been five minutes or an hour, Don never knew, he was busy with the girl on the bed. Then he turned, and in his eyes was the light of battle, the light of victory, for it was what he would call a

"pretty case," difficult, almost impossible, but, for that reason, all the more enticing.

"I wonder if I could?" he muttered; then Kittie opened her eyes, and deep in their depths he read defiance, a challenge.

"Mr. Douglas," he said, turning to Don, "will you take this note to the corner druggist, tell him I am waiting for you, and fetch back what he gives you?" He handed the paper, on which he had written something, to Don, who, taking it, rushed from the room, putting his hat on as he ran down the stairs.

"Now, little woman," Professor Doane said, "just tell me why it is you have decided to try not to live."

Kittie looked at him with wide startled eyes. "What manner of man was this who could read her inmost thoughts?" she asked herself.

"Come, you might as well 'fess up. At this stage of your disease, I was at a loss to account for your condition, then I looked into your eyes, and I knew. What is it, tell me?" he said very kindly.

"O Doctor," Kittie broke down and sobbed. She had been trying so hard to be brave, to do almost the hardest thing a woman could be called on to do, and the sympathy and understanding in the doctor's tone were too much for her. "I am such a drag on Don, and he needs five hundred dollars so badly, and—and—I would do anything for Don, and my life is insured for that amount, and—"

"And you thought you would break your husband's heart so he could have five hundred dollars, eh? Fine, fine, for ways that are mysterious, commend me to a loving woman!" and he sniffed.

"I don't know who you are," Kittie said, "only that Don says you are the greatest doctor in the world, and that you were going to cure me, but I do know that you are not a bit nice!" and Kittie, with the freedom and petulance of sick persons and children, turned her head to the wall.

"There! that's better. Keep that up and we will have you well in spite of yourself and your fine determination. See here, my child," the old Professor said with a voice of infinite kindness, "your case is one that is very rare, one

that appeals to me very strongly, that touches my pride in my profession and makes me determine that you shall live. I want you to help me. *I am going to cure you*, with your help, if I may have it, without it if I may not. So, you may just reverse that little determination of yours, and make it to live." The Doctor got up and walked the floor with quick firm strides. Thirty years seemed to have fallen from him, and he was the keen, alert professional man.

Coming back, he sat down beside Kittie, and taking her thin hand between his own soft warm palms, he held it for a moment without speaking.

"You are going to give me your help," he declared, after a space, then as a thought came to him—"If you do not promise I shall get that husband of yours to tell you that you are, and then you will," he said with twinkling eyes.

"But, Doctor—your—fee?" faltered Kittie, weakening.

"Fee? Why, my child, I owe you and your husband more than I can ever repay, for you have given me something dearer than life itself—my confidence in myself, and the knowledge that my days of usefulness are not past, and besides these, the wealth of the world pales."

"Whee-ee," went the postman's whistle a few days later. Don went down the stairs at his usual gait, and better still, he came back at the same pace. He stopped for an instant outside the door, so as to tame down his spirits to have them suitable to a sick room, for Professor Doane had told him that all excitement must be kept from Kittie, and Don thought Professor Doane the finest old gentleman in the world, to say nothing of his wisdom.

"If you'll promise to be real good and not get excited, I'll let you read something," Don said with great cleverness, but Kittie stretched out her hand and Don did not wait for her promise, but lay a letter in it.

"Dear Mr. Douglas," she read, "I am enclosing you a letter from my publisher, to whom I submitted your story. I feel it needs no comment from me—it is silver tongued. Best wishes, etc. Crane."

Kittie looked up with dancing eyes,

and Don placed in her hand the publisher's letter:

"Dear Crane:" it said, "I have read the manuscript you brought in the other day with the request for me to read it at once, and want to thank you for bringing it to me. It is a 'corker', and your young friend has a literary future that promises to be brilliant. Ask him to come and see me and we will talk over terms.

"Regarding the synopsis of your new story, which you left with me at the same time, and which you called 'A Boy's Sacrifice,' want to say it is one of the finest things you have ever done, and your treatment of the man in it who was too big to be tempted although sore pressed, brought a moisture to my eyes that did not come from hay fever, and I think I could be called a seasoned reader. Yours sincerely, Blank."

Kittie looked up again, and in her eyes was the light of gladness:

"Isn't this a beautiful old world to

live in, and aren't there a lot of fine people in it. I have discovered three big, big people—you who tried to sacrifice your story, and the splendid man who wouldn't take it, and then there's the dear old Professor who is going to take me away tomorrow and cure me—oh, isn't it just great to know such people? I think we have found our Magic Hour, dear."

Don didn't answer just then because he couldn't without "making a baby" of himself, and there could be nothing worse to a man of twenty-three. He nodded, and blinked back the tears as he thought of the "biggest" person of them all, of whom the Doctor had told him in confidence—the little girl who determined to die.

After the danger of the "baby" act had passed he took Kittie's hand in his own and said:

"Every hour that I have you, dear, is a Magic Hour, but then I want to see the other fruits of my Magic Hour, and so—I am going to get busy."

A SONG OF TRUST

KEEP trusting: 'neath the withered leaves of autumn,
'Ere yet the lingering winter months are flown,
In rarest beauty, rich with spicy fragrance,
The Mayflower blossoms. Soon thou shalt be shown
How, with each cross
Of pain or loss,
God sends a priceless blessing for His own.

Keep trusting: though the darkest clouds o'ershadow
The path that seems today too dark to tread,
The sun in all its brightness may tomorrow
Illumine every step. Be not afraid
To do His will;
He will fulfil,
Abundantly, each promise He hath made.

Keep trusting: He is reaching through the darkness
His hand in love to guide thee; hold it fast.
His voice in tones of sweet compassion calleth,
"When doubt and struggle are forever past,
The victors crowned,
My throne around,
Take up the victors' song that aye shall last!"

— Mary Brooks.

CHERRIES

by
Jennie Harris Oliver

THE pianola at the Oberon Air Dome tinkled a sprightly prelude and leaped off into a rhythmic measure suggestive of running streams and galloping hoofbeats. The blazing arches of electric lights winked black. Onto the great luminous curtain shot a multitude of grim, feathered fugitives.

"Indians, by George!" blithely explained the Big Man into the attentive ear of his companion. "Cheyennes—brown and ugly as Satan!"

The girl's eyes—deeply blue, inkily fringed, and sightless, were strained upon the curtain. Her piquant face sparkled. "I have seen Indians *before*," she told him, in delicate compliment to his word-picture. "These have captured a white girl—a big, red-cheeked girl, with hair the color of an orange."

"Exactly. They are making for the canoes drawn up on the bank of a river. Now they are shoving off. White men are pursuing; loping like mad down a zigzag pass, under an arch of giant trees. Now they plunge their horses into the stream not a rod behind the last boat."

"There will be a battle."

"The battle has begun. Spray and smoke mingle high in the air. The hindmost boat ends up, and a glistening brown figure spreads out in the water. Now the horse rears as high as the curtain. It has no rider. The water is red. They are fighting in a terrific tangle. Big brown bodies leap and fling their arms. Horse and rider—"

"Stop! Oh, *please* stop!"

The Big Man groped and found a small, cold hand which he patted reassuringly. "Tut! It is all over. The girl is rescued and smiling. She embraces a big fellow—maybe her brother. Very nice."

The blind girl withdrew her hand, clenched upon a bit of muslin, and gave her eyes a sidelong dab. In the act of forcing a smile, she stiffened, breathless, attention in every fiber of her slight body. A new picture was on the curtain. The Big Man leaned forward—she knew it. Lilt-ingly the orchestra invited, with heart-breaking sweetness:

"Come to the land of Bohemia!

Come where the lights brightly shine!

Come where each fellow makes love to his 'cello—

Oh, come where all good fellows dine!

"Spring in the Tyrol!" burst from the lips of the Big Man. "My native land. My village. My inn, with the brown cakes and silver steins. My home, with the

cherry-trees gleaming against the white walls of the sun-bright street! I can shut my eyes and see it—skies bluest in the world; white clouds, whitest. Cherries the most luscious.

"Cherries of the Tyrol! I taste them in my dreams. Probably only the flavor of youth, but I call it *cherries*. It was in cherry season that I walked for the last time down the white street, my extra shirt tied in a blue cotton handkerchief—twenty-one years ago!"

The Big Man's voice held an ache, and the girl groped



"*Perhaps it missed you too*"

for words as he had groped for her hand. "Perhaps it misses you, too. It may even have kept a message for you that would make your book great."

The Big Man laughed indulgently. This little girl believed him a sort of god; continually fostering his genius by eulogizing the darling of his pen that other things crowded out. She even—reading his square, ugly face with sensitive, innocent fingertips—pronounced him handsome. He was comfortably used to it all.

"No danger," he told her; "the book is in exile. I shall never have time for it—a plodding newspaper man! Changing the subject, how would you like to dine with me? It is early."

The girl deftly adjusted her white "aviator" to a comfortable angle on her smooth masses of black hair, and waited for the Big Man to fasten the heavy clasp of her cloak—tilting her dimpled chin obediently, like a child. People watching, smiled openly and told each other that Eitburg spoiled Alice Bigelow. She was twenty-two, and Eitburg not really old enough for the father act; but that was like John Eitburg. Many eyes followed their exit.

Out in the electric radiance, the gay street sparkled like old wine in a crystal vase. The air was sweet with the breath of lilac and daffodil. The swinging tread of passerby was like a lilt of song. Eitburg held his charge close on his arm, sometimes reaching around his free one to keep her from being rudely jostled. So, the top of her white cap barely reached the top of his burly shoulder.

Everyone spoke. Everyone smiled. Some called him "Johnnie." The city had grown used to seeing old Amos Bigelow's orphaned niece and her benefactor swinging about in the early evening, "seeing the sights." Whatever the out-

come for the pretty, infatuated blind girl, John Eitburg meant well.

Free lance that he was, avowed bachelor, there was still something so entirely big about him as to disarm criticism. Persons who had smiled to see him stop a milk wagon and feed a starving kitten, could not wonder long at his willingness to be eyes for the blind.

Eitburg did not pat himself; he received value for it all. The kitten followed him home and made short work of the rats that disturbed his too-short sleeping hours, and Alice Bigelow was his safety-

valve, believing everything good of him, knowing no evil, fostering the egotism, without which he was more or less a failure, redeeming him from the wine-bibbing that had kept him crippled in purse.

Pecuniary sacrifices did not count. The supreme test in a specialist's chair; treatment for the diseased eyeballs; fruits and flowers out of season—the money would have

gone, anyway! When the final operation brought back her eyesight, *then* would be the sacrifice. She was the kind to be happiest keeping a man's hearthstone warm, his slippers handy and his children wholesome. John Eitburg knew he was growing for himself a very large-sized heart-ache. As for the girl—she was yet a child, and Time is a great healer.

It was quiet and fragrant in their corner of the cafe, behind the sheltering palms. The first course had been tested by Eitburg, and the blind girl was daintily eating what he had assured her was good. Sometimes her little hand, appealing in its pink and white uncertainty, groped for fork or spoon, and Eitburg reached to guide it right. Once a splash of salad flecked her white waist and, without embarrassment, she allowed Eitburg to use his napkin. Throughout the meal the man



She allowed Eitburg to use his napkin

talked a steady stream, as was his wont when contented.

"No doubt you will think me crazy," he began, delighted to air a brand new sensation, "but tomorrow when I start east, I am going to cut loose on my wind-fall from the Rhine country. A thousand dollars isn't much, spread out, but crowded into four weeks it will be sumptuous. May be rich copy—rushing to see the just-now-biggest-man hail in from Africa, but that's not the point. For one month—probably the only one of my life—I am going to have the best that money can buy.

"You know a whole lot about me, Alice—of the humiliation I have suffered in bullying my way up; of sticking where I was not wanted by simply being too heavy to be shoved off the ladder—of bluffing it through.

"Listen. All the master music I can absorb in one month; all the beauty I can store; all the glory of brainy women and the fellowship of big men that can be bought or bribed shall be mine. I am going to feed my soul at last. For one month, John Eitburg is going to live!"

Alice shook her pretty head. She had not caught the picture. "I had rather," she told him with charming candor, "see what was on the curtain. As for music—they say your country *is* music."

Eitburg was touched. "Dear child," he assured her fondly, "that scene on the curtain was but a vision of youth—very wonderful because of time and distance. No doubt I should now find the streets too narrow; the women thick-waisted and stupid; my own roof uncomfortably low, and the walls but whitewashed. Even my old mother might fail—because of my bulk, to give me the hug I long for. Besides, I could not begin to finish my book in a month, and what would you do longer without old John to pilot you about?"

This was unanswerable, and Alice turned her attention to the last course—a wonderful little mound of frozen cream and shredded fruits—racy ending to the lunch

hour. A little later Eitburg felt her innocent face turned against his shoulder in a wordless, sob-shaken good-bye.

She still stood in the square of porch light as he turned the corner after leaving her at the sternly quiet house of her uncle. So forsaken she looked, so intent upon his going, that involuntarily he stopped as if to return and comfort her; then coming to himself with a sense of inevitable loss, he swung on into the light and jostle of the avenue.

It was still early as the city goes. Most shops were closed, but all that ministered to the inner man was hilarious with beckoning. Loitering absently, Eitburg presently entered a fruit store, wondering, as he blinked around, what had drawn him. With growing delight he recognized the lure—a basket of imported cherries, the first of the season—airily-brilliant on their long, colorless stems, clustered vividly in the emerald of their own foliage.

As he paid for the fruit, Eitburg suddenly remembered that there had been another reason for his seeking this store, and stepped behind a screen where his Bohemian friend had that day stored for him in his ice-chest a basket of bottles known as "small." There was to be company in his rooms, newspaper men, celebrating his last evening.

Coveting his trip, looking forward to future evenings when "old John's" ugly face would loom out of clouds of fragrant smoke as he recounted for their delectation the "big show," they would make this evening's remembrance as vivid as possible. They had been especially desirous of the small bottles.

Ordering the desired refreshment immediately to his rooms, Eitburg paid to have the fruit delivered into the blind girl's hand, or left at the door where he could call attention to it by telephone early in the morning. Then hurrying around to the office, he wrote for some time under his desk light, found his crowd, and the night had begun!



"Cherries," he gasped

Up in Eitburg's bachelor den, hats and coats were flung recklessly about. Some of the party rummaged familiarly in a drawer for cards and poker chips. A burst of song was taken up, and for a time the crowd stood, heads thrown back, caroling with melodious abandon. Finally an officious reporter stripped the wrappings from a basket that stood on the lunch table.

"Cherries!" he shouted blithely. "Old John has blowed himself. Beauties, all right, all right!"

Eitburg, who had stooped to light the gas-log, swung around, his big features stiffened in astonishment.

"Cherries?" he gasped, staring foolishly at the flaunting jest of fate; "Cherries!"

He straightened, his face on fire. In a breathless pause, ere he had snatched down the receiver, John Eitburg saw the straggling purposes of his life drawn together in one thread of infinite desire. He, who had prided himself upon protecting the blind girl in her severe innocence; who had—he relentlessly admitted it—delayed her vision, lest she see too much, had at last, thrust upon her the crudest blunder of his life.

In that instant he understood what her comradeship had meant to him; she was

no child. She had become a part of everything—*she was the woman he loved!*

Lifting one hand for silence, he finally heard the replies he desperately hoped for coming blithely over the wire, albeit the voice that gave them held the faintest tremor—the ghost of forlorn tears.

"Yes, a package from him had just been handed in. She was untying the first knot when the telephone rang.—Certainly, she would wait *just where she was*, and no one else should meddle until he got there. She certainly hoped"—with a soft laugh—"that it wasn't dynamite!"

The astonished revelers, relaxed in different attitudes of attention about the room, saw their host hang up the receiver and snatch the basket and his hat from the table.

"Boys," he said, pausing with his hand on the door-knob, "make yourselves at home. There's cold meat in the ice-chest, and I'll

manage to send back the right basket.

"Fellows, you're taking your last look at Bachelor John. I'm going to cut out the 'Big Show,' and take my blind girl across the Pond to the greatest oculist in Austria. Fancy her blue eyes opening, after their long night, upon spring in the Tyrol!"



"Fellows, you're taking your last look at Bachelor John"



The DESERT ANGEL

by
George Ethelbert Walsh



SHERIFF EDWARDS was as cool and unemotional as the proverbial icicle, and in the performance of his shrievality duties he was never known to bat an eye or draw an unnecessary breath or heart beat; but when he stumbled accidentally upon the Desert Angel he experienced a sensation in the region of his heart that was equivalent to an acknowledgment of unconditional surrender.

It was his first offence—and his last. Men of his type never surrender the second time. Experience is never wasted on them.

The sheriff found the Desert Angel in the foothills—alone, horseless, and weeping. The weebegone expression on her face was ludicrous in the extreme. Tears had rebelliously chased down the pink and white cheeks to leave little furrows on a complexion that could stand such a test.

Incidentally the sheriff noticed that she was beautiful, clad in a picturesque garb that betokened the newcomer in that part of the country, and the possessor of a wonderful pair of eyes that smiled through the tears and flashed strange messages to bewilder the mind and fancy of man.

"Why, hallo! Where's the trouble?" exclaimed the sheriff, riding up to this bewildering bunch of femininity.

The Angel looked up at him long enough to check the flow of her tears and exclaim in surprise a most expressive "Oh!"

Then seeing that it

was a man who had hailed her, and an unusually good-looking specimen of his kind, she dabbed at her eyes with a ludicrously small square of cambric and forthwith tried to straighten out the rebellious strands of her hair.

The sheriff watched these proceedings with the awe of one who had made a great discovery.

"Where's the trouble, little girl?" Edwards added, when he could collect his wits. "Who's responsible for this—er—little fit of the blues? Name him, and I'll convert him into hash for you."

The tears started in the blue eyes again.

"Oh, it was Billy," she stammered.

"Then Billy's fate is settled. I wouldn't give a cent for his life if I was a gambling man, but being sheriff round these here parts, I ain't allowed to play the game no more. Which way did he go?"

"Over there."

She pointed with an index finger that had more fascination for the sheriff than the direction she indicated.

"Deserted you, eh?"

"Yes. Ran away from me."

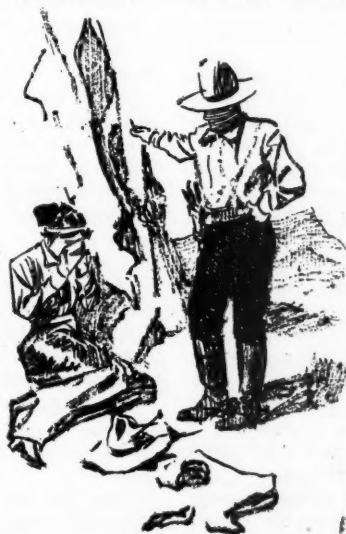
"The scoundrel! He deserves a worse fate than death."

"Oh, but he didn't intend to hurt me. It was just playfulness."

"Hugh! Playfulness! Billy must have a queer sense of play. Well, I will play with him when I catch him."

The blue eyes looked inscrutable. Then—

"You won't hurt him, will you?"



"Why, hallo! Where's the trouble?"

"I don't think so. He won't know it if I do, it will be so sudden-like."

"You mustn't, for I love Billy dearly."

The sheriff said something under his breath that sounded too forcible for print. The girl wondered at this and seemed to shrink from him.

"I was riding him," she added, "and dismounted to rest when—when—he broke away and ran off."

For a moment the glum face of the sheriff remained sober and impassive. Then it broke into a grin.

"You mean that Billy was a horse?"

She nodded. Edwards broke forth into a hearty laugh.

"Sure, I thought it was a man."

His laugh was infectious, and she soon joined him in it. "Say, now, that ain't so bad. I've been riding all the morning and I want some exercise. You get up here and ride Tip. I'll lead him."

The Angel looked dubious. The saddle was not designed for her sort.

"Shucks! they all ride them saddles out here."

The sheriff dismounted and helped her into the seat, unmindful of her mild protests. Then he seized the bridle.

"Where to?"

"Over there"—again pointing finger that held his attention. "But it's a long way—five miles, I think—or more."

"Five miles makes a nice little walk. I've covered fifty without getting tired."

Of that strange trip Sheriff Edwards afterward could recall little. He walked and trotted alongside of Tip, but he never knew exactly which direction they took. He was totally oblivious of the scenery, except that reflected in a pair of blue eyes. They were large enough to contain all the world for him—and eternity, too.

At first they talked very little. Then the ice was gradually thawed out. He learned little of her antecedents, but she got his whole story from him. Somehow he babbled on about his exploits, and even boasted of some of his captures. Ordinarily a reticent man, he seemed now intent upon breaking the record for talking.

His sense of duty had grown suddenly hazy and uncertain. He knew that he was jeopardizing his reputation and life. Once or twice he displayed a little nervousness

as they defiled through the narrow passes, but it was not for himself. He was still thinking of her.

Bat Carpenter and his band of notorious outlaws were hiding somewhere in the hills, and they knew that Edwards was on their trail with the determination to exterminate them. Single-handed he had hunted them for weeks, and the chase had grown hot—so hot indeed that Bat had seriously considered the advisability of decamping.

Billy Edwards had the reputation that made criminals wary of him. They recalled with little shudders his capture of Dick Smith and two outlaws at the point of the gun, and of how he had held up Jansen and his crowd in a saloon and calmly took the leader away from them to jail.

A reputation counts for much in the game of life and death, and Bat Carpenter was no exception. Bat was a man of nerve and brains, but he had no desire to meet Billy Edwards alone unless he had the draw on him. Even then there was a possible chance of the sheriff's luck turning the tide of battle.

When they had covered five miles, Billy grew suddenly anxious.

"Much further?" he asked.

"No—I—don't think so."

Then smiling down at him,

"But I ought not to take you any further. I can walk the rest of the way."

"Not if I can help it. Never enjoyed a walk more. Trot along, Tip."

They covered another two miles. The trail was getting rougher and steeper. Billy had lost his bearings. He did not remember ever having penetrated to this lonely part of the hills. The scenery was wild, rough and inspiring.

"A mighty fine place to hide in," he muttered to himself. Hearing his mumbled words, but not catching his words, she leaned toward him and smiled dazzlingly.

"What were you saying?"

"Nothing; I was just talking in my sleep."

She continued to look at him, and then pouted.

"Oh, I say now," he began, "you mustn't take it that way. I'll—"

Billy didn't finish. The Angel had brought the horse up with a sudden jerk.

Some sort of animal had scooted across the trail.

"Let me have your gun, please," she whispered. "I want to see if I can shoot him there in the bushes."

Before Billy could speak or protest she had leaned over and extracted his weapon from his side pocket. Then two sharp reports broke the stillness and echoed far away among the hills. Still holding the smoking gun in her hand, she sat there looking and listening.

"I don't think I hit him," she murmured.

Then out of the bushes, not ten feet away, five dark figures rose as if by magic. Five deadly weapons were pointed at the breast of the sheriff.

It was Bat who stepped to the front and spoke—Bat, the debonair, youthful devil who had kept two counties in a state of excitement for three years.

"I guess the cards are against you, Billy," the outlaw drawled. Then turning to the fair rider:

"Thanks, Miss Elsie, you did a good job."

Billy looked from the five pointing weapons to the white face of his companion. She sat there holding his smoking weapon in her hand, but never a word from her lips. Two bright spots burned in either cheek.

Billy finally turned to his captors.

"You hold the trumps, Bat, for sure. But it takes a good hand to play them right."

"I'll play them for all they're worth, sheriff. Now if you'll kindly permit my men to search you for deadly weapons, I'll be obliged."

"No objections, Bat. I never carry but one."

They searched him nevertheless to make sure, and then as a further precaution, tied his arms securely behind him. Bat, meanwhile, stood by the side of the Angel and talked in a low tone to her.

Bat had a way with women that made him popular. There was no denying that he was a handsome devil. Watching him at a distance, Billy felt for the first time in his life a spirit of rivalry whose main spring was jealousy. The two were engaged in deep conversation. The girl was

evidently protesting at something, but finally she yielded and turned a dazzling smile upon her tempter.

Billy inwardly cursed the man on whom that smile was bestowed. In that moment Billy experienced a feeling that he could not analyze. Bat was to him the personification of everything that was evil. Billy was so blind that he could not see a redeeming feature in his enemy; he was homely, awkward and cowardly. What could a woman see in him to like?

The sheriff was led in single file by two of the outlaws, who took particular caution to watch his every move with special reference to unexpected developments. Even in captivity the sheriff was feared.

Bat led the way, guiding Tip, on whose back the Angel sat jauntily. She had lost her quietness and was now laughing and talking gaily with the handsome man by her side. Several times Bat leaned toward her so that his arm rested against her body. At every such demonstration Billy ground his teeth.

The hiding spot of the outlaws was in the very heart of the hills, securely concealed from view by a network of trees and rocks that made discovery almost impossible. They wound around among the hills in the most bewildering way. Billy wondered why they did not blindfold him.

"They think I'll never get out of here alive," he mused. "Well, if I ever do, I'll rout them out of their headquarters."

This fact was clearly evident to the outlaws. Billy was going to his execution as sure as fate, and there was no necessity of concealing from him the trail which led to their mountain retreat.

The sheriff experienced many queer sensations as he trudged along. He recalled vaguely that he had heard of a Mrs. Bat Carpenter, but nothing had ever been said about her wonderful beauty. It was a strange oversight on his part. The trick could never have been played if he had been forewarned.

"It ain't never safe to pick up little Desert Angels," he soliloquized. "They're like rattlers, and just as poisonous."

Then right on top of this bitter reflection he added, "But I'd do it again."

He looked ahead at the fair rider of

Tip. The face was turned from him, but the side view sent a thrill through him. Could any man resist such a temptress?

"Well, Bat's in luck for sure," he thought. "I think I'd turn from the narrow paths of duty to pick her up."

Billy was so much in love that he found excuses for the Angel. Women were not bad at heart, but men made them so. It was not her fault—no, it was Bat's, the handsome devil!

When they arrived at the center of the great natural amphitheater, they halted before the mouth of a cave. In front of this were several rude cabins which the men occupied. There were signs around to show that the encampment had been of considerable duration. The sheriff

glum-looking group of outlaws who met him. Only Bat was smiling, greeting him affably.

"Billy, you were right," he said pleasantly, "the trump card ain't of much account unless you play it. I'm going to shuffle it back in the pack."

"Meaning," replied the sheriff, "that I'm to have another chance?"

"Yes, sheriff, a mighty good chance. Two of my men will lead you forth from here blindfolded, and then turn you loose—minus, of course, your gun and such playthings."

"It ain't necessary to blindfold me. I know the way back by heart."

"Yes, sheriff, but before you can get back with a posse we'll be miles away.

We've decided to vacate the premises for good."

The sheriff stared at the speaker, in doubt and indecision. Then he asked with a sneer:

"What's the game, Bat? You ain't doing this for love of me."

"Nope—not exactly, sheriff. But you got a friend at court. She has her way this time."

Billy stared around. The Angel was not in sight. The blood rushed to his cheeks.

"Your wife, you mean?" he stammered.

Bat laughed good-naturedly.

"Not yet, sheriff, but soon to be."

The sheriff was unemotional by nature, but it required a good deal of self-control to keep down the passion that flared up in him.

"Bat," he said slowly, "I won't go! The price is too big. I'll stay and take my medicine."

The two men faced each other with eyes that seemed to penetrate to their very souls. The blood slowly surged into the outlaw's face; his voice was thick and husky.

"What do you mean by the price, sheriff?" he asked slowly.

Billy kicked at the rocks with one foot.

"I've decided to stay," he replied simply.

"Then, damn you! you'll stay to see the



Gazing down upon the little scene

took in the scenery with appraising eyes. Some day the details might prove of value.

Billy spent a hard night of it in the gloomy cave, trussed up like an animal and watched over by two men. In the morning he was to be shot. This sentence had been handed out to him by one of his jailers.

"Why not tonight?" Billy asked nonchalantly. "It's a good time at sunset."

The man shook his head. He was in favor of an early execution, but Bat had passed the sentence and the time for its fulfillment. The soldier in the ranks had no say about the matter.

It was nearly ten o'clock when Billy was led forth to meet his fate. His efforts to break his bonds had failed, and all through the night he had tried to plan a way of escape in vain. It was a very

wedding and then—then—you'll pay the price of your stubbornness."

"All right, Bat, I'm willing."

Out of the darkness of the cave a figure suddenly emerged. The face was as fair to look upon as ever, but it was strangely pale and drawn. With light steps she approached the group and stopped in front of the sheriff. With appealing eyes she glanced at Billy.

"You will go, please, for my sake?"

How could any man resist the appeal? Billy gulped twice, turned his head aside and then answered:

"No, I'll stay! That's final!"

The face before him looked troubled, but a triumphant, sinister expression entered that of the outlaw.

"Let the fool stay, then," he said. "I've offered him his freedom. That's my part of the contract. Maybe he wants to be present at the ceremony."

"Oh, but he can't—he must go. I—I—can't marry you until he's safe."

The sheriff looked up with a quick smile. He had not been mistaken. The Angel was paying the price for his freedom which no man could accept. In the blue eyes he read a world of trouble, and they gave him hope and courage.

"All right, Bat," he said, turning to the outlaw, "if I'm not wanted here, I'll go. I accept your offer."

The girl's face paled, but Billy turned resolutely from it. He could not trust himself to look again.

"You got sense, sheriff," Bat drawled. "My men will show you the way. Good-bye and good luck to you."

Billy permitted himself to be blindfolded. Still bound, he was marched out of the amphitheater and up the steep sides. His mind was working rapidly and feverishly. He had every reason now to seek life and freedom. That last glance into the Angel's eyes had revealed everything to him. She was not intentionally guilty of leading him into the trap, but having done so, she was willing to save his life at the sacrifice of her own future happiness. That was the price!

But another thing had attracted Billy's eyes, something which even the keen sight of the outlaws had failed to detect. From a high point above the trail a bearded

face with a pair of keen, burning eyes, had been gazing down upon the little scene. What did it mean? At first Billy concluded that it was one of the outlaws on guard, watching the approach to their hiding place. Then he dismissed this from mind, for all of Bat's men were accounted for.

Then it could mean only one other thing—a friend!

On the strength of this possibility, the sheriff permitted himself to be blindfolded and led away from the outlaws' hiding place. But his mind was keen and alert. He purposely stumbled at times, and did everything to hold the attention of his two captors. He talked with them, made threats and laughed at their fears of future trouble that would be surely visited upon them.

Then suddenly there was a sharp crack of a gun, exploded so close to his ears that it nearly split the ear drum. It was the signal for Billy to act. With a forward lunge he knocked one of the outlaws down and fell sprawling on top. If assistance was near, this would help.

The next moment the blindfold was jerked from his eyes. The bearded face he had seen watching the outlaws was poked into his. The eyes were bloodshot and burning with an unholy fierceness. One of his captors lay dead with a bullet through his heart, and the other was sprawled on the rocks stunned by the fall and a blow from the stranger's gun.

"Unfasten this rope, quick!" Billy exclaimed, as the man continued to stare inquisitively at him. "We can't lose any time! They'll be gone!"

The stranger, without budging, calmly asked:

"Who may you be, and what were they doing with you?"

"I'm Billy Edwards—sometimes called Sheriff Edwards. But, man, quick! I must get back down there! She—she—my God! we must rescue her!"

"Yes, we certainly must! Then you ain't one of that gang?"

The stranger, without waiting for a reply, severed the ropes that held the sheriff prisoner.

"You say you're sheriff? Then how'd you get down there?"

Billy swung his arms free.

"Now for Bat and his gang!"

He stooped and loosened the gun from the hand of the dead outlaw, and then relieved the other one of his weapon. When he turned thus armed, he found the bearded stranger regarding him curiously with his own gun pointing straight at his heart. The sheriff stared in amazement and then grinned.

"Thought I'd draw on you when I got hold of a gun, eh?" he laughed. "Well, stranger, I've given you a straight tip. I'm sheriff of this county, but in a moment of weakness Bat and his gang ambushed me. They had me down there all night, and this morning they were to shoot me. But—say," breaking off suddenly, "we must get down there in a hurry or Bat will skip. I'm going alone or—"

The man lowered his weapon.

"You bet I'll go, too," he drawled. "I got a little score to settle with this Bat. You know the trail?"

"Yep!—with my eyes closed."

"Then I'll follow."

Billy for the sake of precaution used the rope that had bound his hands to secure the arms of the unconscious outlaw, and then with a grunt of satisfaction led the way down the trail to the heart of the amphitheater. The stranger followed close behind. Neither spoke for a long time. When they emerged from an overhanging rock, the fierce eyes of the man blazed with horrible hatred.

"We can pick 'em off from here," he whispered, raising his gun.

"No, we're going to take 'em alive," the sheriff protested. "I never kill if I can help it. I have a particular pride in capturing Bat with the goods on him."

The man looked doubtful and hesitated for a moment. "Think we can do it?" he growled.

"Shucks! It's like picking cherries. I can do it alone."

After that they trailed down the mountain side with the stealth and wariness of two panthers. Only their sharp breathing could be heard. Once or twice Billy cast a glance across his shoulders. The blazing eyes of the man were reassuring and bade him to proceed. They came out into the middle of the valley a few rods back of the cave's mouth. From a screen of bushes they could behold the outlaws busily engaged in packing up their few possessions. Tip, Billy's horse, was being impressed into the service as a pack animal.

"Damn 'em," Billy breathed softly.

The stranger looked at him at this muttered imprecation, and Billy nodded with a grin. Then placing a hand on his companion's arm as a signal, he stepped quickly forward.

"Hands up, Bat! I'm playing the trump card now!"

The three desperate outlaws turned swiftly to face the sheriff. He carried a gun in either hand, but they could cover only two men. The stranger had not emerged from hiding.

Bat, furious with anger and realizing that he had one chance in a thousand, took the desperate risk. Instead of raising his hands, he whipped out his own gun and fired without

taking aim. At almost the same instant another hand shot forward and caught his arm. The bullet instead of speeding toward the sheriff buried itself in a tree high up on the hillside.

Bat turned with an oath to strike the hand that had spoilt his aim, but the pair of blue eyes gazing into his were alert with defiance. The Desert Angel was standing directly back of him with neither fear nor emotion depicted on her beautiful face. The unrestrained demon of savagery suddenly flashed into the eyes of Bat, and with passionate violence he turned upon her and growled:

"He'll never have you, by God! I'll kill—"

The rest of the sentence was lost. As



"Hands up, Bat! I'm playing the trump card now"

Bat sprang forward with upraised hand, a sharp crack from the bushes brought the outlaw to his knees, snarling and raging like a cornered wild beast. Quick on the heels of the report, the bearded stranger rushed forward and felled the man with a blow with the butt of his gun. "You skunk! You low-down coyote, take that!"

The snarl of the enraged man was short and sharp. Before he could succeed in beating the face into a pulp, a detaining hand was placed on the upraised arm.

With a gasp and a low cry of joy, he drew the Angel to his breast and gloated over her as a lion over its whelp, while the girl broke down and wept as Billy had found her doing on the desert.

The sheriff, who had not dared to fire for fear of shooting the girl behind Bat, held the other two men in subjection with his two guns until human nature could stand the strain no longer. With a drawl in his voice, he broke in upon the little scene of affection with utter disregard of the danger of diverting his mind from his prisoners.

"I say now, seeing you know the young lady well enough to kiss her in the open,

it may be you can give me a proper introduction without offending anybody."

The stranger whirled around, still holding the girl in his arms. "My daughter!—you don't know her?" he exclaimed.

"I'm glad to know she's a blood relation," retorted Billy, "for if she wasn't, I ain't sure we could be such fast friends."

The Desert Angel glanced over one of the encircling arms of her parent. The eyes were blue and the cheeks dimpling in spite of the tear stains, but the pretty face was struggling for composure.

"Oh, you did escape!" she exclaimed.

"Sure, I'm here. Didn't you notice it before?"

For reply she hid her face and blushed crimson. Billy nearly exploded his two guns in the faces of his prisoners merely to express his feelings. They cowered before his blazing eyes and meekly submitted to the indignity of being bound hand and foot. Then the sheriff looked at their unconscious leader and growled:

"Bat, that ceremony's called off. But there'll be another one soon—very soon."

And the Desert Angel, hearing, did not protest, but turned a shade pinker and kept her face averted.

A BOY I KNEW

By WALTER G. DOTY

THE gloaming falls, and the shadows grow,
And a boy steps out of the long ago.

A boy I knew with a whistle shrill
And a careless cap on his tumbled hair—
A boy who was one with the woods and hill,
To whom the earth was a poem rare.

He knew where the arbutus loved to hide,
Where the berries lavished their fullest yield,
Where the wild rose gladdened the gully-side,
Where the chestnuts littered the autumn field.

And to him the bobolink fluted clear
In an azure marvel of summer sky,
And the mad brook sang to his loving ear.
Full well do I know, for the lad was I.

Ah me, as the sorrowful shadows grow,
I would I were back in the long ago!

The Nobility of the Trades

THE CRAFT OF THE MASON

By Charles Winslow Hall



THE present generation of the human race has often been traced back to a more or less feeble or strenuous ancestry of "cave-dwellers," and with some plausibility in sections where the action of water on limestone or sandstone formations, or of volcanic or other tremendous igneous action, has hollowed out recesses in the hills, or left great bubbles of lava to become in time a shelter for man or beast.

There are, it is true, many caves wherein men have sought a refuge against savage beasts and still more merciless human enemies, and in rare instances quite a number have chosen as a home roomy and dry caverns in localities favorable to the hunter, fisherman and agriculturalist. Of the first class were the cave-dwellers of a remote antiquity, the "cave-men" of Dordogne, Neanderthal, the British Isles and other European countries whose rare remains and drift-covered utensils of flint and ivory lie amid the fossils and bones of extinct carnivora and ruminant animals. Such, too, were, if indeed they ever existed, the Troglodytes of classic historians who in part were said to have peopled ancient Ethiopia; the Dwarves and Trolls of Scandinavian and Germanic folk-lore; the robber hordes that Herod rooted out, letting down his Roman men-at-arms in great cages from the cliffs above; the hunted, heretic martyrs of the Vaudois and Waldenses; the fugitive Celtic tribes fleeing from Jutes and Saxons, who found a temporary home in the Cumberland ranges; the Icelandic outlaws of Sturtshellior; certain South African tribes who, we are told, in our own day, find

refuge for themselves and cattle in enormous caverns; or the hapless Algerian five hundred, whom General Pelissier in 1845 smothered with their little ones and animals, building great fires at the entrance of their living tomb.

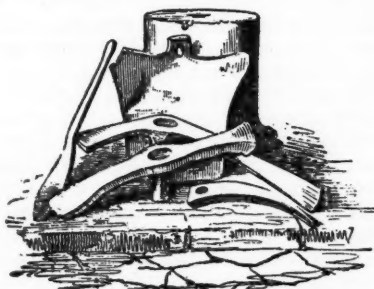
There are also some localities, notably in Central China, where isolated tablelands, in the heart of an agricultural country, give security and shelter in natural and artificial cave-dwellings to large communities. This, however, is rarely met with, even where water-worn limestone caves and volcanic bubbles of lava offer the largest opportunities for cave dwelling.

Still it is probable that the necessity of narrowing and rudely fortifying the irregular mouths of cave dwellings, or of closing them when used as storehouses or tombs, by building them up with fragments of rock, not only formed the earliest task of the first masons, but in due season suggested the proper arrangement of uncemented rubble, the shape and use of the arch, and like basic innovations.

In ancient Assyria and Egypt the agriculturalist and poorer citizen built up his dwelling and enclosure of large sun-dried bricks, cast in wooden moulds and sometimes, but not always, strengthened by an intimate admixture of cut straw. These laid in mud mortar or bitumen in very thick walls, roofed over with palm branches over which a hard mud roof was compacted, was the chief task of the mason among the agriculturalists of the fertile valleys of the Euphrates, the Tigris and the Nile. An immense number of poorer inhabitants dwelt in mere cages of branches and reeds, woven together and daubed with successive layers of clay, which, under the fierce heat of a tropical sun, became mud huts with walls a foot or more in thickness.

Many such dwellings are still to be found today in Asia and Africa, and buildings of "wattle and daub," of "clay lumps," and sun-dried bricks, and even of that ancient mixture of loam, clay and chopped straw laid up into thick walls and known as "Devonshire cob" exist in England today, and some of them of very recent construction. Our own readers in the more arid states are fully conversant with the construction of "adobe" buildings and walls; the protection of thin prairie "shacks" with sod walls; the combination of subterranean excavations with less comfortable superstructures, and like make-shifts of the early settler, who made his invention compensate for the utter lack of wood and stone for fuel or building material.

This adhesion to the use of sun-dried brick or "adobes" by Assyria and Egypt for many centuries was due first to the fact that this building material was the only one universally and cheaply available, and also that growing trees were scarce and highly valued, and that transportation, except by water, was almost inadequate to the needs of the merchant and the continuous demands of the government in war and peace.



ROMAN MASON'S TOOLS, POMPEII

As a result, in many localities, the Egyptian mason built even forts, temples, tombs and pyramids of unbaked brick, laid up in mud mortar and simply coated with lime or faced with stone. In other sections large deposits of red granite, limestone, sandstone and alabaster were easily and cheaply secured. Three kinds of mortar have been identified by explorers: one evidently pure lime, white and

easily reduced to powder; others a rough gray mixture of sand and lime, and a third colored by the admixture of pulverized brick or other ingredients. Sometimes the nice adjustment of the stones and their weight alone held them in place; at other times dowels of sycamore wood or clamps of bronze held the more exposed stones in place.



EGYPTIAN BRICK-MAKERS, B. C. 2000

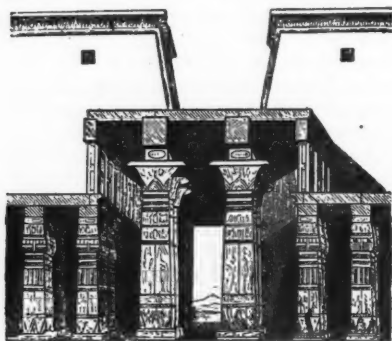
The foundations of the greatest structures, when not founded in the living rock, were generally of unburned brick and seldom more than ten feet thick; for so compact was the black soil of the Nile valley that no subsidence of any building from insufficient foundations has ever been detected.

During the reign of the emperors of the Eighteenth Dynasty (about B. C. 1340), Rameses III led his victorious armies against the Canaanites and their allies, and with difficulty captured their cities defended by stone walls flanked and strengthened by lofty towers of masonry. These he not only copied in a chain of frontier fortresses, to which the name of migdols has been given, along the Asiatic boundaries, but in a semi-military memorial structure in the necropolis of Thebes erected a migdol which today retains enough of its ancient proportions to demonstrate both the skill of the Egyptian craftsmen and the most effective form of fortification, which was not materially changed until the Grecian Ptolemies supplanted the long line of Egyptian kings.

In the higher forms of construction a great variety of method and design is presented. The columns of the earlier temples and tombs are sometimes square and simply painted in a kind of stucco, or sculptured with the sacred lotus or papyrus stems, or busts and figures of Hathor, Osiris and other deities. Later, the four sharp edges were cut away, forming an eight-sided pillar, and these edges, trimmed in turn, formed a sixteen-sided prism. From this the transition to a perfect

circle or a finely fluted column was easy. With these changes came the introduction of ornamental capitals, friezes and architraves, in a great variety of design and finish, and as the ages wore away the Egyptian mason became more and more an engineer and artist, as enormous obelisks, pillars, sphinxes, architraves, and even statues of the reigning sovereign replaced the plainer forms of columns and monuments.

The monoliths of Egypt were as a rule of comparatively moderate size, and most of the building blocks were such as would generally be used today, but the pillars of the temple of the Sphinx are sixteen feet in height by four and a half feet in width,



HALL AT KARNAK, EGYPT
Lotus flower and lotus bud columns supporting
stone roof

and some others are twenty to twenty-six feet in height. Most of the great columns are built up in courses, and those of Luxor are not solid, two-thirds of the diameter being filled in with a yellow concrete or cement which has now lost its adhesiveness. These, however, are of immense proportions, with shafts of forty-nine feet, capitals of eleven and one half feet, and a diameter at the base of eleven and one-fourth feet. At Karnak the columns of the main hall measure fifty-five feet in the shaft, with lotus flower capitals of ten feet additional; their largest diameter is eleven feet, eight inches. Other temples were supported by columns scarcely less lofty and impressive. Upon these columns immense blocks of hewn stone formed massive architraves, on which the thick

flagging of the stone roofs were supported. The arch, while not unknown to the Egyptians, was for some reason seldom used in the great temples. By what means these immense pillars were carried up and the superstructure added is something of a puzzle to modern artisans who appreciate the difficulties to be met.

But the Egyptian workman was called upon to furnish immense statues, to guard, as it were, the entrance of the sacred fane. Such were the statues of Memnon at the entrance of the temple of Amenhotep III at Thebes, each of which is about fifty feet high. Rameses II guarded his Temple with a colossal statue of himself fifty-seven feet in height, and a still huger statue at Tanis falls little short of seventy feet. Still further in front of the entrance were reared twin obelisks, generally of granite, and usually of equal height. These, it is held, were simply a modernized form of the "standing-stone," "menhir," or "stone of memorial" which many ancient peoples erected in honor of the departed. Quarried and cut as they are from one mass of granite, it seems impossible that they could have been constructed, transported and accurately put in position by any power then at the disposal of mankind. The obelisk at Heliopolis was sixty-eight feet high; the twin shafts of Luxor, seventy-seven and seventy-five and a half feet respectively; and that of Queen Hatshepu at Karnak, one hundred and nine feet.

Another form of temple, hewn wholly or partially from the living rock, came into fashion sometime about the thirteenth century before Christ. These resembled the other temples, but were principally located where the Nile valley narrowed between rocky cliffs, and building room was not over plentiful. That of Abou Simbel is one hundred and eight feet deep, from the four sixty-six foot, seated colossi of its pylon to the rear wall of the inner sanctuary. Other types included a partially excavated temple with a masonry pylon and hypostyle, and still another form in which the rock formed the rear wall of the building.

It will be seen in this comparatively brief review of Egyptian mason work that at an early date the art had attained great

perfection, when the lack of steel tools and modern engines is considered. Of the thoroughness with which the work was done, it is only necessary to say that the tooth of gnawing time, the fury of the elements, the destructive fanaticism of alien conquerors and rulers, and even the wholesale spoliation of material for public and private uses have not availed to destroy wholly the work of the Egyptian mason of over fifty centuries ago.

Nearly akin to Egyptian methods were those of ancient Assyria, where the stiff clays of the valleys of the Tigris and Euphrates furnished the rude mud walls of the lowliest shelter, and the mass of the walls of the city and its palaces, temples and ramparts. While there are no lack of gigantic statues and symbolic monoliths, stone stairs and paved approaches, and the remains of the alabaster and syenite facings, which covered the plainer masonry, the real strength of Babylon and Nineveh lay in the masses of brickwork which formed the lofty towers and ramparts which for forty-two miles girdled a district five times as large as modern London with a Great Wall, whose summit, embattled, and forming a continuous chariot way, rose from three hundred to three hundred and fifty feet above the fertile plain.

One hundred gates with brazen hinges are said to have poured out its legions in war and its millions in peace; the great river, bridled and parapeted, flowed in, through, and out of the city under massive bridges, over ample tunnels, and through huge water gates which no fleet might force or engine of war lay low. Surely never before or since, in the history of the world has the plummet, hammer and trowel of the bricklayer played so important a part in securing the safety and promoting the magnificence of a great city.

At and near Nineveh, the ancient capital of Chaldea, there have been found sculptures which indicate that despite the immense thickness of the brick walls, domes and spires of a Persian type were recognized features of the lighter superstructure, and also the use of upper window openings divided by Ionic columns, and facades supported by pillars of the Corinthian pattern. Indeed it is difficult

to believe that the powerful cities of Mesopotamia, into whose treasures and homes were swept the plunder of so many nations, and whose markets attracted the caravans and traders of three continents, could have been content through all the centuries with the crude brickwork and severe architecture whose remains underlie the debris of later constructions.

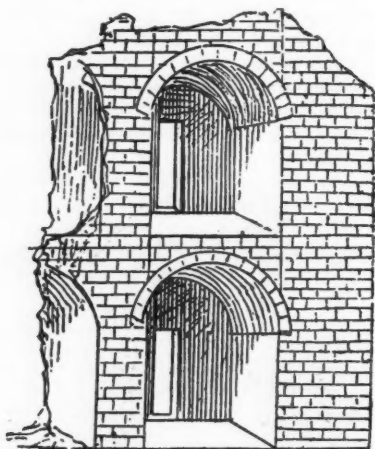
The Phoenicians living on the narrow strip of seacoast between the Mediterranean and the Lebanon Ranges, had close at hand ample supplies of lumber



THE GREAT SPHINX AT GIZEH
Approach to chapel between its claws

and stone; neither did the frequent rainstorms favor the use of the sun-dried brick so largely used by the peoples heretofore treated of. Huts and cottages, and even magnificent mansions and palaces, were built of wood, using stone only for foundations and basement construction, although in the cities, which were at any time likely to be attacked by sea or land, stone took the place of wood, and space within the walls forbade the construction of immense palaces or temples. But the moles, seawalls, docks, aqueducts and defences of the cities, and of Tyre especially, were the wonder of their day, and resisted many months of siege by the greatest conquerors

of antiquity. Biblical readers and members of the Masonic order will at once be reminded that King Solomon and King Hiram of Tyre made a contract by which the Jewish woodsmen were to fell and transport cedar from the Lebanon

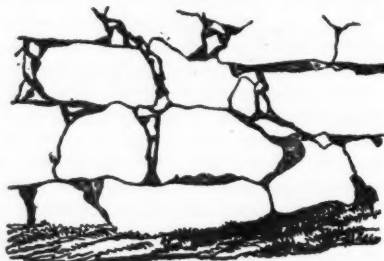


EGYPTIAN HOUSE WITH VAULTED FLOORS
MEDINET, HABOO

ranges, and Phoenician masons and artificers were to construct the Great Temple at Jerusalem, whose stateliness and magnificence even to this day have been a synonym for architectural richness and unlimited sacrifice of concentrated wealth to the worship of the Most High. Little of its ancient ruins have survived repeated conquests and pillages of Jerusalem by Assyrian, Persian, and Roman, except certain massive foundations, walls and passages, which may or may not be genuine relics of the first and most precious structure. To the skill and organization of these Tyrian masons many enthusiastic eulogists of Freemasonry date back the foundation of their noble order, a claim which in a certain sense may perhaps not be utterly untenable. This, however, is a matter which would be better treated at length at a later period. Undoubtedly the Phoenicians were very skillful, and did much to extend* the knowledge and practice of operative masonry into Crete, the islands of the Aegean, Greece, Sicily, Italy, France, and Spain. Carthage, her

mighty offshoot, was a walled city of such strength and so wonderfully provided with fortified havens and docks, aqueducts, sally-ports and salient towers and parapets, that even when Rome had apparently humbled her in the dust and deprived her of every engine of war, she was still able to hold her besiegers at bay for two long years, until her gold-bought mercenaries deserted her, and, indeed, sold their swords to her enemies. Even then, after the walls were won, her fearless citizens fought the invader from street to street for six horrible days of hopeless struggle and merciless massacre and rapine, and for seventeen days more "the smoke of her burning ascended," as, alas, her human sacrifices of innocent babes, fair maidens and brave men had for generations risen heavenward in honor of her fiendish deities.

Greece, in her earliest history, appears to have built walls of undressed and gigantic boulders, which at Tiryns and Mycenæ still remain intact, although only their weight and skillful arrangement have held these reputed "Cyclopean" stones in place, where their Pelasgian master-masons had directed their adjustment thousands of years ago. But whether these builders of gigantic "dry stane dykes" were the ancestors of the Greeks or not, their successors became the heirs



CYCLOPEAN WALLS AT TIRYNS, GREECE

and beneficiaries of all the masonic skill and taste in the ancient world. As adventurers, traders, mercenaries, philosophers, and banished men, they visited every country and became conversant with the trade and industries of every nation, and often controlling factors in their wars, conspiracies and commercial policies. As

a result, the architecture and mason work of Greece combined in a larger degree than that of any other nation before them all the elements of strength, dignity and beauty. Only in one respect, the improvement and use of the arch, did they seem to ignore the lessons they might have learned from Egyptian, Hittite, Assyrian and Lycian contemporaries. But in the construction of buildings dependent on walls and columns for the support of the superstructure, the taste and skill of Grecian designers and workmen have never been surpassed, and indeed, have long been the accepted standard of the present generation.

More than any other people of antiquity they bestowed upon their temples and other public buildings the subtle charm of artistic and graceful mouldings, lifelike and beautiful caryatides, and statues whose symmetry, dignity and beauty are even in their mutilated and time-worn condition the charm and admiration of the world of art. Add to this the custom of enhancing the effect of sculptured ornaments and statues by the aid of gold, silver and bronze and various pigments, and the effect of the display must have been striking indeed. Indeed, in the prime of Grecian architecture, the artist and sculptor and mason worked together



CABIN OF ANCIENT LATINS

with a common interest and ambition, which stimulated their efforts, their ability and their originality and taste.

The Etruscans, whose land of modern Tuscany trended southward from Fiesole near Florence through Arretium, oak-forested Cortona, the fair Volsinian land and the Falerian campagna down to the borders of Rome, availed themselves to some extent of the arch, but their early conquest and complete absorption by

Rome prevented the creation of large cities and the development of that early Etruscan art and architecture, of which few remains, unmodified by Roman influence, now remain. The unmortared walls of huge polygonal stones and the squared dry stone masonry of the Pelasgian Greek period appear in the crumbling ramparts of the ancient hilltowns over which the swordsmen of Rome swept to slay and

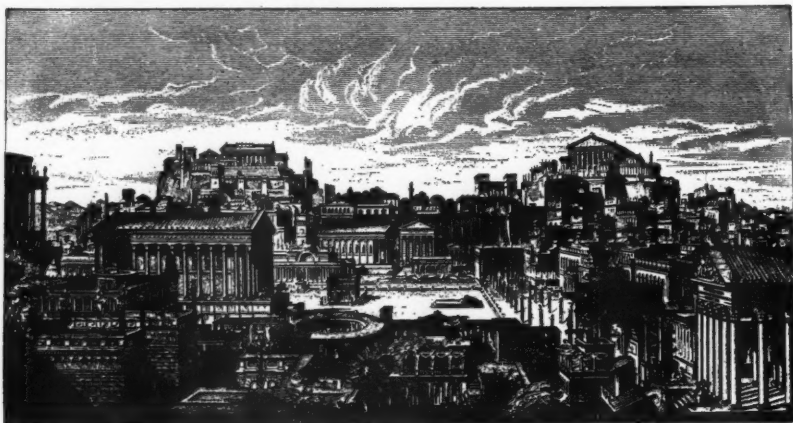
POMPEIIAN GATE ON THE ROAD TO
HERCULANEUM (RESTORED)

plunder their earliest enemies. Otherwise, the ancient tombs, most of them cut in the rock, present little of change from their Egyptian prototypes, except that they are sometimes circular in form and are evidently intended to represent in some degree the former residence of the chief occupant. Nearly all are faced with a kind of stucco, on which appear in the earlier tombs curiously attenuated paintings of the deities, whose coloring is sometimes as peculiar as the drawing itself. A horse with a red neck, yellow mane and tail, and one yellow leg dotted with red spots, is a striking combination, but becomes utterly incomprehensible when the rest of the animal is painted a deep black. In later tombs domestic scenes frequently replaced the figures of the gods. The crudity of this ornamentation is all the more striking that from these same tombs have been taken some of the most beautiful and originally designed jewelry to be found in European collections. "Lars Porsenna of Clusium," the great king of the Etruscans, whose invading army is said to have been held back at the head of the bridge across the Tiber by Horatius and Lartius and Herminius, his brave comrades, is recorded to have been

laid to rest in a magnificent tomb, whose base, three hundred feet square, supported three ranges of enormous pillars, the lowest of which were one hundred and fifty feet high; but the description is vague and there are no remains thus far discovered of either temples or tombs of any striking magnitude.

Imperial Rome at an early date demonstrated her practical desire for the durable rather than the artistic, by constructing the walls of her greatest public and private buildings in brick instead of stone; but at the same time recognized and developed the beauty and advantages of the arch, which the Egyptian, Hittite, Assyrian,

much resembling in its proportions the door of an Egyptian temple. For many hundreds of years, wooden houses with thatched or shingled roofs and seldom more than two stories high at any point, furnished the homes of Roman citizens. But at an early date the necessity of fortifying their cities brought the mason into very general and active demand, and the "Cyclopean" walls of Greece seem to have marked the earlier fortifications of the Etruscans and Romans as it did of the Iberians in Spain and the Incas of Peru. But at an early date the dry stone wall of Tuscany became a rampart built up of irregularly cut but inter-fitting masonry.



THE ROMAN FORUM (RESTORED)

Phoenician and Greek had utterly failed to do. It will be noticed, however, that in the restoration of the Roman Forum the large proportion of the adjacent structures chiefly reproduce Grecian and even Egyptian types. It should, however, be remembered that Roman public gatherings were, as a rule, open-air assemblages, and that even the mansions of the rich and great placed the common center of family life in the uncovered or partially roofed atrium. As a general thing, Roman dwellings were not many-storied, even in the most luxurious period seldom exceeding two stories at the most.

Undoubtedly the cabins of the rural population were of wood, thatched with straw or reeds, and entered by a door

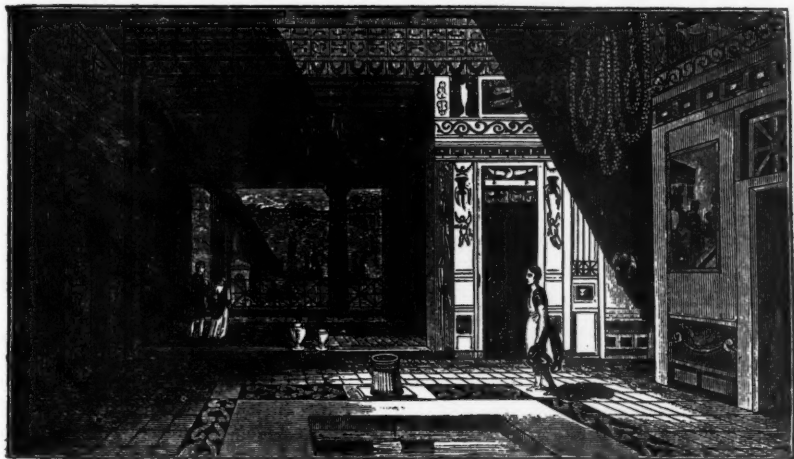
Sometimes, too, the ancient mason cut the ends of his blocks aslant, thus securing the same result as the bricklayer who makes each layer break joints with the one below it.

With rare exceptions the brick work of public buildings was concealed by stucco, or by a facing of stone; the lofty pillars of great structures were wholly of solid rock, and the Ionic, Doric and Corinthian architecture of Greece were all represented in the costly structures of the Seven-hilled City. But the Corinthian column with its convoluted capital became par excellence the favorite of the Roman architect, and Roman arms and colonization reproduced its chapleted columns in Iberia, Gaul, Africa, Egypt, Asia Minor,

Greece and Istria, and probably to some extent in distant Britain.

The excavations at Pompeii and Herculaneum have unearthed masons' tools much resembling those in use today, and demonstrated the freer use of large tiles, the employment of iron to tie together brick and stone work, and the use of a kind of concrete of which lime was the binding medium, and finely broken brick a favorite material. The dome of the Pantheon, built in the first century of the Christian era, still testifies to the enduring nature of concrete superstructure, albeit bound with lime and not with cement.

erto been rarely constructed in stone buildings. The Moorish architecture of Spain, while retaining the Gothic arch, overcame its plainness by the beauty and variety of ornamentation, which still makes the Alhambra a wonder and delight to all observers. But with this exception, and some development of a lighter and more beautiful type at Byzantium, European nations multiplied walled towns, impregnable towers and grim castles such as William the Norman scattered all over England to hold in check the conquered and despoiled Briton. English dwellings were, for the most part, of wood, and



HOUSE OF TRAGIC POET, POMPEII (A. D. 50), AS RESTORED BY SIR W. GELL

With the decline of heathenism, the labors of the mason, always necessary in domestic and commercial life, found its highest expression in the service of the church and the protection of towns and cities. From the Fourth to the Eleventh Century the less polished nations of northern and western Europe multiplied churches and sanctuaries, cathedrals and convents, castles and palaces, and in so doing evolved and built up that Gothic style of architecture which at first sacrificed to strength and a grim dignity almost every element of beauty. It did, however, extend and improve the general use of the arch and enable men to build solidly and durably the upper stories which had hith-

indeed it was not until late in the seventeenth century that London, after heavy losses by repeated conflagrations, rebuilt her devastated wards in stone and brick.

In the latter part of the Twelfth Century the pointed arch came into more general use in Northern Europe, and many magnificent structures have resulted from this modification of the older Gothic type.

The invention of cannon also necessitated almost radical changes in the construction and proportions of fortifications, and whole armies of masons were mustered in camps to construct huge cathedrals or to tear down the lofty walls of fortified cities and broaden and make more massive the artillery-lined ramparts, which were

no longer approachable by the movable tower and battering-ram, or assailed by the missiles of catapult and balista, but must henceforth meet the levin-bolts of the breaching battery with a fire deadlier and better sustained than its own.

In America, the early colonists had little use for the mason's art, except in the construction of the huge chimney stacks which in any dwelling of considerable size and any pretensions to comfort formed a very considerable part of the structure. The great kitchen fireplace and oven, with smaller hearths in from two to four rooms on each floor, required a very considerable part of the material and skilled labor bestowed upon a colonial homestead in the more northern colonies.

In some sections where the dangers of an attack by Indian raiders was imminent, the wooden walls of the lower story enclosed a stout wall of brick or a kind of rubble masonry. Some of these buildings are still standing and inhabited, although dating back (at least, so far as the lower stories are concerned) over two centuries. A very few brick buildings have wholly or in part come down to us from the first years of colonization, and until within the last half century some that preserved the peculiar features of Elizabethan and Stuart types of dwelling and business structures. Much of the brick and about all the great flooring tiles and ornamental tiling were at first imported from Europe, but lime and brick of good quality were soon produced in almost every community.

In the United States and Canada, wooden buildings have until now been preferred to any form of masonry, except in the cities and where the uses and dignity of the structure demanded a more durable and impressive type. Until of late years, as in Egypt and Italy, brick buildings have been very largely in the majority, even where building stone of superior quality and beauty was available. The result of several great conflagrations in which stone buildings were more utterly ruined than those of brick, discouraged many from rebuilding in a material which split and crumbled under the combined effect of fire and water.

Later an attempt was made to utilize cast iron in conjunction with terra cotta,

tiling and brick in the erection of thinner and loftier walls, but the cast iron supports and frames also failed under the fire test. Lastly, the mild steel frames, now in general use, in conjunction with terra cotta tiles and building blocks of various shapes and faced with stone or brick, have made a new record of height and capacity for buildings which are devoted solely to business purposes.

At present a comparatively new material is pushing its way into popularity, and that for an infinitude of uses. Portland cement, as it was first called, was first made known to the world about 1824 at Portland, England, where it was first manufactured, and came into favorable notice in connection with submarine construction where ordinary stone work had utterly failed. It was not until 1895, however, that it was manufactured in the United States, and it was only within the last decade that it has begun to supplant brick and stone as a building material. Made by the calcination of marl, clay, slag and other materials, it absorbs water freely and is mixed with sand and broken rock in varying proportions, the strongest being one part of cement to two of sand and four of "aggregate." It sets almost as soon as mixed; continues to absorb water and to harden for many days, and gains strength for many years.

Millions of bags have been used in constructing the Panama Canal; no fortification is considered complete without it; great hulks and lighters are built of steel skeletons coated with concrete, and the belief is very common that it must soon replace both wood and brick in house construction. Indeed, the high price of lumber, the greater cost of brick, owing to higher fuel and wages, with the resultant use of inferior lumber and brick weakened by modern processes which hasten the burning but leave the product much more porous and softer than those made in the old way, must tend to increase the use of concrete for dwellings and small buildings of all kinds. Immense areas of sidewalk and pavement are laid yearly and swiftly increasing, and in the stupendous tunnels, sewers, bridges, dams, sea-walls and other public structures, concrete has largely replaced brick and stone.

Democracy's Prime Need

To Rout the Non-voter

by Arthur Hendrick Vandenberg



THE greatest and most common enemy to republican institutions—next to the man who sells his vote—is the voter who “stays at home”

The greatest peril to the successful evolution of a purer democratic government in which the people acquire new powers and responsibilities is the existence of a great, chronic, non-voting population, and this is the most serious danger that threatens the republic today.

It impresses the need of a compulsory voting law which shall punish the negligent citizen—who most frequently happens to be the substantial man of affairs—when he is unfaithful to the first obligation of his citizenship—the intelligent and conscientious deposit of his ballot.

The extent of the non-voting evil in the United States is positively appalling when diagnosed. It exists everywhere. Like a plague; it threatens reform in every community.

There is ample proof in the few paragraphs that follow that this is a chronic disease—a forerunner of political cancer.

Especially in these days when popular thought on governmental problems trends toward purer democracy—the initiative, the referendum, the recall, primaries, direct election of Senators, etc., all sentinels of this new faith—the starting point of reform should be some practical, workable, compulsory voting law. These principles find basis in the sound theorem that the judgment of all the people is always safe and right. Their evolution primarily requires, then, that the judgment of all

the people shall be secured. Today, in the typical average American election, we are getting the judgment of only a portion of the people.

A minority amends constitutional law in California, and bonds New York state for millions of dollars.

The brutal truth is that our statutes do not compel majority government at all; nor will they until every citizen is forced to vote, under suitable penalty for treasonable neglect.

The man who stays away from the polls is in direct conspiracy with the voter whose ballot is debauched—because he makes it proportionately easier for the tainted ballot to win its cause.

No non-voter is a good citizen. At most he is merely not a bad citizen.

If he does not vote today (when his country needs him) he should not be permitted to vote tomorrow (when he may have an axe to grind).

This non-voter is a menace wherever he lives—and he lives everywhere.

If he had an ounce of conception of what it cost his forefathers to obtain the ballot, he would not so lightly treat its use.

He is a skimmed-milk patriot.

His negligence is born of thoughtlessness and habit rather than of malice—the same refined distinction that exists between kleptomania and theft.

The mere passage of a compulsory voting law would have a tremendous moral effect that would add years to the life of the republic.

The mere statement of the case as it is proves uncontrovertibly the need for action.

Without impugning the wisdom apparent in the net results—this inquiry deals with an entirely different question—observe the astonishing degree in which democracy's machinery fails to produce a verdict by all of the people.

In 1908, 386,000 people voted for President in the state of California; in 1910, 385,000 people voted for Governor. The highest vote cast on any of the amendments to the California constitution—submitted to the people on referendum last October was upon the amendment relating to women's suffrage. The total vote on that amendment was 246,000; 140,000 fewer than were polled three years before for President, and 139,000 fewer than were polled two years before for Governor. Women's suffrage was carried in California by an affirmative vote of 125,000, or two thousand less than Mr. Bryan received in 1908, when he lost the state by nearly ninety thousand majority. Twenty-two other amendments—changes in the fundamental constitutional law of the Commonwealth—were passed at the same time with a fewer number of voters participating.

The critic who is unfriendly to the referendum will say that this situation is a fatal indictment of the system. Indeed, the eminent Nicholas Murray Butler, President of Columbia University, in an address before the Commercial Club of St. Louis, commented upon this very exhibit in the following language:

"Is it not obvious that we are changing our form of government in the United States by a minority vote? Here is an amendment which doubles the number of voters in the State by removing the limitation of sex; here is action which establishes the initiative, the referendum, the recall, including the recall of judges; and every one of them is an amendment to the constitution of a great, rich and populous state made by a small minority of the voting population. That, I submit, is a political factor and a political portent of far-reaching significance. I know the answer. It is said that the remainder of the voting population might have voted had it wished to do so. True; but why then should not this great non-voting mass be counted in opposition to revolu-

tionary changes in government rather than in favor of them, or ignored entirely? What principle of political science or of equity is it that puts the institutions of a whole state at the mercy, not even of a temporary majority, but of a small minority of the people?"

What shall the critic who is friendly answer? Is it not a fair indictment? If each voter is to sit in the great common parliament of the Republic, there to pass upon the legislation of his country, should not his attendance be required? Does not the theory of pure democracy, builded on the axiom that the judgment of all the people is always safe and righteous, start with the necessity for the presence of all the voters at the polls?

Consider the same problem as applied to the direct election of United States Senators—a proposition whose propriety is patent upon its face. Michigan held an advisory senatorial primary in 1910. It was a step in the direction of purer democracy; an effort to bring the government closer to the people. It had all the novelty and charm of a new thing. It was vitalized by vigorous campaigning between contending candidatures. An accompanying state primary for Governor was an additional incentive to attract the voter to the polls. This was the result. According to the election returns of 1908, there were at that time approximately 80,000 voters in Wayne County—the largest county in the state (including Detroit). In the senatorial primary of 1910, just 28,115 voters went to the polls. Not as many voters as went to the polls in Wayne County in the centennial year of 1876—thirty-five years before! In Kent County—the second largest county in the state (including Grand Rapids)—only as many voters participated in this senatorial primary as went to the polls in 1868!

Can the theory of a purer democracy succeed in the face of such electoral lethargy?

Must not the lethargy be removed as the first step in the operation of the theory?

We are continuously engaged in the evolution of laws to restrict the voter—laws calling for complicated registration and party enrollment. Is not our primal need in an entirely opposite direction?

Should we not consider the evolution of laws to require voting?

It must be admitted that great problems should be submitted to the people; but certainly not to a minority of the people.

A constitutional amendment, providing increased salary and mileage for members of the legislature, submitted to the people of the great state of New York in 1911, polled a total vote of only 676, 894 as compared with a total voting strength in the state, as evidenced the year previous, of 1,437,010. At this same election a proposition to issue bonds for \$19,800,000 to provide barge canal terminal facilities was adopted by the people with an affirmative vote only one-half as large as given to the defeated Republican candidate for governor the year before.

Surely I am not depicting an empty danger! With a referendum in operation, which puts final responsibility for a great bond issue of nearly twenty million dollars upon "the people," the legislator's responsibility is diluted down to almost nothing. What is substituted therefor? The mandate of a small minority of the citizenship! Either it is better to leave the responsibility with the legislator, or it is necessary to make the people attend the polls and assume the responsibility which passes to them in a referendum.

In our every-day elections, we confront the same conditions. "Apathy" it is called in polite vernacular. Down-right electoral "treason" it ought to be called, as applied to the "good citizen" who is "too busy" to take one-half hour off and visit the polls and stand true to the responsibility that goes with his citizenship. The non-voter is a greater menace to republican institutions—and certainly to all theories of purer democracy—than any other single thing extant.

Think of it! The state of Maryland did not cast as many votes for governor in 1911 (215,967) as she cast for governor in 1895 (239,813).

The total vote in the state of Mississippi was fifty per cent larger in 1908 than it was in 1910.

Pennsylvania cast more than a quarter of a million less votes in 1910 than it did in 1908, two years before.

Militant Wisconsin dropped from a

total vote of 454,435 in 1908 to 319,488 in 1910—with growth apparent in the population of the Commonwealth every single day!

Illinois fell from 1,154,751 votes cast for President in 1908, to 885,273 votes cast for state treasurer in 1910. Here are 269,478 non-voters—without giving the state credit for any population growth at all!

It remained for Maine to turn the thing around. Maine cast 141,031 votes for Governor in 1910 as compared with 106,335 votes for President in 1908. The defeated Republican candidate for Governor in 1910 received within two thousand as many votes as the successful Republican candidate for President in 1908.

Every man of us subscribes to the Lincoln hope—"a government for, of and by the people!" But not "a government, for, of, and by a *portion* of the people."

Compulsory voting is not a new idea, although little has been heard of it during the last decade. Twenty years ago the subject was more or less alive—although at that time we had practically none of the many popular uses of the ballot which mark our governmental development at the present hour. Frederick William Holls, writing in the "Annals of the American Academy," said in 1891:

"Surely a man who, from indolence or disdain, does not go to the polling place, knows little of the importance of the whole institution of the state, or must be animated by very little public spirit, or he deserves the mantle of lead which Dante apportioned to cowards in his 'Inferno.' The citizen's duty in casting his ballot does not differ in kind from that of the jurymen, sworn to decide the issues presented without fear or favor."

This idea seemed much more generally accepted twenty years ago than it is today; and yet the vicious danger in non-voting was nothing then compared with now.

Discussions of the subject have always been more or less academic. As usual, it is much easier to be critical than correct. A truly practical law upon the subject has not yet been evolved. But the difficulty apparent in successfully answering the problem, should but add interest and zest to the American statesman who

would do for his country a great constructive duty.

In his annual message for 1889, Governor Hill of New York announced his approval of the idea that compulsory voting deserved a fair trial, and this recommendation was renewed in the message of 1890. In accordance with this suggestion, Mr. Henry R. Beekman of New York drafted a bill which was introduced into the New York legislature in 1890 and again in 1891, making abstention from voting punishable by a fine of \$25; but the bill was never acted upon because of its seeming impracticability. A similar bill was submitted to the legislature of Maryland a few years later by Mr. Harris J. Chilton of Baltimore; but it met a similar fate and apparently for similar reasons. Prior to both of these experiences, a compulsory voting bill introduced in the Massachusetts legislature in 1886 likewise failed of passage.

In each instance there seems to have been a will without a way; and the trail is still unblazed.

The only actual statute on the subject which seems to have ever been actually in force on this continent is found in an original edition of early Virginia's colonial law which reads:

"Every free-holder actually resident in each county shall appear and vote at each election or shall forfeit two hundred pounds of tobacco to the informer."

We are told that this law was enacted in 1705 and was in force throughout a great part of the colonial history of Virginia. Mr. Holls' suggestion for a compulsory voting law (*Annals of the American Academy*, Volume 1, page 593) seems to be as practical as any yet proposed. Under his idea legislation would, in the first place, declare it to be the duty of every qualified voter to deposit his ballot at the election next ensuing after the passage of the act, and would pronounce neglect to do so subject to the penalty thereafter provided.

"The penalty should be a fine of not less than two dollars or more than five dollars fixed by the statute and to be paid before the delinquent could thereafter vote at any election, federal, state or municipal. The list of voters being kept from year

to year with a record of those who voted, anyone desiring to cast a ballot at the following election would be permitted to do so without objection on the score of this act if he was recorded as having voted at the previous election. If he were not so recorded, it would be incumbent upon him to do one of the following three things. First—challenge the record, the registry officers being liable civilly and criminally for inaccuracy or fraud. Second—pay the fine. Third—Offer a satisfactory excuse for his neglect to previously vote."

Disfranchisement of a voter who fails to attend the polls without satisfactory excuses would seem to be an even better mode of punishment. The length of time over which disfranchisement might extend should be cumulative and dependent upon the continued length of the record of the negligent voter.

"When disenfranchisement has lost its deterrent power, the ballot itself and with it, all free institutions, will be doomed."

It is a matter of history that compulsory voting has been a splendid success in Belgium. Before 1893 in Belgium, sixteen per cent of the voters on the average, stayed away from the polls, notwithstanding the exertions of party leaders. After the adoption of the compulsory voting, the average rate of abstention fell suddenly to between four and five per cent. The penalties provided in the Belgium law ranged from a mere warning in the case of first offenders to a small fine of twenty-five francs and then to the suspension of political rights for a period of ten years in the case of obdurate offenders. The records of the courts where the cases of non-attendants are tried, show that out of a total of 1,058,165 voters called to the polls in 1898, only 5,551 failed to attend without giving previous notice of the reason to the courts and were prosecuted. Of this number, however, 2,621 were excused by the magistrate on legal grounds, such as illness, age or absence. This leaves 2,930 who were fined or otherwise punished—which represents a rate of inexcusable or guilty abstention of not quite three-tenths of one per cent of the electoral body.

If a system of compulsory voting can be made a practical possibility in the United States with the result that less

than three per cent of the body politic shall fail to participate in regularly recurring elections, the movement toward pure democracy can proceed without engendering a single fear for our institutions. It is doubtful whether there is another country on the globe where electoral abstention is more serious or more threatening. Exhibits in proof of this contention are available in almost every community in the Republic. Furthermore, the tendency seems to be upon the increase. Something must be done to turn the tide. Something must be done to send the American voter

to the polls each and every time when elections are to be held. The American press can do much to educate citizenship to the moral responsibility that goes with the ballot. But so fundamental—in the extension of primaries, direct election of senators, the initiative, the referendum, the recall, etc.—is the need of a full vote whenever a vote is taken, that no single problem should more sharply challenge the constructive thought of American statesmanship and all thinking citizenship than the need of a compulsory voting law that will work.

THE BROTHERHOOD OF MAN

By PERCY W. REYNOLDS

THROUGH the long bewildering night the sound of tramping feet

Assails my listening ears as restlessly I toss,
And methinks the vision real for I see them up the street,

Marching like an army behind a great white cross,
And I know each man who marches, yes, every mother's son,

Is a soldier and a fighter to the core,
Though some of them were failures, and some of them have won

In the struggle, life for life, and score for score,
But yet, they're all my brothers,

These sons of human mothers,
These men who fight for brotherhood as others have before.

The beggar-man and chief, the soldier-man and thief,
Behind a wondrous symbol of predestined victory;
The white cross of redemption displayed in marked relief

Against the sable night that shadows me,
And as I look the vision proves a prophecy fulfilled,

The present dawning era of a new transcendent birth,
Heralding a paradise, proud sons of men shall build,

Revealing every soul's immortal worth.

Yes, these my toiling brothers,

These sons of human mothers,
Shall live to see the reign of love, supreme upon the earth.

The vagrant and the master, the warrior and the scamp,

Hold not against each other their virtue or their sin,
For hand in hand they're marching, on to a common camp,

Where peace shall be the watchword of the valiant host within.

Forgotten are the motives and the conflicts of the past,

In the knowledge of a mission and a great progressive plan;

A plan that will abolish all tyranny at last,

And carry out, yea, finish what the Nazarene began.

Yes, these undaunted brothers,

These sons of human mothers,
Are seeking but the glory of the brotherhood of man.

"Old Good-by's and Howdy-Do's"

An Appreciation of John D. Wells

By the Editor

THERE is a sturdiness and sympathy in the verse of John D. Wells that grips you. Wells is one of the younger American poets who may rightly claim succession to James Whitcomb Riley and Eugene Field in portraying the voice and heart sentiments of the "home folks." His last book "Old Good-by's and Howdy-Do's" is one of those volumes that you treasure.

The front cover is illustrated by that quaint scene of country life where the old-time neighbors indulge in "howdy-do's" while the buggy stands, and old Dobbin stamps his hoofs and fights the flies. Inside the dainty volume is the author's inscription: "To my Mother this little book of verse is affectionately dedicated," and on the following page is Will Levington Comfort's "foreword," which must ever be an inspiration to the author.

An irresistible list of titles is arrayed on the contents pages—there are four of them, leisurely spread out and printed in "full caps" with good-sized type. As your eye wanders up and down the list, you find such expressive titles as "A Young 'Un in Pokeberry Time," "M-O-T-H-E-R!" "H. Simm's New Daughter-In-Law," "The Street that Leads to Home," with others in a more philosophical vein, as "An Appreciation," "A Dream," and "Analogy." "An Appreciation" is given the place of honor in the volume, and is an indication of the homely sentiment that pervades the hundred odd pages.

AN APPRECIATION

Ol' Home Folks! It 'pears you're just
Happiest and bizziest

Fixin' up t' welcome in
Someone comin' home agin!
Some ol' codger like as not
That has mebbe plumb fergot
You—an' folks fergot him, too!—
Ever' one exceptin' you!

Rassle out his easy chair,
Put it by the fire there
Where he used t' set, an' git
His ol' footstool out an' fit
Things in same ol' order most
Like he used t' have 'em so's't
When he shucks his boots he kin
Say: "I jucks, I'm home agin!"

Ol' Home Folks! I tell y' what
I've done heaps o' travellin', but
Layin' 'side all sorts o' jokes,
If there's any class o' folks
Measure up t' God's idee
Of what man had order be—
Meets requirements through an' through—
Then, I jucks, that class is *you!*

A little farther on is the verse from which the book takes its name, "Old Good-byes and Howdy-Do's." Who could read these lines and not be impressed with the spirit that prompted their composition?

OLD GOOD-BYES AND HOWDY-DO'S

The old good-byes and howdy-do's!
Now *there's* a theme to tax your muse
An' make it switch from tears t' smiles
An' back again to tears, the whiles;
No polished rhyme, but jist a strain
As soft an' low as Apurl rain,
That sings "good-bye" to kith an' kin—
Then change your tune t' Home Agin!

Oh, who can dream the sort o' rhyme
That sheds the tears of leavin' time?
Good-bye t' mother smutched with dough!—
The stanchest friend you'll ever know!—
To home, to trees, the huntin' pup,
An' crimson ramblers climbin' up
To twist around the heart of you,
An' tighter than they *ever* do!

An' sing it soft an' low to fit
The partin' an' the pain of it!—

To fit the way a feller feels
When ol' familiar places steals
Apost him on the wagon road—
The boyhood spots he's allus knowed!
An' make the tears that's in his eye
To rhyme a feller's last "good-bye."

Then chuck a faster tempo in
To sing a feller Home Agin!—
Back home agin where he was riz
An' orter staid, as sayin' is!
His mother's greetin', father's too,
An' friends an' naybors' "Howdy-do!"
The extry chair an' table set
That mother's keepin' for him yet!
You poet chaps! You set an' dream
An' seem t' think the only theme



JOHN D. WELLS
The Buffalo poet-editor

That people like is in the skies!
Set down by me an' drop your eyes—
Ease off a while an' git your time
In perfect pitch an' tune with mine
Then try a sort o' keerless muse
On "Ol' Good-byes an' Howdy-do's."

In "H. Simm's New Daughter-In-Law"
you get the poem of incident—one of
those such as the young folk like to recite
in school. You can almost see "H. Simms"
in Mr. Wells' charming picture.

H. SIMM'S NEW DAUGHTER-IN-LAW

We wondered an' wondered, his ma an' me,
What sort of a wife John's wife would be!
"She's good an' purty," his letter read;
"But then, that's natcherl," his mother said,
"That he should think her the finest gel

In all o' the world—but time will tell."
But, bein' that she was of city stock,
We sort o' felt that his choice might mock
Our simple ways an' our simple dress,
An' both of us sniffed a bit, I guess!

I s'pose we'd orter o' fixed up some
Against the time that they said they'd come—
We'd orter o' shingled an' patched the fence,
An' painted the house that *ain't* been since
The flood, I guess; an' I s'pose we'd ort
O' got some carpets, an' tried t' sort
Ol' keepsakes out, such as pitchers and
Ol' lamberkins on the shelves an' stand,
An' hid 'em away, but no sir-e-e-e-e
"It wouldn't be home to John," says she.

An' fin'ly they come, but law-my-law
The s'prisedest man that *ever* you saw
Was your'n truly—*H. Simms*—because
The livin' spit of his ma, she was!—
With hair as fair an' with eyes as blue
As them I see when I'm peekin' through
The passin' years into Mem'ry's haze
At ma an' me, in our courtin' days—
The same sweet smile an' the twinklin' fun—
An' kissed me, too, like his mother done!

I couldn't ever fergit the drive
From depo' home again—sakes alive,
She's out an' in an' out agin
Gatherin' blossoms an' daisies in
"T' take t' mother," she said, for all
As if ma didn't have none at all!
An' *anxious*? Law, she could skeersely wait
T' git t' ma at the lower gate,
An' kissed her cheeks an' she hugged her, too,
An' cried an' whispered, "He looks like you."

He never *was* much of a hand for fuss
But I guess John's purty nigh glad as us!

Another fine piece of sentiment is "The
Street That Leads to Home," whose lines
syncopate with the "patter of little feet"
that the author so sweetly describes:

THE STREET THAT LEADS TO HOME

In Home Again Street,
Where the arching maples meet
O'er a way resounding with the children's
laughter sweet;
Where a host of girls and boys,
And a bedlam of noise,
Fill the street with pleasure and companion-
ship and joys;
Happy is the man who finds it—
Sweeter still, the tie that binds it
If he hears a welcome sweet
In the pattering little feet!

In Home Again Street
Where the golden days retreat
Softly, midst the shadows where the kindly
maples meet;
Peopled by its boys and girls—
Flash of gingham, glint of curls,
Laughter sweet as water tumbling o'er a bed
of pearls!

Skies smile sweeter up above it—
Even twilight seems to love it,
So reluctantly it dies
When it's time for lullabies.

In Home Again Street!
Where the sweetest fancies meet,
Growing real and happy 'neath the spell of
welcome sweet;
Gone the cares and everything!
Here a man becomes a king,
Happy with the greetings that his little sub-
jects bring;
Favored is the man who finds it!—
Sweeter still, the tie that binds it,
If the pattering feet that come
Lead him to the throne of home!

And so you go on through the volume,
which is happily without division or
classification. The dialect is scattered,
and rich humor is mingled with the sober
sentiments that look to the serious side
of life. At the end of the book is an inter-
pretation of life that one may well pause
over:

ANALOGY

Awake with the day and a smile at the sun,
A moment of play and then toiling begun;
A failure at first and then a success—
A moment of pleasure and one of distress—
A plenty of work and a little of play
Is all of the sum of a joyous day;
Then weariness comes with the darkness, and
then

Good-bye to the striving and—home again.

A babe in the world of myst'ry untold,
A moment of love and a childhood of gold—
An end to the pathway to manhood's estate—
A challenge to Fortune, a battle with Fate—
A plenty of pleasure, a little of pain—
A little of loss and a plenty of gain—
The coming of Age and its weariness, then
Good-bye to the living and—Home again!

After you put down the book you find
yourself turning back again to the inscrip-
tion by Will Levington Comfort, and
unconsciously you repeat the sentiments
so eloquently phrased by the author of
"Routledge Rides Alone": ". . . They
are sweet inside. They restore and brighten
the deep places. . . . And when you put
them by, and fall to dreaming among the
ineffable partings and greetings that have
been . . . stealing away after some pale
vision or lustrous wing of remembrance
. . . pray, don't hurry back, for you
may be drawing very close to Yourself—
the Kingdom of Heaven which lies within."

The son of a blacksmith, John D. Wells
is by birth a Pennsylvanian. His father

was for many years the village smith in
their home town of North East, and early
in life he taught his son how to blow the
forge and to swing the hammer on his
ringing anvil. Later the boy took up the
machinist's trade. Betimes he found him-
self writing lyrics for amateur theatrical
performances at his home in North East.
The years went on, and young Wells
became a man and married.

Now, inspired by the appreciation of
his wife, he determined to devote more
time to the work which he loved. Coming
to Buffalo during the Pan-American Ex-
position in 1901, he sought a position on a
newspaper. Without experience, but with
the writing soul within him, he made appli-
cation and began as a cub reporter. His
stories of hotel corridors attracted atten-
tion and soon occupied the front page of
the paper. Next Wells did the short
humorous paragraphs which soon became
a feature of the *Buffalo News*. Then he
was given charge of the *Buffalo Sunday
News*, of which he is still editor.

* * *

Although immersed in the arduous
duties of an editor, the poetic spirit of
John D. Wells cannot be quenched. The
dainty, wholesome verse seems to bubble
right out, and as the years pass, the young
man from Pennsylvania is building up a
strong clientele of admirers wherever his
bits of verse have fallen. At odd times
he has done considerable platform work,
and many a community throughout New
York State and around his old home has
reveled in the real wit and charming
recitation of John D. Wells.

There is a little farm near the old home,
whither he hies at every opportunity, to
invoke the muse and to live among the
people who are the spirit of his verse.

"Old Good-by's and Howdy-Do's" is not
his first book. There have been others,
and they have always sold well, because
the people like John Wells and his work.
The title itself of his latest book, "Old
Good-by's and Howdy-do's," utters the
Alpha and Omega of acquaintanceship.

The enthusiastic overtures and the
heartfelt goodbyes of life; the meetings
and partings; the greetings and farewells;
do not these, after all, make up the gamut
of life?

Henry Holman's Pilgrimage



M. R. UMBERHIND

(Concluded)

UNCLE RUFÉ'S MISSION

Uncle Rufe was the first to make his appearance the next morning. The first rays of the sun were just casting their beams over the top of Oak Hill, when he swung open the door of the old house and, with water pail in hand, started across the yard.

He was going to that old well at the far corner of the lot where he, David and Henry had, as boys, so often quaffed the exhilarating draughts of pure cold water from the old oaken bucket that hung from the end of the sweep.

It was to be the day of days in Uncle Rufe's life. He was the host, and he felt that it rested with him to see that his guests were properly "looked after."

The old man was dressed for the occasion. For the first time

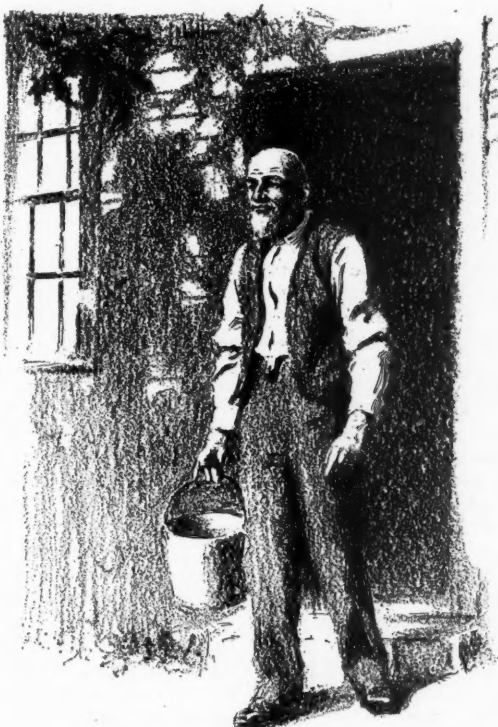
in many moons he had donned his "b'iled" shirt and his long-legged kip boots, which he only wore on rare occasions. They were polished to the highest degree of brilliancy and withal a trifle blue, for the old man had used the only polish he had on hand, "Light O' Day Stove Polish."

It was not long before all the occupants

of the house were up and out admiring the beauties which that delightful June morning put forth.

The forenoon passed with the exchange of many boyhood reminiscences, and it was shortly after the noon hour when David and Henry started out for their walk.

Mrs. Holman had kind of "nosed" around a little during the forenoon, and in so doing had discovered quite a few garments of



It was to be a day of days in Uncle Rufe's life

men's wearing apparel, such as stockings in need of darning; coats and trousers with buttons off and torn linings. These she collected with the intention of "fixin'" up a little.

Seated by the window in a rocking chair that Uncle Rufe said "Mandy allus called her favorite rocker," Mrs. Holman was busy mending.

Uncle Rufe was ill at ease. Evidently there was something on his mind that was troubling him. He couldn't seem to sit down and content himself. Finally he arose and going to a little closet in the corner of the room where he and Mrs. Holman were, took from the top shelf a little box that had been carefully tied up. Turning his back toward Mrs. Holman, he untied the string and in a moment removed from the box a small black book. From this he took what appeared to be a tintype picture. After carefully scrutinizing the picture, he turned and looked intently at Mrs. Holman for a minute. Slowly shaking his head, as if in doubt, he placed the picture back in the book and dropping it into his pocket, turned and walked slowly back to where Mrs. Holman was seated.

He drew a chair as near as possible to where she was and after a moment's hesitation, asked her in his usual innocent way if she was the only wife Hank ever had.

Mrs. Holman had seen and learned enough of Uncle Rufe's honest ways during the past twenty-four hours to take the question in just the spirit in which it was asked. She, therefore, informed the old man that she was Hank's first and only venture in the matrimonial line.

This seemed to be the assurance needed to give Uncle Rufe confidence to proceed with what he had to say, so he continued.

"I wus thinkin' ef ye hadn't bin Hank's only wife, ther story I hev ter tell wouldn't specially intrist ye."

Mrs. Holman wondered what story Uncle Rufe had to relate that would be of especial interest to her, but she was content to listen.

"Ye see," said Uncle Rufe, "back in '61 when Abe Lincoln sed he wanted some six months' volunteers ter go down South and show them 'Johnnys' thet he ment

bizness, I hedn't bin 'way from Bethmar more than over night. So I thought it would be a good chance ter see some o' the world, an' four or five 'sides me, went an' 'listed. Well, ther only one thet got back in six months wus Bill Patch.

"Bill never did know more'n wus good fer him. He got back in jes' three months, an' when somebody ast him what he wus home fer, Bill sed he wus sick; sed ther doctor told him he hed ther Non Compus Mentis.

"Bout ther only thing Bill ever wus good fer after thet, wus er sort o' rumpus-maker on 'Town Meetin' days. Ye see Bill wusn't self 'stainin', so ther Selectmen put him out on ther poor farm. Jes' as reglar es ther 'Town Meetin' day would come round, you'd see somebody start out ter ther poor farm with Seth Fuller's hoss an' buggy ter bring Bill in ter vote.

"Seth wus er 'publican an' most allus hed some office. Ther minute thet Bill would git ter ther Town House, you'd see Sam Powell an' Tom Parks an' two or three more democrats rush up an' say, 'Bill Patch is er pauper an' can't vote.' Then Seth, he would elbow his way thru ther crowd an' say, 'no old soldier can be er town pauper, an' then he'd march Bill up an' vote him.

"Thar wus one thing Seth allus fergot ter do, an' thet wus ter carry Bill back ter ther poor farm after he voted. He allus hed ter walk."

It was characteristic of Uncle Rufe, when he was relating an incident in his own life, to lead up to the subject with a sort of a prelude. This case was no exception.

In continuing he said to Mrs. Holman: "Now ter git back ter whar I started ter tell ye. After I hed bin in ther army 'bout two years, I wus one day taken prisoner an' sent down ter Andersonville prison.

"I'd ben in ther place 'bout three days when one afternoon, 'bout four o'clock, I come acrost er young feller layin' on ther ground. He seemed ter be sleepin', but he looked so difrunt from enybudy else thet wus layin' 'round thar thet I jes' tho't I'd set down 'side er him an' wait 'til he woke up.

"He wus jest er boy, couldn't be more'n

twenty, an' es I set thar I reached over an' kind o' brushed his hair back. When I did it, he opened his big blue eyes an' smiled. It wus er difrunt smile than I ever seen 'fore; he looked jes' like one o' them angel picturs ye see sometimes.

West some years 'fore, but I sed of course you don't know him 'cause ther West is er mighty big country. He asked me what his name wus an' I tol' him it wus Hank Holman, but probably they call him Henry out thar, 'cause Hank wus er nick-



He drew a chair as near as possible and asked her if she was the only wife Hank ever had

"He sed ter me in ther most gentle voice thet I ever heard: 'Comrade, I'm glad you come ter me 'cause I want ter talk ter someone 'fore I go.' I didn't ask him whar he wus goin', fer I knowed.

"I asked him whar his home wus an' he tol' me it wus in er Western state; then I told him I knowed er feller thet went

name thet he went by in Bethmar.

"When I mentioned ther name o' Hank ter him ther look thet come over thet boy's face I'll never fergit. Fer er minute he jes' looked at me an' smiled, an' it wusn't like eny other smile I ever see 'fore 'cause it seemed ter say, 'I am content.'

"Then he closed them great blue eyes,

an' fer es much es five minutes I could see his lips move. I didn't hear er sound, but I knowed he wus prayin' 'cause he looked so happy.

"When he opened his eyes again, he reached out an' took my big scrawny hand in his an' sed: 'God sent you ter me, Comrade.' Then he took his hand from mine an' reached inside o' his shirt bosom an' took out er little black testament. He opened it an' took out er picture an' passed it ter me ter look at, sayin': 'Ther day I left home fer ther war ther girl give me this testament an' picture, an' tol' me ef ther time ever come when I wus alone an' needed someone ter say er word o' comfort ter me, ter read ther story of ther One who promised ter give his life fer us an' promised never ter leave us alone.'

"He wus pretty weak an' ther effort had well nigh used him up, so 'twas some time fore he spoke agin. Then he passed the Testament and picture ter me an' sed: 'I'm goin' ter give 'em ter you 'cause I'm goin' home soon an' God willin', ther time may come when you kin give 'em ter her an' tell her I wus happy. Then he jes' sort o' went ter sleep, easy-like."

For a minute Uncle Rufe was silent. Then reaching into his pocket he drew forth the little black book, which a short time before he had taken from the securely tied box.

Passing it to Mrs. Holman, he said: "Seems you're the only wife Hank ever hed an' this Testament and picture must belong ter you, 'cause he sed his sister give 'em to him, an' she married Hank Holman."

THE WALK

As Henry Holman and David Bradbury started for their walk that afternoon, a gentle breeze was blowing from the northwest driving from the atmosphere the humidity which so often makes a hot day in summer unbearable.

Along that quiet country road the two old men walked. The breadth of the road between them, no attempt at conversation had been made since leaving the house at the foot of the lane.

Memories had enwrapped them both

and carried them back across the chasm of over fifty years and their thoughts were too sweet for them to permit interruption. Once again they were boys together trudging along the familiar old path.

They walked on for nearly an hour. Then, with one impulse, they both stopped and looked in the same direction. Holman, turning to Bradbury, said: "The old butternut tree has gone, hasn't it, Dave? Someone has put a pump at the well in place of the ol' sweep, and I guess it isn't stylish to have a fence along the front yard any more, that's gone, too."

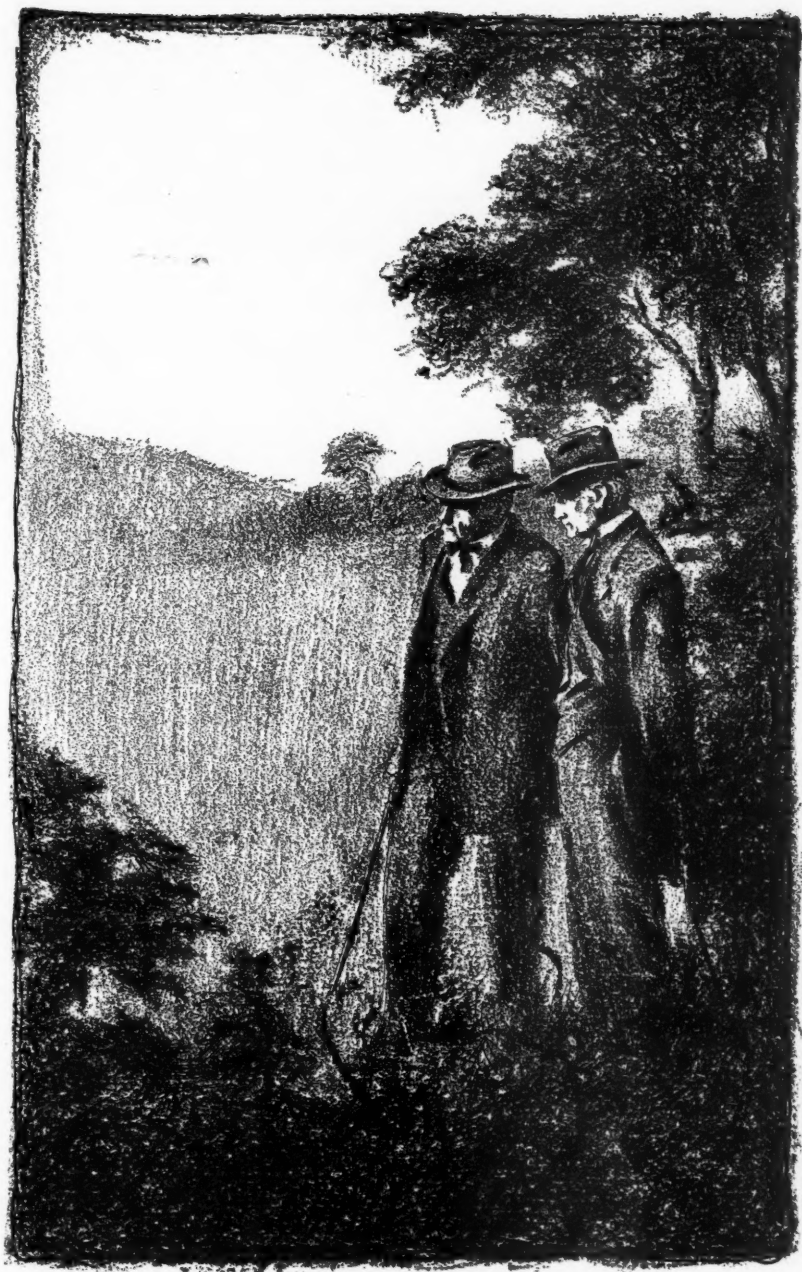
They were standing in the road opposite the old home. At the same moment both yielded to an irresistible impulse, and leaving the road, started for the house. They had gone about half-way from the road to the house when the shed door flew open and out rushed a little yapping, mongrel dog. After him came a woman together with four, not over clean, children whose ages ranged from two to perhaps seven years.

Holman advanced to where the woman had stopped staring in amazement at the two men. He undertook to explain the reason for their visit. He had said only a few words when the woman, with a shrug of her shoulders, turned and pulling forward the oldest of the reluctant children said a few words to him in a foreign tongue. At this the child darted around the corner of the house. In a few minutes the youngster came trotting back followed by a sturdy tiller of the soil. He seemed to be the "man of the house."

Holman again acted as spokesman, this time with better success. The man was a French Canadian who had recently taken possession of the farm. He had a slight knowledge of English and after a little difficulty, Holman succeeded in making him understand something of the reason for their uninvited intrusion.

When he grasped the meaning of Holman's words, with characteristic impulsiveness he took both Holman's hands in his; after shaking them vigorously, he pointed to the house and with many a nod and unintelligible words bade them enter.

He then turned with an authoritative gesture to his family and apparently instructed them to follow him. This they did, leaving the two men alone.



It seemed that Bradley and Holman had become enwrapped in the soothing influence

Had the feeling for a moment entered the hearts of the two men that because a lowly French Canadian was occupying the house that had been their home, it constituted a case of "Foreign Intrusion"? If so, it must have been quickly dispelled by the willingness with which he allowed his home to become their shrine. Once within the old home, they walked about almost on tiptoe; neither speaking hardly above a whisper, so sacred did the place seem to them.

As they entered the room that had been the dining room so many years ago, Holman turned to Bradbury to say something; the expression on the old man's face caused the words to die on Holman's lips unuttered.

Holman read in that face the dumb appeal, "I want to be alone," so he quickly passed into an adjoining room and softly closed the door, leaving Bradbury alone.

In the middle of the room was a table; beside the table a chair. Bradbury was seated in the chair, his elbow resting on the table; he was gazing at the door. There was a faint glimmer of a smile on his face; his open hand was raised to his ear that he might listen more intently. Momentarily this dear old man became enwrapped in this enchanting reverie. He thought himself listening to that same sweet voice that he heard for the first time, as it rang through the door in that same room more than half a century ago. And no pilgrim of old ever worshipped at a more peaceful shrine.

When Bradbury finally entered the room where Holman stood looking out of the window, there was on Bradbury's face a look of perfect peace and contentment. Holman observed this and felt many times repaid, to know that this little pilgrimage had again rekindled a spark of happiness in Bradbury's life. He knew that visions of a future happiness had come to him in that room and brought back tender

memories as nothing else could have done.

They left the old boyhood home and had again reached the highway. Bradbury was a little in the lead and instead of turning back to the road over which they had come, continued to go ahead. Holman followed without comment, for he recalled the pleading request of the day before.

Soon they came to an unfrequented road, much more so than in the days gone by. It was scarcely more than a cow-path now. In Bradbury's mind it was the same road that he and the girl he loved had so often strolled along during those happy schooldays; the same crimson sun was just bidding farewell to one more day as it had of old.

It seemed that Bradbury and Holman had become enwrapped in the soothing influence that so often pervades the air just before the dying day takes on the mantle of night. Both stood silently gazing into space.

How long they would have stood is hard to tell, had not an old familiar sound floated across the clear air. It was the sound of a bell. Holman turned and clutching Bradbury's coat sleeve said in a voice of almost childish enthusiasm: "Why, Dave, that's the old Academy bell!"

Bradbury then recalled that Uncle Rufe had told him that sometime before a colony of "summer people" over at the pond, some mile or so away, had built a little chapel. As the bell had outlived its usefulness for the Academy, the people around the Four Corners had donated it to the "City folks" for their meetin' house.

When the last sweet tone of the bell had died away on the still evening air, Holman took his watch from his pocket and turning to Bradbury smilingly said: "Dave, this is not the first time that the old bell has told us we were 'late.' You know we promised to be home to supper an hour ago."

(The End)



The Passing of National Political Conventions

by The Editor

AT THE COLISEUM



AFTER attending the two great political conventions of 1912 at Chicago and Baltimore, I was impressed with the feeling that these will be the last of the great national political conventions. At each quadrennial period the conventions have been increasing in magnitude and unwieldiness, until it would seem that their national usefulness is over. Certain statutory changes and development of state primaries for instruction and selection of delegates will make national conventions hereafter more of an electoral college than a forum for political maneuver among men mighty in personal influence at home. With the elimination of national conventions comes the passing of the great political giants and leaders of earlier history who represent a spectacular phase of the country's development.

* * *

The overture of the great Convention at Chicago began with the meeting of the Republican National Committee, and in its wake followed one of the most strenuous, hard-fought contests for mastery in the political arena that has been known for many a decade. There was not so much of the old-time blare and shouting and personal enthusiasm of the Lincoln, Grant, Clay and Blaine days, but there was an intensity of feeling and suppressed bitterness that has not shown itself until in recent years. The delegates began pouring into Chicago before Sunday. The forecast of the Convention was determined, as the reports of the National Committee were made upon the contested

delegate cases. Michigan Avenue, with its cluster of lights up and down the lake front, was ablaze with activity of restless people going and coming. Badges and buttons were the fad of the hour, and the Convention city in which Lincoln was brought forth was in the real convention mood. The enthusiastic Roosevelt followers arrived in the center of the storm of the pre-convention hours, mustering at the Congress Hotel or at the Auditorium. Groups gathered here and there, and there was a strained greeting among many old-time political pals as they shook hands and found that they wore opposing buttons. There was no use of arguing then and there, for each was fixed and firm in his belief that the other had committed political larceny. The followers of Senator La Follette and Senator Cummins were on hand ready for any emergency that might turn the delegates toward a third man in the contest between Roosevelt and Taft. Every moment and every movement count for much in the hours a national political convention is beginning to assemble. Then every bit of rumor is digested as thoroughly as late scandal at a bridge party.

* * *

A quiver of excitement passed over all conventiondom when it was announced that Colonel Roosevelt would arrive and take command in person. His coming was the signal for an ovation such as is seldom given to a public man, for Chicago was decidedly Rooseveltian. The meeting in the Auditorium revealed the intensity of



SENATOR ELIHU ROOT

The temporary and permanent chairman of the
Republican National Convention of 1912

the Roosevelt enthusiasm in Chicago at that hour. The bands played the classic air of "Hail, Hail, the Gang's all Here," "A Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight" and "Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay," recalling the days of the Spanish War; then "Every Little Movement Has a Meaning All Its Own" and "Everybody's Doing It," with a blare of the trombone, proved that someone was up to date.

In spite of all the strained feelings of the hour, the American sense of humor relieved the tension. Opponents bowed courteously in the lobbies and brushed elbows with each other on the streets and waited long and patiently for the same elevator. All extra furniture was removed, but the crush increased—it seemed as if every one in Chicago wanted to be in the same spot on that corner at the same time.

Bright and early Monday the delegates began to line up for battle. In the Florentine Room of the Congress Hotel, the scene of activity of the Roosevelt forces, desks were arranged in a businesslike way, including an information department, properly labeled. In the Gold Room on the same floor were the Taft headquarters, resplendent in flag decorations. Although a short distance apart, there were constant streams of visitors at the various headquarters, and the ardent enthusiasts passed from one headquarters to another, trying to make "every little movement" count.

After it is all over, one looks back at those days and wonders why we men and women get so wrought up over such an ephemeral thing as mere "politics." It must be in the blood. There were "statements" of leaders flying fast and furious—extra papers announcing this rumor and denying that. The issue of the hour was involved in speculation as to what this side and that side would do. At the opening hours of the Convention, with Colonel Roosevelt in command, it seemed as if he had altogether the best of the situation, despite steam-roller cries inherited from the 1908 campaign. There was supreme confidence on both sides, and while the Roosevelt admirers were exuberant, there was a group of leaders on F and C floors, where the Taft cohorts were calculating results, laying their plans, counting and recounting roll-calls forward and



PRESIDENT WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT

Who was nominated for the presidency on the Republican ticket after one of the most spectacular struggles ever known in the annals of the party. He was opposed by his former friend, ex-President Theodore Roosevelt, leader of the progressive movement, who waged one of the bitterest battles that has ever been fought in American politics

backward. Both sides were intent on the magic number of 540—the necessary number of delegate votes to nominate.

The rush in and about the Coliseum on Tuesday morning was a sight one witnesses but a few times in a generation. Men who pretend never to retreat a hair's breadth

all, one must be proud of the gigantic homogeneity of the nation.

* * *

From the rostrum near the center of the great hall, a bridge projected on which the speakers moved out to catch the best acoustic position. The small form of Mr. Victor Rosewater of Omaha, chairman of the National Committee, came into view rapping sharply on the platform over the seething mass. A hush passed over the sea of humanity as the clatter of the gavel



HON. FRANK O. LOWDEN

from freezing dignity would have done anything to get "just one Convention ticket" not only for themselves, but for their friends. Thousands outside were unable to get within the walls, where the surging throngs were beginning to gather. The doorkeepers and sergeants seemed men of much consequence for those few moments, and the more the band played and the crowd shouted within, the more the crowd outside wanted to enter. It was very like the "circus" craze of boyhood manifested by dignified men and women eager for a passing glimpse of the great political gathering. In a few moments the great oval amphitheater was filled to the brink of suffocation. The fluttering fans and white dresses and colors on the hats, and the delegates walking proudly and bravely to their seats, taking their stand under the guidons of their several states, made one feel that, after

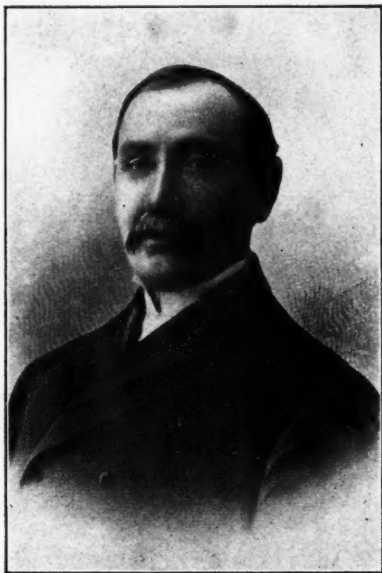


JOHN HAYS HAMMOND

One of the most active of the personal friends of the President at Chicago

rang out through the hall. This was the signal for the forensic fray, and the great parliamentary debate between Governor Hadley of Missouri and James Watson of Indiana began. Governor Hadley, attired in a Prince Albert coat, his slender form standing out a picturesque figure, with ringing voice, soon won favor as he opened the contest. Sturdy "Jim" Watson of Indiana, swinging his arms, replied and asked for reason, not emotion, and Jim was easily another favorite. It was a parliamentary duel of young giants. The

rasping voice of Heney of California and the ringing tones of Governor Johnson of the same state in protest, made those first few moments tense. On the platform sat the National Committee, and the "choo choo" shouts and bitter expletives of the Roosevelt delegates as to the "steam roller" were soon manifested. The audience seemed to feel its full liberty in making suggestions and in interrupting speakers. For over four hours Chairman Rosewater sat in the chair while the debate proceeded. It was probably one of the most notable parliamentary debates ever known



FORMER SENATOR J. A. HEMENWAY
of Indiana, who was active in contest cases

in a national political convention, where precedent was raked fore and aft for power to proceed.

* * *

The veteran Sereno Payne, "of tariff fame," was brought out to put in a strong hit for his side, but the brunt of the debate was borne by the younger statesmen. Upon the point involved hinged or depended the election of Senator Elihu Root as temporary chairman of the Convention and later as permanent head of the organization. The gauntlet was thrown

down when Governor McGovern, of Wisconsin, was named by Delegate Cochems of Wisconsin for Roosevelt supporters. This was the first intimation of an alliance with La Follette delegates, which divided the Wisconsin delegation, splitting the vote. This vote and the announcement



CONGRESSMAN MARLIN E. OLMSTED
Of Pennsylvania, the Parliamentarian of the Taft forces

by Mr. Houser indicated that Senator La Follette disavowed the Rooseveltian alliance. The die was cast, the fighting blood was up and the debate continued. The crowd cheered and even interrupted and taunted the speakers. The Rubicon was to be crossed in that first roll-call. In the "line up," the spectators began their comments for and against the favorite candidate. The deep-seated feelings of the spectators could not be suppressed, no matter how much they might try to do it. The little sea of delegates down in front rose and shouted as Rosewater pounded the gavel. There were protests of fraud and theft wildly shouted. The roll-call was by individual delegates in the various states, and each name of the 1,078 delegates was called. They arose and

responded in all manner and form of assertion, and the crowd cheered as the score changed one way or the other. The first five Alabama delegates voted for Root, but the sixth man rose and waved his hat and shouted "McGovern," which started real Roosevelt cheers. Root, Root,



ARTHUR I. VORYS

Root! rang the chorus—then McGovern, McGovern, McGovern! Before Arizona was reached, Francis Heney tried with a megaphone to interrupt the roll-call to object, but the roll-call went steadily on and the debate had closed. The great throng kept careful score, and each side cheered, hissed, or "booed" as unexpected votes were secured or lost. A new kind of convention "boo" that is a little more mellifluous than the old-time groan was introduced. Flinn of Pennsylvania had his delegation well in front, and his first flashing philippic of fiery denunciation was punctuated with nouns such as "thieves," "robbers" and accompanying adjectives. The Pennsylvania poll placed McGovern in the lead for the first time, 430 to 426. Flinn claimed that the alternate of a delegate voting for Root had more votes for Roosevelt than the delegate for Taft—and he flashed a certificate in the face of the chairman saying, "If you steal

this vote you will call no roll today," but among cheers, hisses and hoots, the roll-call continued. As the states were called and the votes announced, the climax was reached when the state of Washington cast its vote giving Senator Root 544 votes, four more than a majority, and the surprise came later when Wisconsin divided her twenty-six votes. The result showed that Senator Root was given 558 votes on the roll-call. Then the crowd began to

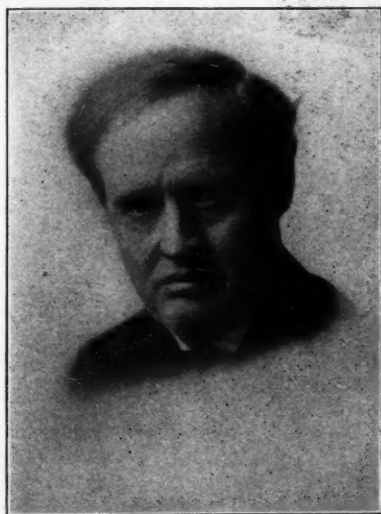


MR. AND MRS. TIMOTHY WOODRUFF
of New York. Mr. Woodruff was a vigorous Roosevelt supporter

yell itself hoarse with cheers and hisses, and the music of the band was submerged. It was a time for cool heads.

The big gavel, which looked like a small-sized croquet mallet, was handed over by Chairman Rosewater to Senator Root, who started in on his course of gavel gymnastics and proceeded to thank the Convention amidst the "ha-ha" of the Pennsylvania delegation, while Richard R. Quay, son of the late Senator Quay, shot

the last gun as he called out from down in front, "Receiver of stolen goods." In spite of the trying condition, Senator Root with his strong intellectual bearing soon had a respectful hearing. There was a quiet dignity and masterfulness in the man that soon had the convention in hand. The photographers shot off flashlights like saluting artillery to catch the scene of seething humanity at that concrete second. The keynote speech was delivered, and the speaker's shrill voice finally began to rise above the din of the great throng, and the spectacular first day of the Convention had passed, only to be lived over again in hotel lobbies that night.



GOVERNOR W. R. STUBBS OF KANSAS

In the boxes and gallery were distinguished writers from all over the world, who insisted that the one great sight in America worth going miles to witness was visible at the quadrennial national political conventions. There was Thomas W. Lawson gracefully waving his kerchief—a picture of enthusiasm; Mrs. Alice Roosevelt Longworth in her pink-ribboned hat; and the wives of many distinguished delegates, all intent upon the scene.

* * *

The individual roll-call was analyzed forward and backward in discussions at

the hotels that night. Every vote was put under a microscope. "Statements" were issued every ten minutes coming from various headquarters. The undaunted Roosevelt and Taft leaders continued their conferences. Talk of a "third man" including the name of Justice Hughes came forth. In the spectators' gallery were the celebrated special writers of the country, each trying to give an impression of the great kaleidoscope. There was Doctor Albert Shaw of the *Review of Reviews*, sitting



EVAN A. EVANS

The leading spirit of the Moffett studio, official photographers of the Convention

with his young son and pointing out the proceedings of the Convention. Trumbull White, of *Everybody's*, greeted everybody; Samuel McClure of *McClure's Magazine*, was taking notes, and Samuel Blythe of the *Saturday Evening Post*, peace advocate, kept insisting there would be no bloodshed. Then when an irate Texan bit the head off a beer bottle, he withdrew the statement and began another chapter of "Who's It?" There was Nell Brinkley in a fluffy hat, with a busy pencil sketching some demure creature. There was Nellie Bly, too, but the lion of the press gallery was William Jennings Bryan, who was enjoying himself to the full. He confessed to making

an error in quoting Biblical text in his first story. The readers missed the point. I met him at the pie counter, on three successive days, where he ate regularly three successive pieces of apple pie with a bottle of innocent but alluring-looking pop. It recalled the day I first met him, when McKinley was nominated at St.



GUS KARGER

The Cincinnati newspaper man, accounted the floating member of President Taft's Cabinet

Louis. He was only known then as the *World-Herald* man, but now he was world-famous as a thrice-nominated presidential candidate, getting ideas for the Convention later at Baltimore. He was given an ovation wherever he appeared. In his article he insisted that the spectators got their money's worth at Chicago. He felt that he could appreciate it all because he was not so deeply concerned in the result as to make him blind to the amusing side of the picture. Consequently Mr. Bryan did all his laughing at Chicago. Senator Bradley of Kentucky was hectoring with "Lorimer" jibes. Every man who had

an idea in that great forum must have a voice to express it against tumult or he was lost. It was one great paean of "free" speech, with the accent on the "free." The crowd seemed to have no mercy.

It is amusing to read over the newspaper accounts in these later days and review the positive statements made by political prophets all gone awry. One never realizes how swiftly time passes in reading a newspaper giving the reflection and glory of the passing hour.



CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW

What would a Republican Convention be without his smiling face?

After the first day there was much talk of "bolting," but the party doors were already bolted and oratorical lightnings still flashed at the evening meetings at the hotel. In his room Colonel Roosevelt directed the battle by 'phone and had the hotel all to himself during the proceedings at the Coliseum.

* * *

The second day found the throngs gathering early. Chairman Root had begun his

practice in rapping the gavel, and it had a senatorial clatter. Epithets were the common burden of conversation and argument. It was evident that Governor Hadley of Missouri was the oracle of the Roosevelt champions, with Jim Watson of Indiana as the "big chief" on the oratorical battery for Taft. The chief concern of the chairman was to maintain order and clear the aisles, and the battalion of helmeted police incessantly muttered "keep moving." When the cheering would start, the aisles would surge and soon fill up despite the blue-coated men.

* * *

Looking back over Convention days, it is interesting to recall thrilling moments. While Jim Watson was talking, he made reference to Governor Hadley, who had become quite the hero of the great audience. This was the signal for starting a great demonstration in his honor. The crowd cheered and cheered. The two valiant young warriors stood together on



HON. JAMES WATSON OF INDIANA
The Floor leader of the Taft forces

the platform. Suddenly the demonstration took a veer to a Roosevelt ovation. The usual lady in white appeared in the gallery with a bouquet of pink roses at her belt and a Roosevelt lithograph in her hand, and turned the tide for Roosevelt, and as the crowd applauded she was brought to the delegate floor and the crowd cheered and cheered as she was raised to the platform. The Missouri people felt that their favorite son's boom had been appropriated, but the cheering went on the same. To look

around that great amphitheater and see men and women aroused to a frenzy of applause that would put college boys to shame, and to see staid "leading citizens" heading the cheerers, was an indication of American enthusiasm that was exhilarating. One dear old lady from Missouri who could hardly stand erect pointed feebly but proudly to the young Governor as he stood on the platform waiting for



HON. CHARLES D. HILLES

Unanimously elected campaign manager of the Taft campaign, following his efficient service to the President as his secretary

the demonstration to subside, for the cheering would start like a wave around the building and almost die out, then start again and die away, to be again renewed. There were many hoarse voices because of that vocal expression of the auditors. The standard guidons of the state were nailed down fast, but that did not prevent the mob from taking the horizontal signs and dancing them up and down over the heads of the crowds. The sergeant-at-arms, Colonel Stone, was on the hurricane deck. When the Hadley demonstration began there was talk of a compromise ticket of "Hughes and Hadley," and the alliterative sound took with the crowd as it passed around, but all such demon-

strations have an end, and the "old heads" did not seem ruffled when the votes were anchored.

* * *

That night a portion of the Roosevelt members of the Credential Committee withdrew before the chairman had called to order—and then some came back. The scene of interest shifted back to the rooms of the National Committee, where Senator Newell Sanders of Tennessee,

depended on the success of his candidate. What made men stand around and talk about what other men said, staying hours and hours around a hotel with one Roosevelt leg and one Taft leg until everyone turned in because he forgot he was tired. The little buttons with the "hat in the ring" were among the interesting souvenirs. In the hotel lobbies it was Governor, Senator, Congressman or plain Jim and Tom this or that. Rows reported among delegations



PRESIDENT TAFT AND SENATOR ROOT

After one of those consultations that marks a firm, personal, political friendship

A. H. Estabrook of New Hampshire and Senator Borah had put in long hours on the contest. Ormsby McHarg was here, there and everywhere—with the other side watching. The Committee continued in session all night without interruption. Statements were coming thick and fast. Colonel Roosevelt came forth every night with a speech in the Florentine Room. In the park outside the bands played furiously. Glee clubs sang and everyone was as interested as if his life

and rumors that the Southern delegates would not stand by the roll-call seemed to be little feared by the Taft men. Millions of words flashed out over the wires, giving a kaleidoscopic record of almost every second of the Convention.

* * *

George Ade, in the role of a real "county chairman," sat in the press gallery "pen in hand," writing just as he used to write in the old days with a lead pencil and yellow paper for the *News*. He even

reached the heights of a political prophet. He compared the Convention building to the largest bowl in the world filled with flowers, hung with silk flags all around and sprinkled with sunshine, and called it the Coliseum, only he thought the flowers

deck of the Speaker's arena let his voice ring out in that same jovial twang as at the banquet table. Job was as patient as his namesake, but could not resist his little jab of satire, and the great audience caught on—much to his surprise. He



C. P. TAFT, BROTHER OF PRESIDENT TAFT, AND ARTHUR I. VORYS
In one of their pleasant moods

and everything might suggest a Maude Adams matinee instead of a fierce political massacre.

It was fascinating to study people sitting upon hard chairs and boards for hours without the slightest inconvenience, even forgetting to slip downstairs for a sandwich and a piece of pie. Job Hedges on the poop

struck a defiant Taft note. "Boss" Flinn, instead of being the big blustering fellow imagined from that name, is a tall, slender man with silver gray hair, who keeps a cigar atilt in his mouth and sets the other fellows raving mad by glaring at them. Henry Cochems, of Wisconsin, the husky football player, who made a hit at the

Convention four years ago, threw his voice out in a ringing echo when he nominated McGovern. John McCutcheon, the cartoonist, a slender, modest-looking young man who never seems to grow old, with his keen pencil and keener wits concocted the cartoons for which he is famous. On the platform with the National Committee sat Senator Crane, moving about from

distinctive figure. During the afternoon a lady would bring out of her capacious handbag a toothsome lunch and munch a huge sandwich as daintily as if it were a bit of chocolate. When the lusty shouters were not shouting, they were chewing gum, and one philosopher remarked that chewing gum is the real safety valve of American effervescence.



PRESIDENT TAFT AND JUSTICE HUGHES
The latter forbade the use of his name as a candidate against Taft

seat to seat, seeming to watch all ends of the hall from time to time and hurrying out for a conference. There was not a second that Senator Crane was not on the job with Director McKinley, planning on every turn for every minute of the convention gearings. Near him sat Governor Hadley, the Roosevelt floor leader, who held a position near the water tank on the rostrum. His Prince Albert coat and ministerial appearance made him a

It made a picture on the platform to see how Chairman Root, squinting and balancing his glasses on his thumb, was keeping time with the music. The agreement was to have three hours' debate, and the time was divided. Governor Hadley opened with his challenge. Former Senator Hemenway with upraised arm met the challenge of Flinn on the floor below as a choice sample of boss in Pennsylvania, —though not equal to Penrose—and told

the story of a Hoosier caucus in a direct, positive way.

* * *

In the great audience one found many men conspicuous in public life. There was former Secretary Cortelyou, who had held three cabinet portfolios, looking on coolly and surveying the scene with the practised eye of one who had begun his noteworthy public life as private secretary to President McKinley. Among the delegates from Pennsylvania was John Wanamaker, who later seconded the nomination of President Taft in a stirring address. He

repeated over and over again, until the momentum increased and echoed over the hall. Then the Taft men would take it up, "We want Taft," "We want Taft." There was no campaign song that seemed to last out the hour or the day. There was no "Tippecanoe and Tyler Too" to ring out a campaign cry. One gentleman at the Auditorium impersonated Colonel Roosevelt and shook hands with many people, who thought they were actually touching hands with the distinguished Colonel, but he did not attempt to sing. The bands would come



"SUNNY JIM" SHERMAN AND HIS FAMILY—FOUR GENERATIONS

seemed to be enjoying himself and was ready with witty reminiscences and good-natured retorts. The one thing lacking, as compared with all other conventions, was the old-time cheer for state leaders. There was only one cheered as he entered the hall, and that was former Vice-President Fairbanks of Indiana, and his busy time came when the platform was to be closed in a few hours. Many of the delegates were new men, and many young men who have yet their laurels to win, and some of the old leaders were received with jeers rather than with cheers.

One slogan that ran the rounds was "We want Teddy," "We want Teddy,"

marching down the streets in the evening serenading the Colonel, and from the second-story window on the corner of the hotel appeared the head and picturesque figure as he shook his fist shouting, "My hat is in the ring and will ever remain there." And the crowd cheered.

* * *

One delegate took the floor on the last day and grimly raised a point of order, and replied to Senator Root's inquiry, "I insist, sir, that the steam roller is exceeding the speed limit." The audience merrily laughed and shouted, while the little whistle reminding of the steam roller rang out amid cheers and laughter. Scarcely

had the prayer of Rev. John Wesley Hill rung out through the Auditorium in his peroration to Peace and praise of President Taft than the tiny tin whistles indi-



PRESIDENT TAFT AND HIS AUNT DELIA
Out for a walk

cating "steam rollers" chirped out. Some of the spectators rubbed sand paper to imitate the starting of the train, with all the vividness of a melodramatic tableau.

Around the telephone booths there were many indications of the "forgetteries" of the people. Outside there were tickets forgotten, and ladies in silks and satins waiting for tickets by the lamp post. "Which one?" was the question never answered. The police closed all the doors by an order from Chairman Root in his effort to preserve order, allowing no spectators to return after leaving their seats, and many a family circle was broken that day.

In the hotel corridors of the Annex and at the Blackstone mingled society women of Washington, New York, San Francisco, Chicago and almost every state and territory of the Union, and here were included many of the distinguished friends of both the leading candidates. An expert society reporter pronounced it the greatest gathering of society leaders ever assembled at a national convention.

In the midst of activities was stationed C. D. Hilles, secretary to President Taft, John Hays Hammond, and Mr. C. P. Taft, the elder brother of the President, keeping close watch of matters.

In the first day's speeches the old trained orators seemed to forget their phrases and became tangled with names. One looking out on the great audience could hardly wonder at it, for not only the audience itself, but the pent-up enthusiasm of the occasion seemed to inspire a different feeling from that of an ordinary gathering, and no one could prophesy what might happen in ten minutes with an audience in the convention fever. This led one Englishman to say, "Here is where your republic is a rope of sand. You have no control of yourselves. Your people do things in a moment of passion that they afterwards regret. I am not sure but that Lord Macaulay's prediction that a republic such as the United States could not prove a permanent success was not pretty jolly near the truth." The response was an irreverent "choo choo" that seemed to close all discussion.

The first Tuesday of oratory was the real bloodthirsty day of the Convention. There was Francis J. Heney of California, something of a scrapper, who made things lively. He brought a blush of defiance to the rotund face of Delegate

Stephenson of Colorado when he singled that gentleman out for attack. "Boss" Flinn blushed like a schoolboy when he seconded the nomination of McGovern for chairman and there was not even an invitation to an alley fistic encounter. William Seymour Edwards of Virginia was very militant in bearing when he seconded the nomination. Albert Bushnell Hart of Massachusetts, familiar with all the tactics of the armies of the United States, and with the past events in remote crevices and nooks of United States history—became flustered in the face of the great Convention, where twenty-five thousand political fans were hungering for real blood. There was a relief when they looked back at Hadley and Jim Watson standing ready for an oratorical knock-out bout. Back of Chairman Rosewater sat Congressman Olmsted of Pennsylvania as a parliamentary sponsor, ready with every suggestion on points of order, while the floor leaders on both sides were equally active with their maneuvers.

* * *

Saturday was the day of nomination climax, and while it was already felt that "the die was cast" in the withdrawal from voting of the Roosevelt men, nothing is considered certain in a political convention until the votes are counted. The arguments continued over the contested delegations, and as the reports of the Credential Committee were brought in state by state and debated, there was a hush when the final roll-call began. The clarion voice of one teller who announced the votes from the platform without a megaphone will ever be remembered—after orators are forgotten. At a Roosevelt conference the night before, it was agreed that the Roosevelt men should respond "present but not voting." This necessarily eliminated nomination fireworks. Warren G. Harding nominated William Howard Taft in a ringing speech, and it was during his speech that the climax of feeling was reached. A South Dakota Roosevelt delegate reached over and grabbed a Florida delegate by the head and scratched him until the blood flowed, but a doctor was promptly on hand from the Red Cross hospital in the building and dressed the wound, while the roll-call proceeded.

This incident was flashed out over the wires as one of the great riots of the Convention. Senator LaFollette was nominated by Mr. Olbrich of Wisconsin in one of those measured La Follette flights of oratory for which Wisconsin has been famous. As the roll-call proceeded, some of the Roosevelt delegates disregarded the Quaker edict of silence and voted for the Colonel. Others announced themselves "present but not voting," but there was an exciting moment when Chairman Root announced that in the poll of a state where delegates would not vote, the alternates could perform that function. Loyal Roosevelt men sat mutely in their seats and watched the roll-call progress.

The final roll-call began as the sun was setting in the West and shining through the great Coliseum windows. The chimes in the nearby church sounded strangely familiar. Suppressed excitement was at its height, because even then only those who were well posted,—and even they were on the anxious seat—could forecast the result. There was little wavering in the lines as arrayed in the initial vote for temporary chairman. When the vote for the state of Washington had been reached, the Taft delegates burst forth in cheers, realizing that the re-nomination of the President had been accomplished. There were fierce words and threats, but somehow the gleam of humor would come into the eyes of the antagonists as they left the hall.

* * *

The nomination of a vice-president was more or less perfunctory, as the intense interest centered on the presidential battle had submerged everything else. There was nothing more to be gained in a political way by the Taft adherents, who stood by the choice made by the New York delegation in the renomination of Vice-President James S. Sherman.

Late that night at Orchestra Hall a meeting was held and throngs gathered. Here the Roosevelt delegates announced their intention of forming a third party, a National Progressive party. A committee of seven was appointed to devise plans, and within the twinkling of an eye red bandanna handkerchiefs were brought forth as

emblematic of the "cowboy" or the "new progressive party," whatever it might be. This recalled the days when Thurman of Indiana was running for vice-president, but the 'kerchief was characteristic of their leader, Colonel Roosevelt, and had something of the free abandon and spirit of the West. They wore them on their arms and around their hats, but Saturday night there was a great rush for trains to get away after a strenuous week in which all business and everything else had been forgotten in the great Convention.

On Monday most of the delegates had returned home, but as early as Friday William Jennings Bryan had carefully packed away his brace of fountain pens and started for Baltimore with all the lessons of the Republican Convention in his mind to checkmate his adversary, Parker, as temporary chairman of the Democratic Convention. He did not succeed in doing this, but his subsequent work well indicated how he succeeded in dominating the convention at Baltimore. The character of the roll-call on the various states in the two conventions was very similar. It did not seem to indicate so much a breach between parties as between factions in each party.

* * *

In the Convention Hall Mr. Evans, the master spirit of the famous Moffett Studio of Chicago, kept the green radium lights aglow, and it seemed that every celebrity within the precinct of the Convention glare found his way to that studio. There were statesmen in every pose and posture, and the Moffett pictures have long since won international admiration.

The morning after the Convention the headquarters at the hotels were cleaned up of books and campaign literature. Buttons and badges were not carried away as souvenirs so generally. Three to six million dollars have been expended by the American people in holding their national convention, according to careful estimates.

Those who had come with "planks" for the platform and had felt the little force of the hammer and the screeching of the saw passed on their way. Samuel Gompers was in the lobby, wearing no badge that day.

The most spectacular speech incident to the Convention was when Colonel Roosevelt appeared in the Florentine Room at 1.30 in the morning and announced in staccato words, "As far as I am concerned—I am through." This was an appeal for the Roosevelt delegates not to recognize the national Convention as representative of the Republican party when the roll was called. He urged his delegates not to compromise. The crucial roll-call of the Convention was a vote made to table the motion by Governor Deneen barring delegates which the National Committee had awarded seats in contests. This would have then and there handed the Convention over to Roosevelt. This vote was 564 to 510.

* * *

Things were happening all the time that relieved the tension, and sometimes the joke was on the most distinguished visitors, which gave the cartoonists choice material and made the country laugh. One warm afternoon Senator Chauncey Depew slipped away from the hall and was chasing a piece of pie at the lunch counter. The waitress insisted on giving him peach pie. "Why," demanded the Senator, with much dignity, "do you give me peach when I ask not for it?" "Because, Senator, you are known to be a peach," she replied sweetly as the band played rag-time and the old-time echo resounded, "Chauncey am a peach!" When the band played "The Star Spangled Banner" and "America," the delegates and audience seemed to grow mellow and to forget in listening to the stirring strains of the national songs the acrimonies of the moment. These incidents soon dissipated the sneer of the cynic, for underneath faction and party differences there is the spirit of unity and patriotism made even stronger, it would seem, by the blows—given and taken—of political encounter.

* * *

The women delegates of the Convention attracted a great deal of attention when they responded to the roll-call in a strong and ringing feminine voice. It was interesting to note the active and enthusiastic interest of the women in the Convention. Senator William E. Borah was, perhaps, one of the most active and prominent

Roosevelt leaders, and when Mrs. Borah arrived it was soon discovered that she had the right to cast a ballot in Idaho. Mrs. Cecil A. Lyon of Texas insisted on the other hand that home was the proper place for women. Mrs. Pardee, wife of ex-Governor Pardee of California, was proud of the fact that her three daughters voted. Senator Dixon with his wife and five children made an interesting family party. The honor of calling the Convention to order was conferred upon Mr. Victor Rosewater, of whom his wife and family were most proud. Mrs. Rosewater insisted that she left all the voting with her husband, all her attention being absorbed in her family. It was a lively discussion.

* * *

One of the conspicuous newspaper men at the Convention was none other than Jud Welliver. He was pointed out as the individual that started all the rumpus and made the water run well under the bridge. There was speculation on every hand as to what this one and that one might do, and no man has been able to write more concisely on affairs political than the irrepressible Jud.

During the presidential nomination campaign many bitter words were spoken. It was startling indeed to see William J. Bryan cartooned so vigorously in the Hearst papers, and many old-time Republicans read with sad face the relentless attacks of the Chicago *Tribune* upon President Taft and the shafts thrust by the Chicago *Inter-Ocean* against Roosevelt.

Mr. Medill McCormick of the Chicago *Tribune* and Mr. John Callan O'Laughlin, Washington correspondent of the same paper, were the most implacable foes of President Taft. The influence of the *Tribune* upon public sentiment is quite as marked as in the days of its founder, Joseph Medill, whose editorial utterance was quoted by former Congressman James W. Tawney to support the position of the National Committee, disavowing the power of state sovereignty to compel all district delegates to submit to the unit rule of the state, no matter what might be the feeling or status in their own districts.

Conspicuous among the Roosevelt leaders at the Blackstone was Mr. Frank A. Munsey, owner and founder of *Munsey's Magazine*. He had his four daily newspapers in Washington, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Boston all training heavy Roosevelt guns. Mr. George W. Perkins was also on hand, grinding at things in his own quiet way. Mr. Gifford Pinchot and James R. Garfield, former officials in the Roosevelt administration, were active in their councils.

Henry Allen of Kansas read the final statement of Colonel Roosevelt before the Convention, in which the Colonel requested his supporters to refuse to vote for any candidate, and the statement brought forth the last lusty, defiant cheers for Roosevelt.

The Taft forces were equally loyal. At the center of activities was Mr. Charles H. Booker of Connecticut, a supporter of President Taft, who began early and continued steadfast until the nomination was officially announced. Glimpses of many old friends were caught in passing.

There was the familiar face of Elmer Dover, formerly Secretary of the National Committee for many years, and Perry S. Heath, prominent in the McKinley campaign, called attention to the similarity of this campaign to that of 1896. No one can tell what a trifling incident may effect a vote.

The rousing rally at the Iowa headquarters for Cummins as the third man was managed by his colleague, Senator Kenyon, and it looked for a time that a break would be made for a third man and that Cummins would be the man. At the meeting on Monday morning of the new National Committee the heated temper of the week had cooled down somewhat, and under a resolution passed by the Convention only members could serve on the committee who would support the nominee. But after it is all over, it is agreed that the Republican National Committee did its work conscientiously. The rumbles at Baltimore were already being heard. June was to prove a month of continuous performance in political conventions.

In the Baltimore Convention Hall *by The Editor*

THE PASSING OF NATIONAL POLITICAL CONVENTIONS



THE moment that William Jennings Bryan, with pale face, firm-set lips and a fan in his hand, grasped the rail in front of the platform at the Baltimore Convention, his dominating spirit was manifest. Although the vote on temporary chairman was a defeat, the peerless one had arrived fresh from the struggles at Chicago—ready to make a sacrifice hit. He was hailed by many delegates as one who had arrived with new and ripened experiences to lead on to victory, even after three unsuccessful campaigns for the presidency. He did not seem much like the picture of Bryan sixteen years ago at Chicago; he was much stouter and older, with his wavy black locks missing at the crown, yet he was in the full maturity of his strength and seemed determined to inspire that Convention.

The ninety New York delegates were the special object of his attack. From the hurricane deck he kept up his fire of oratory during the long convention with but one determination, to defeat the purposes of the New York delegates, even though he had to disregard his instructions as a delegate to vote for Clark. Once the sacred promise of the primaries was broken, the Convention became a struggle of endurance.

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Baltimore was all aglow, and the weather was hot unto melting. The great Convention Hall presented an inspiring picture. During the previous week at Chicago the temperature was cooler in more ways

than one, but here the Convention delegates and guests alike doffed their coats, so that it became a veritable tableau of shirtsleeve democracy. The hall is not as large as the Coliseum but was handsomely decorated in gay colors. Large portraits of Jefferson, Jackson, and Washington, underneath which were displayed stirring epigrams, looked down upon the scene. The guidons of the states, instead of being horizontal as at Chicago, were upright and abbreviated at Baltimore. Most of the sessions were held in the evening, and the spectators enjoyed themselves with the same "bleacher" freedom as at Chicago, and were always ready for a stretch and a "demonstration" at the "seventh inning." It seemed like a great ball game, and most of the utterances of the chair had to be commuted to a megaphone to be heard across the sea of faces. Sergeant-at-Arms Martin in shirt sleeves let his watchful smile beam from the platform.

The trim and natty Wilson delegates with bands around their hats, "Win With Wilson," many of them strong-hearted graduates not long from college, seemed to feel in the magic alliteration the slogan of victory.

There was a large attendance from Washington, and foreigners looked with great interest upon every phase of the Convention. One diplomat, wearing the ribbon of the Legion of Honor, insisted that in the political convention was reflected the keen, aggressive efficiency of the American individual, but, he declared, these great

conventions also show why the American people can never work together harmoniously for the general welfare as do European nations. When Judge Alton B. Parker took the chair as temporary chairman it revived the memory that he was once a Democratic candidate for the presidency. He met the gibes and jeers bravely, and volleyed hot shot in his keynote speech.

In the early evening, as the crowds poured into the building, the policemen and gatemen had hard work to keep them back. The platform was small, but everyone wanted to get upon it. Among its occupants Senator Vardaman of Mississippi, with his long hair and suave manner, was conspicuous. The bands played, the people were in good spirits, and the hours seemed to pass swiftly as they do in any great crowd that is intently watching the game. The newspaper men with dainty pink badges sat on either side of the platform, and the messenger boys



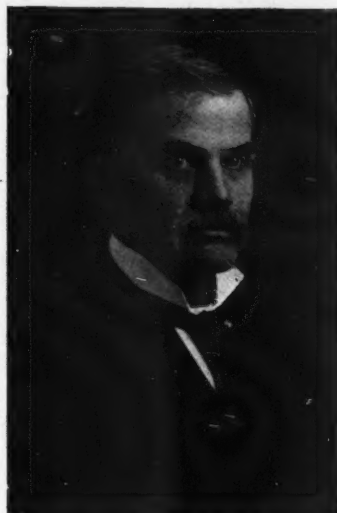
NORMAN E. MACK OF NEW YORK
Chairman of the Democratic National Committee

were shot catapult-like under the stage as the proceedings were relayed from the platform to the wire.

* * *

In the opening hours it looked as if Speaker Clark would have the nomination.

He had the largest number of instructed delegates, but it became apparent soon after the opening that Bryan was bitterly opposing him. The keen-eyed Wilson men saw their advantage and kept pushing forward tactfully, vote by vote, picking



SENATOR JOHN SHARP WILLIAMS
Of Mississippi. An old-time convention leader

up one here and there and ever making progress. The real, dramatic scene of the Convention was on the evening that the nominating speeches were scheduled. Senator Ollie James was on hand as permanent chairman, and began the system of rapping, rapping, rapping, which suggested to one hearer that the spirit of Edgar Allan Poe, the author of "The Raven," who lived in Baltimore, might be present. When the figure of Bryan appeared on the rostrum there was wild cheering. He held no fan in his hand this time, he did not enter the oratorical contest then subsiding, but held in his hand a resolution, and with his voice ringing out over the auditorium he declaimed it, reading out of the party then and there any candidate having the support of the New York delegation, or of J. Pierpont Morgan, August Belmont, or Thomas F. Ryan. Mr. Ryan was present on the floor as a delegate.

The resolution, as introduced by Mr. Bryan, read as follows:

"Resolved: That in this crisis in our party's career, and in our country's his-

F. Ryan, August Belmont, or any other member of the privilege-hunting and favor-seeking class.

"Be it further resolved: That we demand the withdrawal from this convention of any delegate or delegates constituting or representing the above-named interests."

This brought forth a protest from the Virginia delegation. The question of states' sovereignty was discussed, the one delicate question among the Southern delegates. Former Governor MacCorkle, of West Virginia, shook his locks in defiance, but Bryan had made an adroit move, determined to win or to lose quickly. In the press gallery at the right sat Senator La Follette, an interested observer. The closing speech of the Great Commoner, though brief, with its "bond-slave" defiance, had in it just the sort of ring that recalled his famous "Cross of Gold" speech sixteen years ago in Chicago. The "fans" among the spectators almost ceased to flutter as the vote was called, and it was at once seen that no matter what individual



CHARLES MURPHY

The Chief of Tammany Hall, who aroused the bitter assault of W. J. Bryan

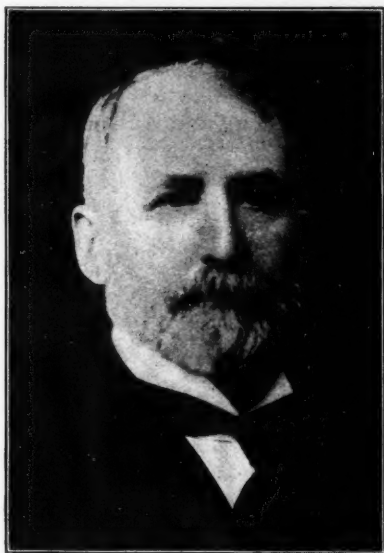
tory, this convention sends greeting to the people of the United States, and assures them that the party of Jefferson and of Jackson is still the champion of popular government and equality before the law. As proof of our fidelity to the people, we hereby declare ourselves opposed to the nomination of any candidate for President who is the representative of, or under any obligation to J. Pierpont Morgan, Thomas



HON. OSCAR W. UNDERWOOD

delegates might think, they could not vote against the resolution. This was the flying wedge with which Bryan beat down his enemies.

The nominating speeches did not begin until late in the evening and continued most of the night. The sandwiches and pop bottles were passed, and the crowds, some asleep in the gallery, others wearily dragging through the aisles, insisted on seeing it through. There was a demonstration from some quarter now and then to break the monotony. Oscar W. Underwood's was the first name placed in nomination for President, and his sturdy band of Southern delegates gave him a great ovation. As the night session drew on and collars became wilted and bedraggled, there was grim determination manifest among the delegates as the long series of roll-calls were megaphoned. To Mr. Bryan it must have seemed like a gigantic Chautauqua audience, and he realized the traditional perspiring weather for successful Chautauqua audiences. That is the



MAYOR GAYNOR OF NEW YORK
One of the dark horses at Baltimore

only condition under which people will remain in serried rows of seats for a long stretch of time. The speakers have to melt down to them. The Convention Hall was a veritable Turkish bath. In the boxes were many society ladies of the South and

a large representation of Washington official society, including Mrs. William Howard Taft, who had come to witness the nomination of the man who was to oppose her husband. She seemed to enjoy it all and heard Chairman Ollie James pound



JUDGE ALTON B. PARKER
Temporary Chairman of the Convention

away at Taft and Roosevelt both telling the truth about the other being the friend of trusts. The crowd cheered and laughed and Mrs. Taft joined with the rest. In response to a senatorial question she said, "It's very interesting, and I don't suppose I could expect them to indorse the administration of a Republican President, could I?" "Well, not exactly," laughed Senator Newlands as he returned her greeting. Ollie James was then telling about Colonel Roosevelt not finding all the wild beasts in Africa, but that a few were left on Wall Street. Mrs. Taft wore "a dream" of a purple hat, which became the cynosure of many admiring eyes, even if their object and intent on that occasion was to name a man who was to wrest from her husband the honor of President.

The tempo of the gavel clatter clanging away was a break in the monotony. Grim, and like a stone wall, sat the New York delegation as the roll-calls proceeded.

There was a wild demonstration when their vote was thrown to Clark from Harmon; but it was not enough to daunt the Wilson line. The break in the Clark lines came, and Bryan battered at "the ramparts of predatory wealth" and widened the breach irrevocably. Wilson was picked as the favorite at this point, and the enthusiasm

Colonel Harvey who first launched Woodrow Wilson for the presidency. He was wearing his large horn spectacles, had a cigar in his mouth, and sat erect, with a thoughtful face—perhaps thinking of the presidential nominee he had made possible, and of the consummation here and now of the work he began in *Harper's Weekly*.



SPEAKER CHAMP CLARK

And the hat which his admirers felt sure was of presidential size

of his boomers incited other incipient demonstrations. At one time the delegate floor was filled with banners for Clark, Wilson, Foss, and Underwood with proclamations inscribed to influence votes.

* * *

When the great Wilson demonstration was at its full tide, I looked with interest upon Colonel George Harvey, who sat directly in front of me, and I was wondering what he was thinking of, for it was

As Bryan passed in and out of the hall, a little ripple of applause would follow in his wake, and it was thus always easy to trace the leader's movements. I met him after his resolution had passed as he came down the platform perspiring, but with face aglow, grasping the hands of friends, feeling he had made the greatest achievement of his life to hold his votes in line. A sense of humor pervaded the whole assembly, including the galleries,



DR. WOODROW WILSON
NOMINATED BY THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY FOR PRESIDENT AT BALTIMORE CONVENTION

as the roll-call proceeded "over and over again," like the words of the popular song. Prominent at such times were the figures of Senator Stone and Governor Francis of Missouri, fighting with all their vigor for the Missouri man. The glittering arc-



MR. AND MRS. PERRY BELMONT
Of Washington and New York. Among the prominent
society folks who attended the Convention

lights overhead spluttered and the Convention sweltered and sweltered, and the delegates voted and voted again.

* * *

Saturday evening approached, when it was realized there could be no break, and an adjournment was planned for Monday morning, in the hope that a conference might pull things together. The veteran Senator Tillman was taken ill during the Convention, and John Sharp Williams displayed some of his old-time fervor as he stood upon his seat and hailed the chairman from the Mississippi delegation. Politics is a part of the great sporting life of America, and there was just enough change in the ballots to whet interest, but as the names of the states were called again and again, one could not help but be impressed with the glory of the nation, even if the teller would sing out "Hay-why-you" for Hawaii,

and Ar-izo-nay. Every little slip in pronunciation was caught up by the crowd, and sometimes the name of a state was as indefinite as the stations announced by railway brakemen, but when the caller shouted "New York!" there was something snappy, staccato, positive and final in his tone, and the vote came in response "straight from the shoulder" as a unit. In front of the great speaker's gallery the ladies had pinned their hats to the bunting, and it looked like a millinery array. There were many expert press-writers in Section 11, including George Fitch and Finley Peter Dunne, the inimitable "Dooley." Down in front was Judge Cato Sells with the solid forty delegates from Texas, the largest single solid state delegation on the Wilson list. Ballot after ballot was taken, and never once did the Texas line break. Among them was Congressman Henry, loaded with his money trust resolution. The splendid work of Judge Sells in the primary cam-



SENATOR WILLIAM J. STONE
who managed the Clark campaign

paign made the vote of the Texas delegation a Gibraltar of assurance for the candidate at Sea Girt, New Jersey. Speaker Clark was induced to come over to the Convention City after the Bryan break, and this was not good for his cause.

"Champ should have remembered the fate of the Colonel at Chicago," said one of his friends afterward, for it seems to be a peculiar irony of conventions, with few exceptions, not to nominate a man who is present. Distance seems necessary to lend a political enchantment for nominating purposes.

One day was entirely devoted to regular old-fashioned oratory. There was Congressman Clayton of Alabama and there was Johnson of Texas, but the kingpin at Baltimore was Bryan, who was greeted with the song, "What's the matter with Bryan, his hat is in the ring." There was a similarity in the Conventions even to the character of the votes cast by various states. America has been called "the country of nine days," for nine days is about as long as one great excitement can hold the center of the stage. It is curious how quickly the heat and temper of conventions alter. When one party attacks another, partisan spirit and blood begin to resent it and form opposing lines.



JOHN W. MARTIN
Sergeant-at-Arms

The feeling of Bryan at the start was that the so-called progressive vote of the country must be bid for, and bid for high by the platform and candidate, but in the crowded hotels at Baltimore there was a seething mass of temper which has made

breaches in the party quite as big as those formed at the Convention in Chicago.

* * *

Proud was the man at Baltimore who possessed the little brown pasteboard



CONGRESSMAN MARTIN LITTLETON
Of New York, prominent in convention activities

signed by Josephus Daniels which gave him the run of the floor and the press gallery. The result was a flashlight, moving picture style of reporting, which included flashing on the wire every detail of noise and rumble. The great spotlight of publicity was not only upon every delegate, but even upon the inflection of the voice as it was caught in answering a roll-call. It is not so much what is said at a convention as what is heard, and in almost the twinkling of an eye the temper of the great throng is turned from thumbs up to thumbs down.

The earnestness of the proceedings both at Baltimore and Chicago is a most hopeful omen for the future of American politics. It shows how the people are not only thinking, but expressing themselves. The singular fact is brought out that Clark, who had the majority of the presidential primary delegates for Baltimore, was defeated, and the same conditions failed Colonel Roosevelt at Chicago; and singu-

larly enough Woodrow Wilson won at Baltimore despite his defeat at presidential primaries, just as did President Taft. Future candidates may be wary of presidential preferential primaries. In reviewing the political conventions for the past twenty years, the one thing most noticeable is the gradual disappearance of the groups of prominent leaders. The blow struck by Bryan was to divorce business interest entirely from politics, or as one critic said, "make politics a business."

At the Baltimore Convention it was seen that the party at large had little regard for mere official authority in their ranks at Washington. The argument that Washington contained the logical, official and successful leadership of the party as exemplified for instance in the person of the speaker, was of no avail. The determined, aggressive and relentless cohorts of Wilson were there to nominate their man, and it is generally agreed that W. J. Bryan helped to knock down the persimmon.



A GROUP OF NOTABLE DEMOCRATS WHO WERE IN BALTIMORE FOR THE CONVENTION

From left to right—Urey Woodson of Kentucky, Mrs. Taggart, Tom Taggart of Indiana, Mrs. Mack, Senator Newlands of Nevada, and Norman E. Mack of New York

Senator Martine, Congressman Hughes of New Jersey, and the Wilson leaders and supporters included many of the commuters from New York City. New Jersey is undergoing a great political change because of the active interest taken in politics by the large residential population doing business in New York City. The old-time convention methods have passed. There will be some ingenuous souls who will immediately set to work to plan new ideas and sensations for 1916—or will the platform suggestion for a six-year single term for President prevail?

Every four years one has to revise his list of political bed-fellows. One state that comes forth with a rousing endorsement of Bryan one year, throws him out the next, and vice-versa. When he mentioned having back of him six million Democratic voters, he made an impressive statement, but there is always the inquisitive soul who will ask "When were they back of him?" The American voter, like a woman, reserves the privilege of changing his mind.

There was little to distinguish the two conventions either at hotel sessions or

in the convention halls. The assembly at Chicago may have been more sedate and even more orderly in its procedure, despite intense bitterness, but the enthusiasm of anticipated victory certainly created a spirit of lively interest at Baltimore. One cannot read the two platforms without being impressed with the fact that, after all, the American people all want about the same thing, but want it in a different way, through different parties, represented by different men. This is where the strong individual initiative of the American comes into play in

of people in the tunnel suffered tortures that would not be permitted by a society for the prevention of cruelty to animals, but human beings are here exempt. Why it is that the interstate commerce committee, with the tunnel under its very



SENATOR LUKE LEA OF TENNESSEE
A prominent figure in the Bryan-Wilson campaign

contradistinction to the military and precise massing of forces as in Europe, to secure results without individual glory.

* * *

Delegates on the Pennsylvania line were brought into Baltimore from Washington through the stifling inferno known as a tunnel. Sweltering, suffocating masses



SENATOR OLLIE JAMES
Permanent Chairman of the Convention

nose, has never made a move to require the Pennsylvania road to give attention to this disgraceful matter has never been understood, and many delegates at Baltimore insisted that it is the one thing that ought to deserve a special plank in the platform.

The delegates as a body were fairly worn out under the aggressive hammering of the Wilson forces. The New Jersey delegates returned from their nearby homes after a quiet Sunday refreshed for the assault on Monday.

The closing session on Monday put a picturesque conclusion to the long, hard struggle of roll-calls. Roll-call blanks, as a rule, are of little use at a convention, but the hoodoo of fifty ballots was avoided. The cost at Chicago and Baltimore represented an outlay of millions of dollars, but it also represented through both political parties the great voice of the American

people. There was a stirring moment in the Baltimore Convention when a banner in the Convention Hall announced the fact that Woodrow Wilson was born at Staunton, Virginia, and was pronounced the most available Southern-born candidate. Although the older Dominion State delegates were opposing him, it thrilled them to realize that the state which began the history of the country as "the mother of presidents" was about to present her own again for the honor. When one

was about as interesting as the rush of arrivals. There were tickets to be validated, and sleepers to be secured, and the crowded throngs around the station indicated the flowing tides of humanity from every state and territory, including Hawaii, Porto Rico, Alaska and the Philippines, who had joined in the deliberations of the great conventions.

* * *

Of course he was there. J. Hamilton Lewis, now of Chicago, made a good



MRS. TAFT, WIFE OF THE PRESIDENT, AT THE BALTIMORE CONVENTION

As a guest of Mrs. Hugh Wallace and Mrs. Norman E. Mack, wife of the chairman of the Democratic National Committee

realizes that in these great conventions, the passing of a few moments of time determines a national policy, and an unexpected demonstration may make or unmake a President of the greatest democracy on earth, it is small wonder that delegates and spectators feel that hoarse throats are honorable distinctions as they return home feeling that the waving of hats and fans and the shouting have all played their part in the psychological moment that presented a candidate for President.

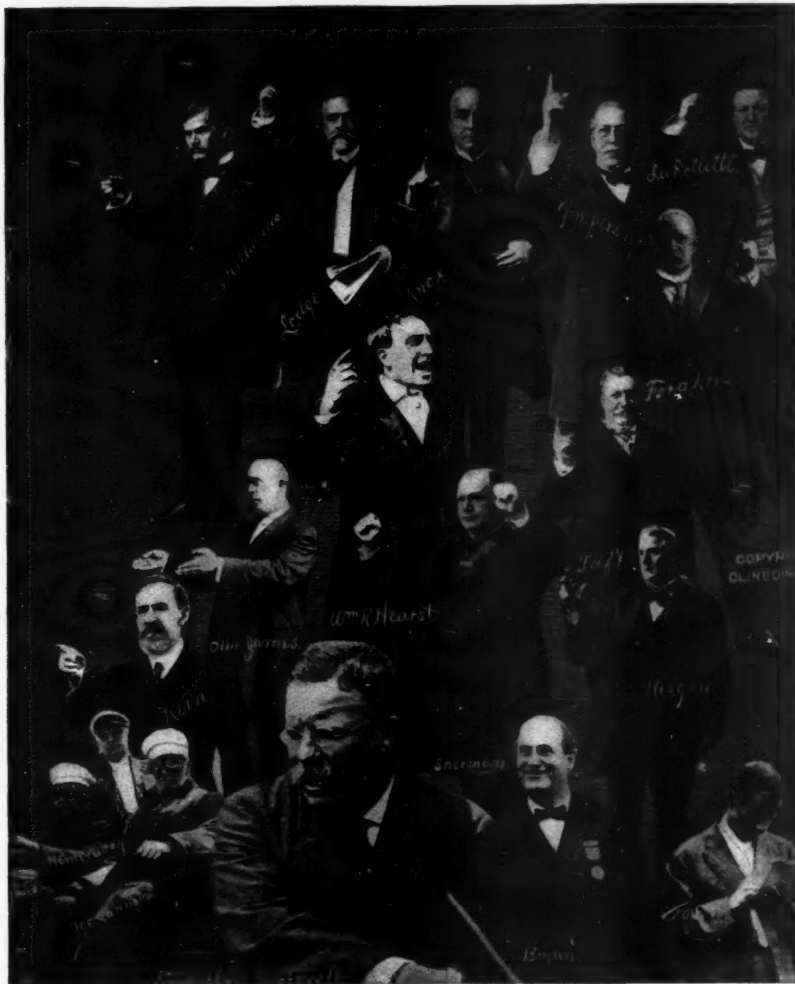
The rush to get away from Baltimore

presiding officer, and despite his national reputation for politeness and suavity; when he pointed his fingers at the gallery and said "boo," they kept quiet. He sweltered in neat attire, had an extra trim on those whiskers, and he rapped that gavel *allegretto con amore*. But he kept his coat carefully buttoned, and with a genteel bow commanded attention from the great seething Convention quite as effectively as did the ponderous form of Senator James.

One of the conspicuous features of the Convention was the parade of Suffragettes in Baltimore, with over a thousand women

in line. The setting was elaborate. The votaries of votes for women rendered historical, allegorical and fancy dress demonstrations of their belief in suffrage.

The Democratic platform included six thousand words and makes the tariff plank paramount. The two-thirds rule at a Democratic Convention was adopted



THE CAMPAIGN ORATOR IS SOON TO BE ABROAD IN THE LAND

Portraits of prominent public men posed as they appear on the stump in the days of presidential campaigns

The ladies began their campaign with uniformed political clubs and torch light processions, and there was no doubt even among the most cynical that the demonstration won friends for their cause.

by the enemies of Martin Van Buren for the purpose of defeating him, and few people thought that this same two-thirds rule would be the means of defeating Speaker Clark after winning a majority of

delegates at the primaries. A few of the most enthusiastic Wilson supporters still believe that he could have carried the Convention in early days. The roll-call started with the names of Clark, Wilson, Harmon, Underwood, Marshall, Foss, and Baldwin.

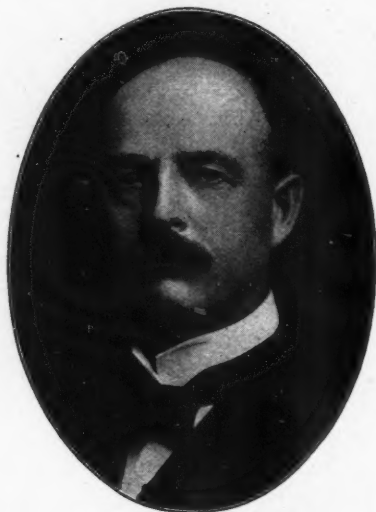
The Convention along in the wee small hours of the night session, when they were



EX-GOVERNOR DAVID R. FRANCIS
One of the active Clark supporters at Baltimore

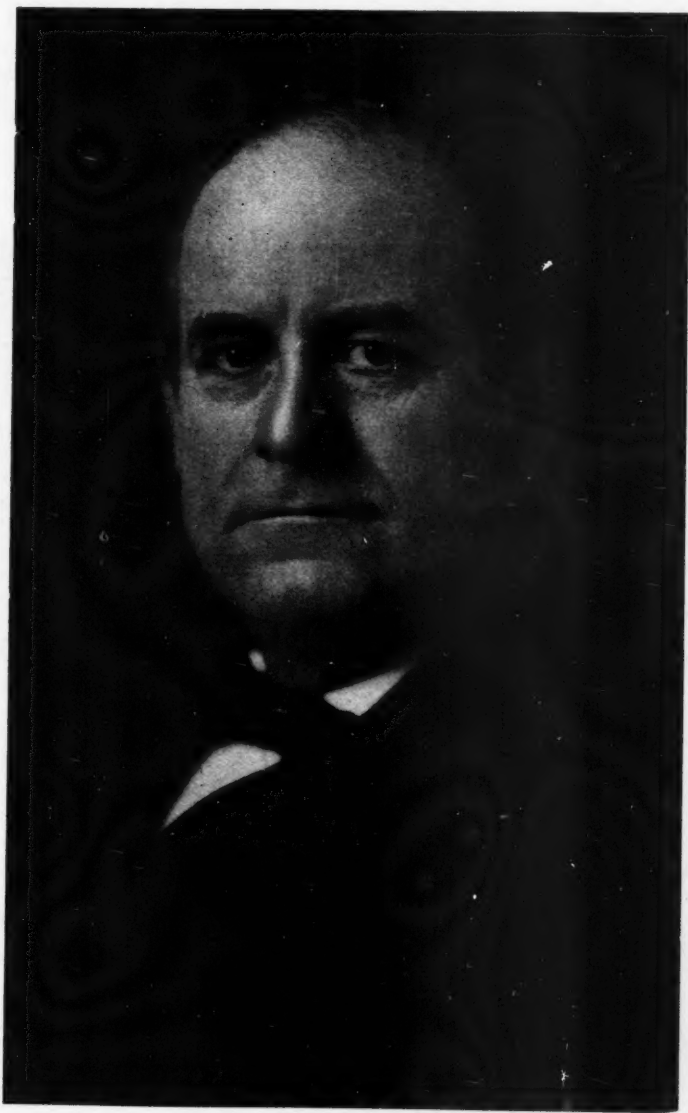
busy talking about the fifteenth ballot, was an interesting study. It was not easy to see how much more accustomed to political convention warfare were the delegates from western states than those of the East, and the query was put up to the fair-haired young lad known as George Fitch, who was trying to write his comical stuff, as the gloom of night was fading into the dawn of another day. The Convention is the great field of the cartoonist and special writer. There is a new picture in almost every point of view. There is the little girl whose father is a delegate, and the little boy whose uncle is a "prominent citizen," both standing with wide-open eyes just drinking it all

in. There is the elderly lady, quietly plying her fan, who has witnessed the nomination of Stephen A. Douglas and is brave enough to tell it; there is the retired judge of smooth face and benign smile. It was a composite view of the nation itself as one looked over the faces of the delegates below, rimmed by tier on tier of spectators. The diversion that appeased the craving for political excitement seemed almost to demand the gladiatorial sports of ancient Rome. There is not a convention where scars are not left and public careers as ruthlessly snuffed out, as sacrifice to appease the shifting tides of public sentiment, which must always have its victim on the altar.



JUDGE CATO SELLS OF TEXAS
Leader of the solid Wilson delegation

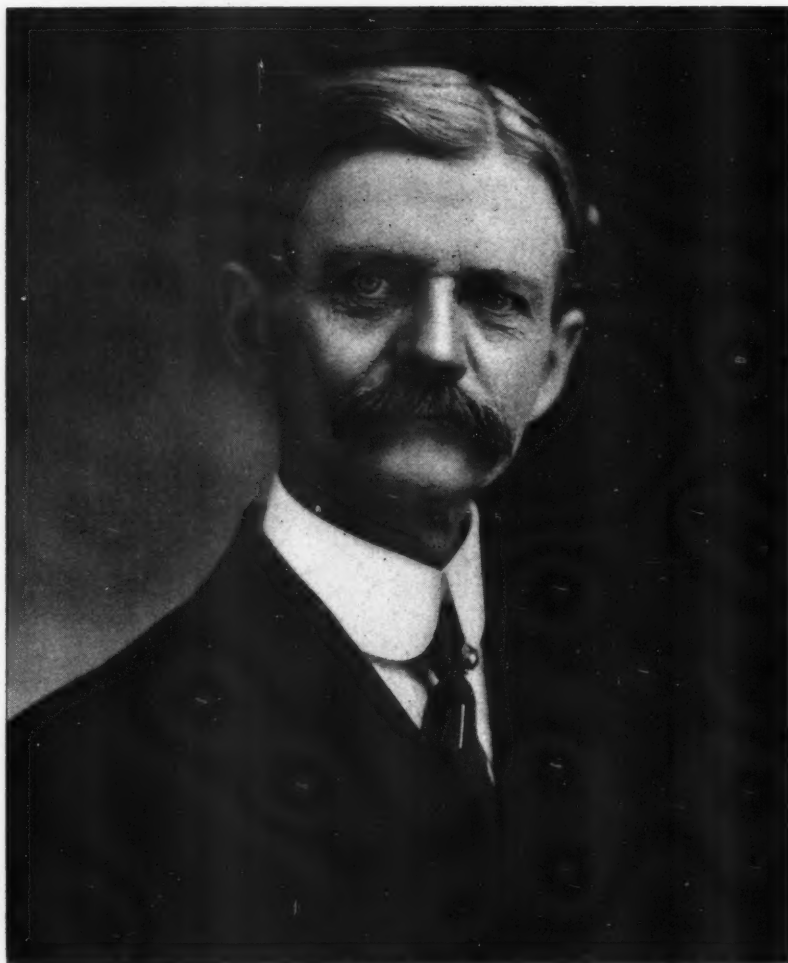
The passing of great political conventions in which the public will have its part is almost certain. Presidential primaries have come to stay, but they will have to be planned in such a way as to give a full, free and fair expression of the will of the voters, and this will have the effect in a measure of making the primaries even more important and essential than the elections themselves. Elections will prove more a ratification of the primary vote, and the boundaries of political



WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN
THE DOMINATING SPIRIT OF THE BALTIMORE CONVENTION

activity will be flung far out on the skirmish line of the primaries. The passing of badges and buttons, and the adoption of simpler ensigns for personal favorites is marked. The historian will have to look far afield in the files of newspapers and periodicals to find a record of political conventions before many more presidents are elected. This is the conclusion of one eminent gentleman who has written much on the science of government. After a

week's perspective, far away in the woods with the fresh-caught fish frying in the pan, the meadows a-flutter with summer breezes, and the scented woods of July throwing out their fragrance, one wonders why all this bitterness and strife! American people have a way of adjusting themselves to conditions, and it is difficult for one in just a calm frame of mind to understand why we must tear passion to tatters in merely nominating a President.



THOMAS RILEY MARSHALL
Nominee for Vice-President on the Democratic ticket

Wealth from Sunshine



Truman G. Palmer



THE UNITED STATES is paying \$100,000,000 or more every year for foreign sunshine. And this in spite of the fact that we have within our own borders all the varieties and degrees of sunlight, wind, rain and every other weather factor that anyone could reasonably ask. One would think that we might better keep this tidy sum of money at home now that international business conditions are none too favorable and the cost of living is steadily rising. Why not use our own stored-up sunbeams instead of paying this heavy tribute to other nations? If we must buy from other countries, let us buy what we ourselves are not able to produce to advantage.

This hundred million dollars annual expenditure for the concentrated sunlight of other climes represents in round figures the amount paid out for foreign-grown sugar, which is only carbon, hydrogen and oxygen, and comes from the wind, rain and sunshine which sweeps over the fields. There is no reason why this sugar should not be grown within the United States. In that case the \$100,000,000 that now goes abroad every year to pay for sugar would be distributed at home among American farmers and workmen and transportation companies. More important still, it would lead to a great improvement in agricultural conditions and an immense increase in farm yields, so that in this way it would benefit every citizen of the country.

The best proof that the United States is capable of growing all the sugar it needs is found in the fact that already half the entire national supply is produced under

the American flag. Of this, in turn, half is grown in insular possessions of the nation, Hawaii, Porto Rico and the Philippines, while the other half is produced in what may be called continental United States. Last year the production of sugar in the various states was over 1,700,000,000 pounds, or nearly twenty pounds for every man, woman and child in the country.

This is a great amount of sugar. It would be sufficient to supply the entire demand of the country if we ate no more of this product per capita than do the people of Italy or Spain today, or than we ate a few years ago. But Americans are greater consumers of sugar than are the people of any other nationality, with a single exception. As a nation we use vastly more sugar than any other people except our British cousins. It takes more than seven billion pounds of sugar to satisfy the American sweet tooth, or nearly one-fifth of the production of the entire world. This means that the average amount used by each person, man, woman and child, from one end of the country to the other, is about eighty pounds a year. The per capita consumption in Great Britain is about a pound more than this. Sugar is a great energy producer. It is recognized by the scientists, who have studied food values, as having a higher potentiality in this direction than almost any other article of common use. Undoubtedly the reputation that Americans hold of being the most energetic people in the world is due in part to the fact that they are great sugar eaters. At any rate, as our national life has become more complex and strenuous, the amount of sugar

consumed by Americans has increased at a very rapid rate. There is no reason to doubt that it will continue to increase in the future and that the national demand for sugar will advance more rapidly than will the growth in population.

Here, then, we have the greatest sugar market in the world among our own people. Let us see what equipment we have for supplying the market.

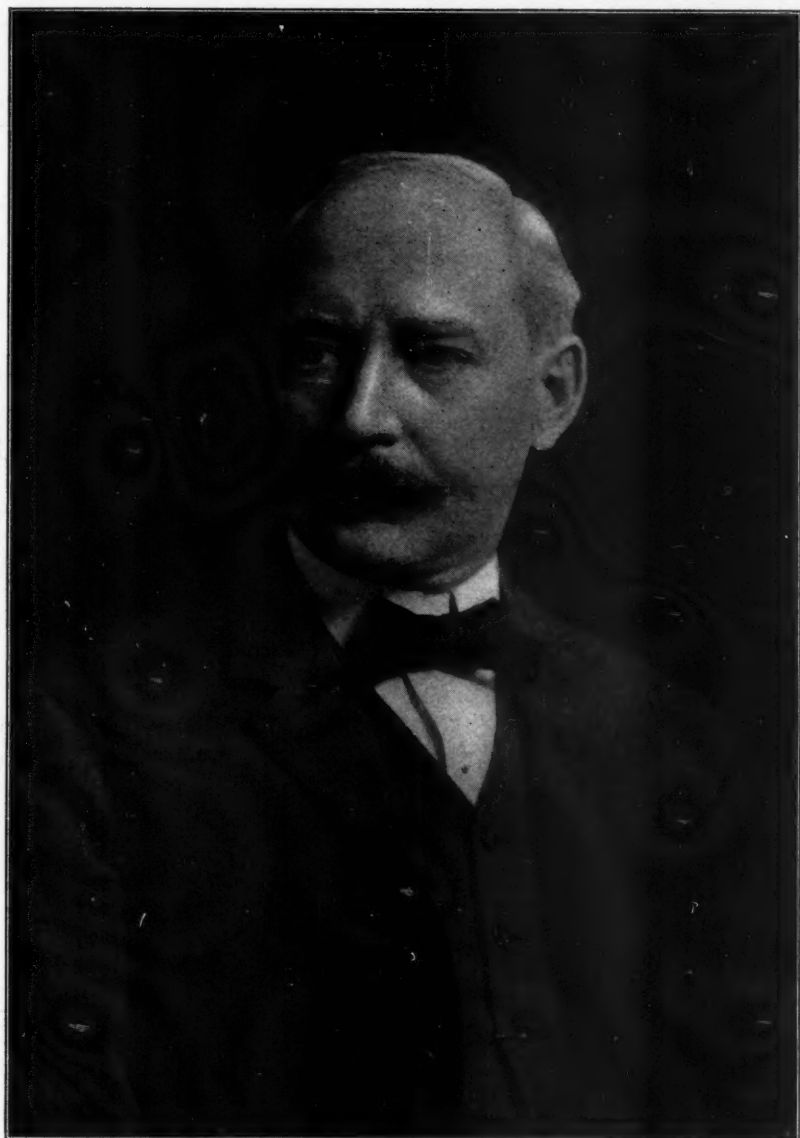
The United States is blessed with a wonderful variety of climate and soils. It can grow all the crops of the temperate zones and many that are characteristic of sub-tropical regions. It is one of the very few great independent nations that can grow sugar-cane at home. For a hundred years and more the making of sugar and molasses from cane has been the great agricultural industry of Louisiana. Within recent years it has spread along the Gulf Coast into Texas. There have been wide fluctuations in the extent of the crop, but the present annual production of sugar in this part of the country rests at about 700,000,000 pounds. Louisiana is just entering on vast drainage enterprises that will add millions of acres to her farm lands and will multiply the acreage available for cane growing. In Texas the sugar area can be greatly extended. South Carolina, Georgia and all the southern states bordering the Gulf are capable of becoming sugar producers, and were sugar producers in ante-bellum times. They still produce cane syrup to the value of \$25,000,000 a year.

But sugar-cane, important and valuable as it is, today supplies hardly half the sugar used by the world. Within the past century a new means of satisfying the universal craving for sweets has been developed* to wonderful proportions. The method of extracting sugar from beets was the discovery of a German scientist, but the credit for establishing the culture of sugar beets as a world industry belongs to Napoleon. In the course of his great struggle with England the Emperor of the French issued his famous decrees forbidding commercial relations with that country and specifically prohibiting importations from British colonial possessions from which at that time practically the entire supply of sugar was obtained.

Cut off from this supply, the price of sugar in France rose within a few years to a dollar a pound and threatened a revolt among his own subjects. Napoleon, however, had had eminent French scientists studying the sugar beet and experimenting to determine its possibilities. As a result of their investigations he was able to meet the difficulty by directing that ninety thousand acres of land in various parts of the country should be devoted to the culture of sugar beets. At the same time he called attention to the fact, discovered in the experiments conducted by his experts, that "the growing of beet roots improves the soil, and that the residue of the fabrication furnishes an excellent food for cattle."

In such dramatic and arbitrary fashion did the humble beet make its appearance as a factor destined to assume world-wide and mighty commercial importance. To Napoleon it was only a minor incident in his herculean struggle for dominion, but it stands today as the most beneficent single act of his career, for the demonstration that beet culture improves the soil and increases the yield of other crops used in rotation with this one has revolutionized the agricultural methods of the leading countries of continental Europe; has halted the flood of emigration that formerly poured out of these countries and has solved for a long time to come, and perhaps for all time, the threatening problem with which they were confronted, of providing a food supply for their people.

After Napoleon's downfall the Cossacks stabled their horses in the beet sugar factories of France, and in the chaotic conditions that followed but two factories survived. But the French peasants who had been driven into the culture of sugar beets by Napoleon's arbitrary decree had learned its value. Gradually the industry expanded. About the middle of the nineteenth century Germany took it up. With keen appreciation of the great service rendered by sugar beets in increasing the yield of other crops, the industry was encouraged by heavy tariffs on imported sugar, by bounties on sugar exports and in a variety of other ways. Soon after, Austria-Hungary, Russia, Belgium, Holland and other countries followed



TRUMAN G. PALMER

this example, and for many years the spectacle was presented of the greatest nations of continental Europe engaged in a furious struggle for leadership in the production of sugar, a struggle that became so bitter and so exhausting that in 1902 it was ended by an international agreement known as the Brussels Conference. This agreement is still in force, and in fact has been renewed within the past few months. Its existence is a striking

commercial importance. The earlier period was an experimental one when Americans were learning how to build and operate sugar factories and under what conditions of soil and culture beets could be grown. This experimental period demonstrated that there is an immense belt of territory in the United States extending from New England in the northeast through the middle western states and then spreading out to embrace



[CATERPILLAR ENGINE WITH PLOW AND HARROW PREPARING GROUND FOR SOWING OF BEETS

commentary upon the important and exalted position that the humble root, which gained its foothold only through the force of Napoleon's imperial order, has come to occupy in the minds of statesmen and economists of the Old World.

It was not until twenty years ago, long after the sugar beet had firmly established its importance in Europe, that beet culture began to be seriously attempted in the United States, and only within the past decade has it risen to a position of

practically the whole of the mountain and Pacific Coast region, all of which is thoroughly adapted to sugar beet growing. How rapid the growth of the industry has been in recent years is shown by the increase in the amount of sugar produced from beets, which has grown from 72,000,000 pounds in 1899 to nearly 1,200,000,000 pounds the present year, an increase of over 1,600 per cent.

At the present time the beet sugar industry is established in seventeen states

with seventy-one factories in operation and several others in course of construction. Half a million acres are planted to sugar and \$45,000,000 is distributed to farmers, laborers, transportation companies and sellers of supplies in the operations connected with the making of beet sugar. How far this is from representing the sugar-producing capacity of the country is shown by the fact that the area estimated by the Department of Agriculture as

terred capital and enterprise from embarking in the business; the disinclination of the farmers of the country to take up new crops; the scarcity of labor for the cultivation and handling of the crop; and a persistent belief, which even now finds occasional expression, that sugar beets are "hard on the land," that they quickly exhaust the fertility of the soil and that for this reason they are an undesirable crop for the farmer to cultivate.



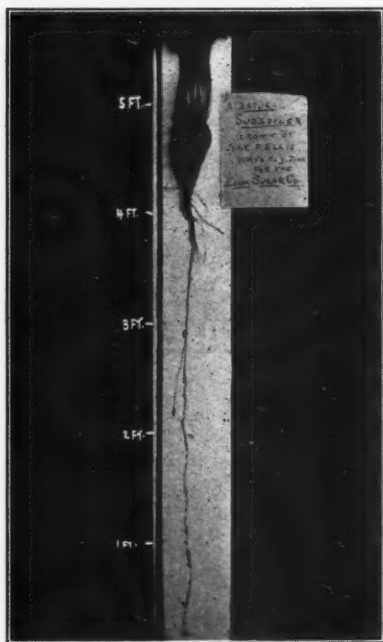
PLANTING SUGAR BEETS—SOWING THE SEED

adapted to sugar beet growing comprises roundly 275,000,000 acres, and that the use of one acre in every two hundred of this area for beet culture would enable us to produce all the sugar we now import.

Four factors have operated to prevent the beet sugar industry from advancing as rapidly as it should have advanced. These have been the constant tariff agitation threatening to destroy the industry by the removal of the tariff duty on imported sugar, which naturally has de-

It is truly remarkable that this opinion as to the effect of sugar beets on the soil should have gained general credence, considering that the exact contrary is the fact and that the knowledge of the good effect of the sugar beet in increasing the yield of succeeding crops was possessed as long ago as in the time of Napoleon, and yet I remember that fifteen or twenty years ago almost every farmer who grew beets for the few sugar factories then in operation insisted that sugar beets ex-

hausted the soil. More astonishing still, the superintendents of the factories privately agreed with this belief. To my mind the eradication of this mistaken theory and the demonstration of the true place which the sugar beet should hold in progressive farming and its true value in increasing the yield of our acres is the most important work that can be performed in behalf of American agriculture, and it is



A SUGAR BEET

Showing the long tap-root and lateral by which it opens up new depths of fertility and improves the quality of the land

my pride that I have had some part in bringing about this result.

A number of years ago, at the time when the claims as to injurious effect on the soil through sugar beet cultivation were so generally made as to have the weight of almost uniform opinion in this country, I noticed in a small country newspaper a quotation giving the results of German observations showing that, on the contrary, beet cultivation actually improved the yield of following crops. In the face of

these diametrically opposite opinions, I determined to learn the truth, and as a result I have given years of constant study to this subject, observing agricultural conditions throughout Europe and comparing them with those in the United States, gathering every scrap of information obtainable on every phase of the sugar industry and consulting every possible authority as to the value of the sugar beet in agricultural practice. As a result I can say with absolute confidence that the sugar beet has been the cornerstone of agricultural progress in the most important countries of continental Europe, that, in fact, by increasing the food supply of these nations, it has afforded them the only possible way of escape from partial depopulation by emigration or revolution, and that it contains the most practical means of enabling the American farmer to increase the production of his acres to a level approaching that attained in Europe and thus halting the rapid rise in the cost of all food products which is becoming so serious a problem as to assume the proportions of a national menace.

As the best means of deciding whether the sugar beet is deserving of this eulogy, let us take a glance at what it has accomplished for Germany in increasing the food supply and adding to the national prosperity. Thirty years ago, about the time Germany began systematically and extensively to develop the growing of sugar beets in rotation with other staple crops, the average yield of wheat that the German farmer was able to secure from his fields was 19.2 bushels to the acre. At the same time the average yield in the United States was 13.0 bushels, or about six bushels to the acre less than in Germany. In other crops common to both countries they were on a practical equality, or with the advantage slightly in Germany's favor. The average yield of rye was 14.8 bushels in Germany and 12.2 bushels in the United States. In barley it was 23.9 in Germany and 23.5 in the United States. In oats the German average was 36.2 as against the American average of 27.4, while in potatoes Germany was growing 126.1 bushels to the acre while the United States was producing 85.8 bushels.

At the end of this period, or rather in



120-ACRE BEET FIELD OF IMPERIAL LAND COMPANY UNDER WINTER'S CREEK CANAL
(Taken August 13, 1911)

the year 1909, which is the latest year for which comparative figures are available, Germany was growing 30.5 bushels of wheat to the acre, to our 15.8 bushels, 28.8 bushels of rye to our 16.1 bushels; 39.5 bushels of barley to our 24.3 bushels; 59.0 bushels of oats to our 30.3 bushels; and 208.9 bushels of potatoes to our 106.8

bushels. While the United States had achieved an average increase of 2.6 bushels to the acre in four staple cereal crops during a quarter century of agricultural progress, Germany had made an average gain of 16.6 bushels to the acre in the same crops. The German farmer, with the assistance and encouragement of his



HARVESTING 80-ACRE FIELD OF BEETS RAISED BY J. C. CLARK, SCOTTSBLUFF, NEBRASKA
Farm "F" (Taken October 18, 1911)

businesslike even though it be a paternal government, advanced the yield of his acres by an amount nearly approaching the entire yield of American farms in the same crops. And it must be remembered in this connection that the Germans were dealing with lands that had been tilled for centuries, while in the United States

millions of acres of virgin soil were brought under the plow during this period. In this country the cry is all for new land, but in Germany the exact contrary is the case. The old lands are most highly esteemed and yield the largest returns.

As to the part played by the sugar beet in bringing about this great increase in



PILED BEETS, SCOTTSBLUFF BEET DUMP, SCOTTSBLUFF, NEBRASKA
(Taken October 18, 1911)



CATTLE FEEDING ON BEET PULP, UNION SUGAR COMPANY, BETTERAVIA, CALIFORNIA

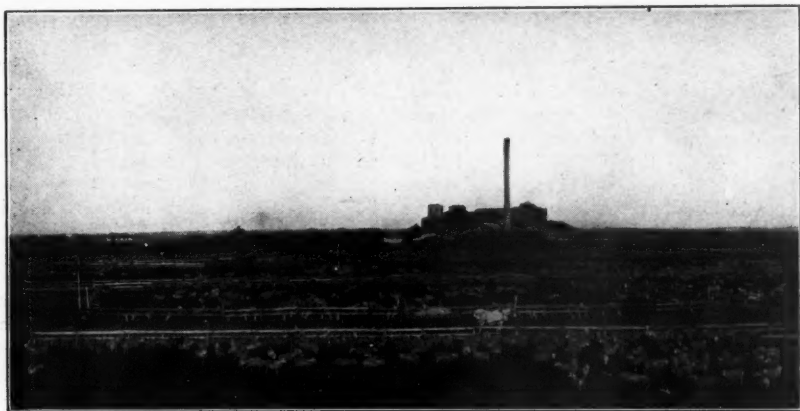
the productivity of German farms, no sounder opinion can be given than that of Professor Dr. von Rumker, professor of agriculture in the University of Breslau, a recognized German authority on agricultural conditions. Writing in 1903 he said:

"The high yields of cereals and other grains in beet regions dated from the introduction of rational sugar beet cultivation. Sugar beet culture is without doubt the direct and indirect cause of the increase in gross and net yields of the entire agriculture, and, therefore, also of the soil values in the regions touched."

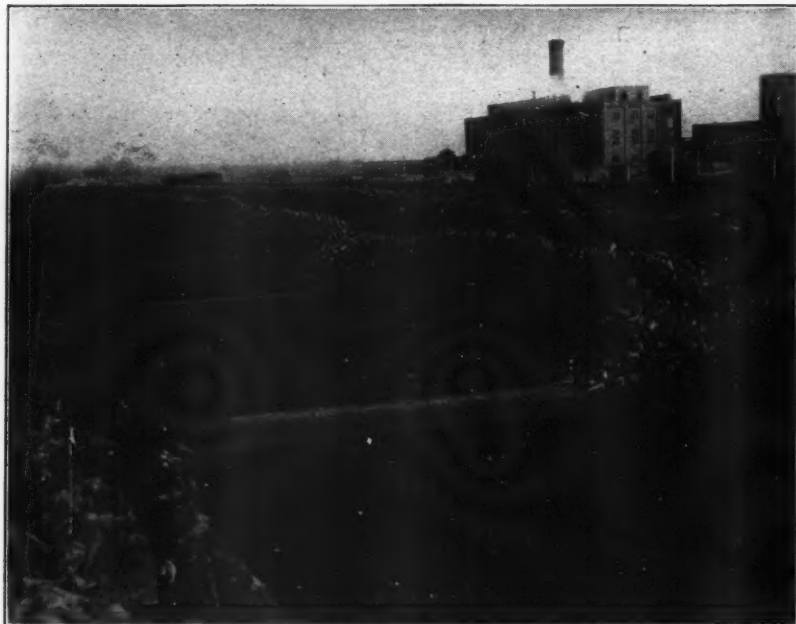
In France and Austria-Hungary the sugar beet has performed a like useful service in improving agricultural conditions and increasing land values. The only difficulty in finding figures to prove the benefits of sugar beet cultivation to other

branches of agriculture arises from the fact that these advantages are so well recognized that it is no longer deemed necessary to support their claim by statistical records. As one leading agricultural authority said to me: "There is no more reason for proving the benefits of beet culture than for making a survey to determine the distance from Berlin to Vienna. Both are thoroughly established and admitted."

When sugar beet culture was introduced in Europe, their farmers were practicing what is known as the "three crop system" of rotation—three successive cereal crops, followed by one year of fallowing, in order to rest the soil and to enable them to pull out the dense growth of weeds by hand. They were plowing but three to four inches



FATTENING LIVE STOCK ON BY-PRODUCTS AT BIG SUGAR FACTORY



20,000 TONS OF SUGAR BEETS PILED UP IN FRONT OF COLORADO FACTORY

deep, and the fertility of the thin layer of loose surface soil was all but exhausted. The grain roots were unable to penetrate the hard soil underneath, and could they have done so, it would have been of no avail, for, containing no humus and not having been aerated, it was not fertile.

Being a deep-rooter, a prerequisite to sugar beet culture is that the soil be stirred to a depth of ten to fourteen inches. The tender beetlet having to undergo the shock of thinning soon after it comes up, in order to leave but one beet in a place, it demanded a well-prepared, mellow seed-bed. Gathering the sugar in its leaves from the atmosphere by the aid of the light and storing it up in the root, it would not thrive if the light were cut off through being shaded by weeds, and their eradication meant not only a further stirring of the soil by cultivation and hoeing, but that they were removed before going to seed, thus leaving weedless fields for succeeding crops. Being plowed out in the autumn gave an extra fall plowing, which left the land in condition to absorb

instead of shed the fall and winter rains, and store up the moisture for the following season's crop. With the removal of the main root, myriads of fibrous roots were broken off and left in the soil to an average of a ton to the acre, and in rotting, they not only deposited humus in the lower strata of soil, but left minute channels through which it became aerated, and hence fertile. The roots of subsequent crops followed these interstices and drew nutriment from two and three times the depth of soil formerly reached, and hence the farmers doubled or trebled their soil without increasing their acreage.

It all seems very simple, but we have been a whole century in discovering it, and many of our farmers still are in ignorance of it.

In England, which in the past has not practiced the cultivation of sugar beets, similar agricultural advantages have been obtained by growing mangolds and other root crops which serve a like purpose. The disadvantages of those crops are, however, that they bring no direct cash return

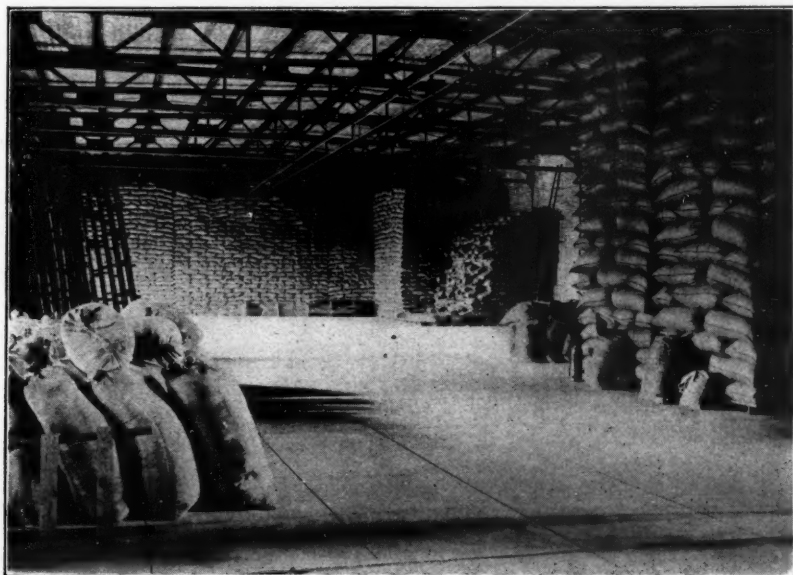
and can be utilized only by feeding them to cattle and sheep, whereas the sale of the sugar from his beet crop brings to the farmer a profitable return and he still has in the residue a stock feed of the highest value. Appreciation of this fact has led such British agricultural authorities as the Earl of Denbigh to labor for the introduction of the sugar beet into England and at the present time the industry has been started and is being pushed vigorously.

What Germany and the other countries of Europe have accomplished on a large scale in increasing the food supply provided by their farms, we in the United States have been able to accomplish on a small scale in the limited areas in which the growing of sugar beets has been introduced. It is one of the indictments of American agricultural methods that very few farmers keep accurate records of the yields obtained from their various crops, but I have been able, by circulating blank forms requesting information on this subject among a large number of farmers in different parts of the country, to secure figures showing the improvement in yield that has come from the use of sugar beets in rotation with

other crops in every section of the country where sugar beet culture has been introduced. The results of my inquiries, averaged and arranged in tabular form, show the yield of five staple crops in bushels per acre, before and after the cultivation of sugar beets, together with the percentage of increase, as follows:

	Before Beet Culture	After Beet Culture	Per cent Increase
Wheat.....	28.88	43.07	49.1
Corn.....	41.6	53.1	27.6
Oats.....	40.9	60.6	48.1
Barley.....	38.97	59.4	52.
Potatoes...	151.97	222.2	46.

A glance at the figures in the first column will show that the farmers from whom this information was secured were obtaining yields from their lands far above the average, even before they began the cultivation of sugar beets. They were producing nearly fifty per cent more wheat to the acre than the average American farmer, sixty per cent more corn, twenty-five per cent more oats, sixty per cent more barley and fifty per cent more potatoes. The very fact that they kept records of the results obtained from different crops shows that they were



SUGAR AWAITING SHIPMENT AT THE FACTORY



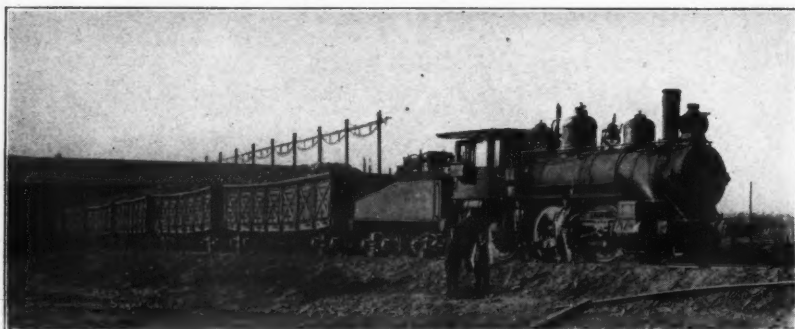
DELIVERING BEETS, UNION SUGAR COMPANY, BETTERAVIA, CALIFORNIA

careful and intelligent farmers. On top of this high average, however, they were able to add virtually forty-five per cent more to the output of their acres by including the sugar beet in rotation with their other crops.

From what has been accomplished by a few farmers in a relatively few sections of the country as a result of including sugar beets in their regular crop rotation, it is not difficult to estimate the results which would follow from the general adoption of this system throughout the country, as has been done in Germany. If all the farmers in the country were to follow the lead of their beet-raising brethren, the production of our fields would be doubled and between three and four billion dollars annually would be added to the returns from our five staple crops. This is an ideal rather than a practical result, for there are soils and sections of the country not well adapted to the

growing of sugar beets. If, however, we were able only to secure an average yield equal to that obtained in Germany from the area actually devoted to the five staple crops of wheat, rye, oats, barley and potatoes, leaving out of account entirely our vast corn crop, which benefits as much as any other from rotation with sugar beets, it would mean a yearly addition of \$1,500,000,000 to the present cash returns to our farmers.

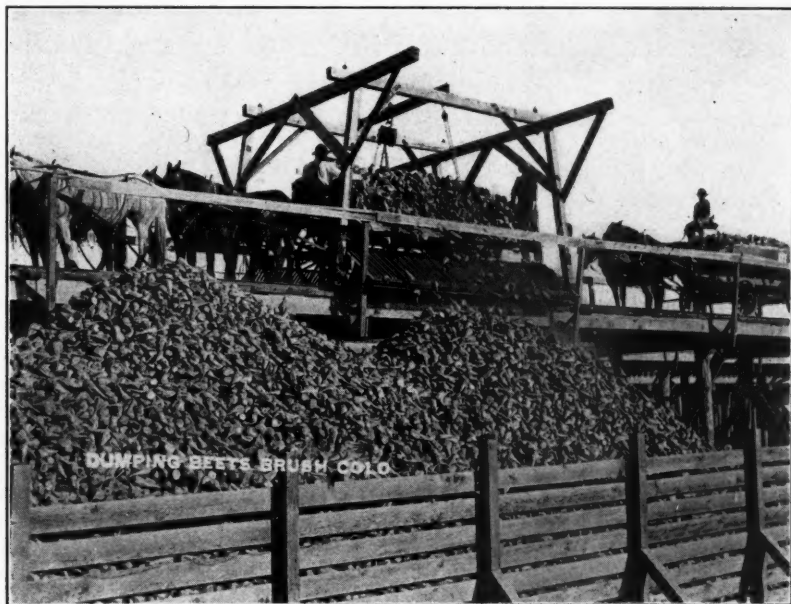
Such an enormous addition, amounting to more than one-sixth of the total annual value of all our farm products, could not fail to have a marked effect in adding to the prosperity of the agricultural sections of the country. Not only this, but such a marked addition to the food supply would have the effect of helping to stay the rapid rise in the cost of all foods, which is assuming the proportions of a very serious problem. Under present conditions, with our exports of foodstuffs



BEET TRAIN, UNION SUGAR COMPANY, BETTERAVIA, CALIFORNIA

rapidly declining and our imports are steadily increasing, we are swiftly approaching the time when we shall no longer be able to feed our own people without the help of other nations. The only influence that can keep us from this undesirable position is a decided increase in agricultural production. The easiest, most practical and most efficient way of bringing about such an increase is through the better methods of cultivation such as will accompany the general introduction of

other countries in this respect. With all the advantages, direct and indirect, that would flow from the maintenance of our own sugar supply, it would seem that there could be no question of the desirability of following such a course. There would be no question except for the relation of the tariff to this industry, and the fact that a powerful, compact and highly-organized industry sees its continued domination of the sugar business of the country threatened by the continued



RECEIVING BEETS AT THE BRUSH FACTORY

sugar beets in rotation with other crops.

Thus the question of crystallizing our own supply of sugar from our own sunshine instead of purchasing the product of other lands is broader than the mere question of keeping in the United States, in the pockets of American farmers and laborers, the \$100,000,000 a year that now goes abroad to pay for imported sugar. It involves the far broader and more important question of increasing our output of agricultural products and maintaining our food supply at a level which will permit us to remain independent of

growth of the beet sugar industry, and has set itself systematically to the task of annihilating this dangerous competitor.

Every pound of foreign-grown sugar brought into the United States is passed through some one of the great refineries located at various points along the seaboard. So, also, is the greater part of the cane sugar produced in the southern states and in the insular territories of the United States. In this process of refining the impurities are removed from the raw sugar and it emerges with that pure white appearance that the American consumer

has been taught to demand. The refining business is concentrated in the hands of a very few companies, the largest and most conspicuous of which is the American Sugar Refining Company, commonly referred to as the Sugar Trust. For years this small group of refiners dominated the sugar business of the country, fixed the price to consumers and collected profit from practically every pound of refined sugar consumed by the American people. Occasionally war was declared between the Trust and one or another of its rivals, and prices were cut for the time being, but

beets are grown. Hence the beet sugar industry develops naturally in a series of independent factories or groups of factories. Monopoly is impossible, because nobody can control the supply of raw material. That is in the hands of the farmers. Any body of men who can raise the capital necessary to the erection of a beet sugar factory, a modest sum as compared with the cost of a sugar refinery, can embark in the business. And the sugar that emerges from the beet sugar factory is a finished product. It does not require the services of the refiner. It



FACTORY OF THE GREAT WESTERN SUGAR COMPANY AT BRUSH, COLORADO

in the end the public always paid the cost of these wars several times over, as the head of the Trust himself sagely pointed out on one occasion.

With the advent of the beet sugar industry in the United States, conditions were changed. The making of sugar from beets is both an agricultural and a manufacturing industry, but the manufacturing end of it, instead of lending itself to concentration in a few big units at seaboard points and thence to combination into a monopoly or near-monopoly, can be carried on to best advantage close to its base of supplies, that is, at scattered points throughout the territory where

pays him no tribute. Consequently there is today a billion pounds of sugar used by the American people on which the refiners collect no profit. If the foreign-grown sugar which we now consume were produced from American beets, the refiners would be cut down to handling less than half the national supply. Their profits would be correspondingly reduced. They would operate only a part of the time. Probably some of them would go out of business. Naturally they have given thought to the question of how they are to avoid this calamity.

There are but two ways in which the refiners can hold their continued sway

over the sugar-consuming public of the United States and fix absolutely the price of refined sugar. One is by the domination of the beet sugar industry. The other is by its destruction.

In the days when he was the dictator of the Sugar Trust, Henry O. Havemeyer tried the former way. He invested several Trust millions and other millions of his own in beet sugar factories. At the time one of his closest business associates

to secure the entire removal or a very marked reduction of the tariff on sugar. And they are seeking to bring to their support the consumers of sugar by a promise of lower prices for the product.

Frankly, the business of growing sugar beets and consequently the manufacture of beet sugar is dependent upon the tariff. The high rates of wages which farmers and manufacturers alike are compelled to pay, together with the higher cost of all



warned him that he was building up a competitor that would cripple or destroy the refining industry. But Havemeyer died before his plans had sufficiently progressed to determine what the result of his effort would have been had he lived. For reasons already stated, in all human probability even that master mind would have failed in accomplishing its purpose.

The refiners have turned, therefore, to the other alternative. They are seeking to destroy or to cripple the domestic sugar industry. They are doing it by attempting

supplies and equipment, make it impossible for them at present to produce sugar as cheaply as it can be made by the cheap yellow and black labor of the tropics. Even the continental countries of Europe could not have established this industry without the aid of tariffs. It would be well worth while for the American farmer to grow sugar beets even without any direct profit on account of the indirect agricultural benefits that follow, but it is futile to expect the farmer to see the situation in this light as it would be

unfair to ask him to assume such a burden.

As for the consumer, his gain from the removal of the tariff is highly problematical. The belief of the most competent authorities is that no permanent reduction in the retail price of sugar would follow the abolition of the tariff. A temporary reduction there would be undoubtedly until the domestic sugar industry was driven out. Then the refiners would have the consumer again in their own hands when prices would return to the present level or to a higher one.

Whatever reduction there might be temporarily, only about one-half of it would reach the consumer, for the reason that forty per cent of our sugar consumption goes into the manufacture of articles, the retail prices of which are not affected by the price of the sugar they contain.

If the duty on sugar were abolished and the full amount of the reduction were reflected in the retail price, each consumer would save seventy-two cents a year on his purchases of sugar. On the other hand, his proportionate amount of loss in revenue, which he would be compelled to make up in some other form of taxation, would amount to fifty-eight cents a year, leaving him a net saving of fourteen cents per annum, a sum which represents but a fraction of what he would save on the cost of other food stuffs through the more general introduction of sugar beet culture.

Throughout the sugar beet raising districts of the world, not only has the acreage yield of all other crops been enormously increased, but, due to the large

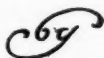
quantity and the high feeding value of the refuse material, the supply of beef and dairy products has been more than doubled, and thus through the inexorable law of supply and demand the influence of beet culture has been reflected in the price of meat as well as cereal products.

As determined by the Bureau of Labor, the average value of cereal, meat and dairy products annually consumed in a workingman's household in the United States is one hundred and eighty-six dollars for a family of five. It thus follows that if the general introduction of sugar beet culture affected the price of these commodities but one per cent, the workingman would save on these purchases two and one half times the seventy cents he might save on his sugar by removing the entire duty and thus crushing out the home industry.

This is the issue as it stands today. On the one side is the entire consuming public, which would reap a large indirect benefit, through the saving effected by the lowered price of all cereal, meat and dairy products, and the farmers of the country, who would be benefited directly through the doubling of their yields without additional expense. On the other stands the small group of refiners, fighting to regain a complete monopoly of the sugar business by crushing out their only competitor, which already so lowers the price of sugar to the consumers as to force the refiners to close their plants for three months of the year or operate at a loss. The decision is one which will be fraught with far-reaching consequences to the people of this country.



Fresh Fields and Pastures New For the Traveler



Rev. Francis E. Clark, D.D., LL.D.

(President of The World's Christian Endeavor Union)

THESE "fresh fields" are found in one of the very oldest parts of the civilized world, and these "pastures new" have been trodden by the foot of civilized man for at least four thousand years. But they are so old that they are new to recent generations; so ancient that their glories are only just being rediscovered by the inquisitive peoples of the twentieth century.

This fresh old country, which has been tramped over by scores of conquering and conquered armies, and where much of the world's history, secular and sacred, has been made, is the interior of Asia Minor, a country of supreme interest to the antiquarian and the archaeologist, and of scarcely less interest to the everyday traveler, who makes no pretensions to special erudition along these lines.

Until recently it has been impossible to travel with safety or comfort in Asia Minor, and even now one must not expect *trains de luxe* or palatial hotels. But the traveler's lot is now so much easier than five years ago, under the old *regime*, that he ought not to complain.

Then, he was a suspected party everywhere, supposed to have designs upon the Sultan or upon the existing dynasty. He was harassed at every turn, at the custom house, at every frontier, when he left the country as well as when he arrived. There were certain words which he must not utter on peril of imprisonment, or something worse. He was not supposed to know, for instance, that there was, or ever had been, such a country as Armenia. He could carry no books, not even a Bible or a guide-book, unless he could smuggle

them into the country, and afterwards keep them concealed about his person.

Now, since the young Turks came into power, this has all been changed. The custom house examination is far easier than in New York. A passport, though important, is never asked for in the interior of Asia Minor. The officials, from the Vali, or governor of the provinces, to the policeman, greet you with a smile, instead of a scowl as formerly, and bid you make yourself at home, and come and go as you wish.



BEAUTIFUL SIABABA MOSQUE OF KONIA
Declared by Sir Wm. Ramsay to be the oldest city in the world

Indeed, Turkey is a new country, so far as the traveler is concerned, and the Revolution of 1908 has made easily accessible for the first time its magnificent scenery and its unrivalled antiquities to the stranger from abroad.

The railroads in Asia Minor are as yet few and short, and the time-tables of all the trains cover barely eight pages of the great universal railway guide published in Austria. Something over a thousand miles comprise the whole mileage of the railway lines of Asia Minor, English, German, French, and Turkish, and over every mile of these lines, with some few exceptions, I have recently traveled.

Short as these lines are, compared with the country that is yet to be opened up, they reach some most interesting cities, and abbreviate immensely the toilsome journeys I have made in former days, when three miles an hour, or thirty miles a day, was all that could be expected of even a rapid traveler.

The railroad now reaches such important centers as Konia (the old Iconium) and Angora, famous for cats, goats and mohair. All the "Seven Cities" spoken of in the book of Revelation, except Pergamos, can now be reached by rail. Ephesus, Laodicea, Smyrna, Sardis, Thyatira and Philadelphia, with their wealth of archaeological treasure, and their supreme interest for Bible students, are all upon the line of railway.

Of the "Seven Cities," Ephesus and Pergamos have been most thoroughly excavated by Germans and Austrians. Sardis, the old capital of Croesus, is now yielding up its treasures to some American archaeologists, and rich and rare are the finds they have already made, including the foundations of a temple built by the old Lydian king himself.

But Laodicea, Philadelphia, and Thyatira, which are also doubtless rich in buried antiquities, have scarcely had a shovel of earth removed from their long-lost treasures. In Philadelphia, to be sure, the workmen, in digging the foundations for a Greek school, unearthed by accident some beautiful tablets and portions of statues, but no systematic search has ever been made for buried glories.

Other places of supreme interest in Turkey to the antiquarian, though not directly on the railway lines, are made accessible by the steam engine. Pergamos, for instance, with its magnificent ruins so thoroughly unearthed by German explorers after several years of labor, is but six hours by "araba" or on horseback from Soma, the present terminus of the railway. Lystra and Derbe, with their undiscovered treasures, are only six and seventeen hours, respectively, from the important railway center of Konia; and the striking and magnificent Hittite monuments and carvings can be reached by a journey of only three hours from Eregli, a station beyond Konia on the same line of railway.

These Hittite monuments at Ivriz are alone worth a journey to Asia Minor to see, for there is nothing like them in the known world. These monuments were carved by a people whose history recedes into the dim aisles of time until lost in mythology; a people who were evidently one of the great conquering races of the world, who wrote on the rocks in a language that cannot yet be fully understood.

The most remarkable of the Hittite monuments represents a god handing to the king or priest the products of the soil, great bunches of grapes and a handful of corn. These fruits of the earth the priest is gratefully receiving. The whole idea of the votive offering is here reversed, and the god is giving to the man, instead of man to the god.

The scenery about Ivriz is as charming as the Hittite monuments are striking and impressive. A stream of sparkling water issues full grown at birth from the ground a few yards from the monuments; and the gorge above the stream, which so suddenly breaks forth into the light of day, and the rich luxuriance of trees and shrubs and flowers, which mark the course of the newborn river as it leaps down to the valley, all combine with the mysterious monuments of a forgotten civilization to make Ivriz one of the most interesting places in the world.

But I will not take it for granted that all my readers are archaeologists, but will rather believe that most of them are interested in ways and means of travel in

Asia Minor, and the sights that attract the average man.

Railroad travel in Turkey is much the same as in other lands. The Bagdad railway from Constantinople, or rather from Haidar Pasha on the other side of the Bosphorus to Angora and Konia and beyond, is of German construction and equipment, and is as comfortable as any railway in the world, barring the through express trains of America and a few *trains*

cars, after the European fashion. The French line sticks to the old short compartment cars which, with their flat wheels, go clattering over the rails with a bump and a jolt at every turn that almost shake the teeth out of one's head.

On all the roads the pace is exceedingly slow, not averaging over fifteen miles an hour, including the stops at stations, which are often intolerably long; and none of the trains run at night.



TURBE OR TOMB OF SELJUKIAN TURKS IN KONIA

de luxe of Europe. The second-class cars are entirely comfortable, and exactly like the first-class save in the color of the upholstery.

The line from Smyrna to Ouchak and Soma is French, if I am not mistaken, and is much poorer in rolling stock, road-bed and stations. On this line the first-class cars are none too good.

The line from Smyrna east to Dinair is English, and is fairly comfortable, though the best cars are kept for suburban traffic. On this line the cars are more after the American style, with an aisle down the middle, while the German line uses corridor

The fares are reasonable, a little over a cent a mile for third-class on most lines, two cents and a fraction for second class, and between four and five cents for first-class tickets.

The fares are reckoned in piasters, and a piaster is a most elusive and unsatisfactory sort of silver piece. The Turkish pound or lira is a beautiful gold coin worth \$4.40, and at the railway station in Constantinople a hundred silver piasters are reckoned to the lira. In the stores, however, 108 piasters are equal to a pound, while in Konia you get 110 for a gold lira. Go a few hundred miles further

to Smyrna, and you find 182 piasters are reckoned to the lira, though in an actual trade you never get more than 108, for 182 seems to be a nominal and poetic figure, which makes you think you are enormously rich in piasters until you attempt to make a purchase, when your lira shrinks back to its normal proportions.

A mejidieh is a silver piece, about the size of "the dollar of our daddies," worth sometimes twenty and sometimes nineteen piasters. A metalique is a thin copper coin worth a trifle over a cent, four of which make a piaster. In Smyrna change is given largely in "oktorakis," or "pieces of eight," which means eight metaliques, or two piasters.

On all these coins are only Arabic characters, or sometimes the tugra, the sign manual made by the first Sultan who signed his name, it is said, by dipping his fist in ink and pressing it on the document which received his approval. The tugra, which is seen everywhere on public and private documents as well as on coins, bears a faint resemblance to a closed fist and outstretched thumb, but has been so conventionalized as to be decidedly ornamental.

No figures of Sultan or Goddess of Liberty or National Bird o' Freedom are allowed on any Turkish coin or document, for the Moslems interpret very strictly the Second Commandment, "Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of anything that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth."

I have dwelt at some length on the money which the traveler in Asia Minor must use, since it is somewhat unusual and complicated, and information concerning it can usually only be obtained by actual experience.

But to return to the modes of locomotion in Turkey. The railway as yet cuts but a small figure in the transportation problems of Asia Minor. The lordly camel, the useful, necessary horse, even the patient ass bear more burdens than all the railways put together.

A sight which is as interesting as it is common in Asia Minor is that of a long string of camels, with supercilious noses high in air, led by a diminutive donkey,

astride of which sits a big Turk with his feet almost dragging on the ground. I have passed in a single day's journey of thirty miles on horseback no less than two thousand of these "ships of the desert," all loaded to the gunwale. The camel is a timid creature that easily loses its head, and so the more stolid, level-headed donkey usually pioneers the way for him.

Even in large cities, like Smyrna, camels may every hour be seen tramping on noiseless, padded feet through the busiest streets, but always with a detached, far-away look on their faces, as though they were really removed by a thousand centuries from the noisy, clanging tram or the ill-smelling auto.

Camels, however, are not often used to carry passengers in Asia Minor, as they are in Arabia, but the traveler, when the railroad fails him, must go on horseback, or, where the roads are passable, by araba, a peculiar kind of Turkish wagon.

In the araba are no seats, but the passenger must provide them by spreading his rugs, bedding and boxes of provisions on the floor and making himself as comfortable as possible in the midst of his *impedimenta*. The araba, fortunately, has springs, an innovation of more recent years, and on the whole is admirably adapted to the horribly rough roads of Turkey. It will stand more terrible jolts, more axle-breaking ruts, more excruciating passages over river beds strewn with boulders than any other vehicle extant.

On many long journeys I have thought that every ditch would be the last ditch for the araba, but it would always come through a thirty-mile pull with springs intact, and wheels still capable of revolution.

It is scarcely an exaggeration to say that there are no good roads in Asia Minor. In cities and towns the streets are paved with cobblestones of all sizes and shapes, set on end to make them as difficult as possible for carriages and foot-passengers. In the country the roads are left to make and mend themselves, for the most part. For four thousand years carts, camels, horses, donkeys, and foot passengers have been traveling over the same beaten track, and in many places never a spade or pick

has been lifted to make or mend the track.

In some parts of Turkey one sees peasants at work on the highway, breaking stone, presumably to mend the road. For this service, I was told, they get "nothing a day, and find themselves." In fact, they are working out their taxes on the highway. The result of their labors often is that the road is worse than before they began to work, for the sharp flints are left uncovered,

of ancient Ephesus, is a really good hotel, neat, clean, and inviting, while Konia boasts of a new railroad hostelry that is said to be more than tolerable. This list is nearly complete. In other places in Turkey, since the traveler cannot get what he wants, he must take it philosophically, and want what he can get.

In the larger railroad towns and some few others there is usually a so-called hotel, dirty and unpleasant to the last



RUINS OF THE DOUBLE CHURCH OF HIERAPOLIS

The city of which St. Paul speaks in his letter to the Colossians

to be trodden down by man or beast as best they can in the course of months or years.

The best bridges, where there are any at all, were built by the Romans two thousand years ago, but built so substantially that they have required no repairs since.

The accommodations at the end of a hard day of travel in Turkey are not all that the fancy might paint. In Constantinople are some good hotels; in Smyrna and Salonica some that are "fair to middling"; in Ayassoulouk, near the ruins

degree, with toilet conveniences as primitive as in the days of Abraham. The sheets on the beds (there often is only one) serve many successive travelers, and the towels, unless one is particularly severe with the landlord, are always left-overs from the last occupant. There is no water or wash-bowl in the room, but in the entry is a common bowl and tank of water which dribbles from a faucet into the bowl, for a Turk always washes in running water, a sensible and wholesome habit, by the way. When, however, the same faucet and bowl must serve for twenty or thirty

people, it seems to be overworking a good idea.

Even such hotels are comparatively rare, many large towns of twenty or thirty thousand people having nothing of the sort. But in all such towns and many smaller ones are Khans (pronounced "hans," with a rough breathing on the h), which are quite as good in their way as the hotels, and far more characteristic of the country. These are great caravansaries built around a central court, with rooms opening out of them for two-legged and four-legged guests alike.

The Khans often have two stories, and the rooms in the upper balcony are usually the best. So we call the oda bashi and ask for his best room. This will be none too good; but when it is swept out, our rugs spread on the floor, our cot beds from the araba set up, and the coffee is steaming on the spirit stove, our room comes to have quite a homelike air, far superior to the average Turkish hotel.

If you have not brought your own provisions, in the larger towns you will usually find an eating-house to patronize, if not too squeamish about dirt and microbes. On the outer shelf of the eating-house next to the street are covered pewter dishes containing various viands—mutton cooked in olive oil, beans ditto, fish ditto, and sometimes macaroni minus the oil.

Fully exposed to the dust of the street, and a tempting roosting-place for flies, are various sweet dishes, fried cakes covered with syrup, helva of many kinds, but usually made of sugar, flour, and sesame seed.

You choose your dish, which the landlord will serve after elaborately wiping your plate, knife and fork with a dirty towel which he carries over his shoulders and tucked in at his neck for security. This may not sound inviting, but if one can forget all he has read about microbes and phagocytes, good and bad, he will find that many of the dishes are really appetizing when served with hunger sauce.

Among the viands which can be most heartily recommended to the novice are the pilaffs of various kinds, made of rice and different condiments, and, for sweets, the excellent helva.

Only the larger towns have Khans and

eating-houses. For the most part, the traveler in Turkey must carry his own provisions, and sleep in guest-houses, unless he takes a tent as well as provisions.

The guest-house is a real institution in Asia Minor. It is sometimes owned by an individual, but is usually the common property of the village. To this guest-house, like the travelers' bungalow in India, every traveler has a right, but as all have the same rights, one may have more company than he desires. However, the head man of the village will usually arrange matters for the foreign traveler, and the native guest will often courteously make way for him.

In the guest-house is one large room, in one part of which our horses munch their hay, with the drivers lying beside them, while in the other part we spread our rugs and set up our beds and unlumber our cooking apparatus. Some guest houses have two rooms connected by a wide opening, without a door, in one of which the animals and animal drivers sleep, and in the other the pampered guests from abroad.

Rude and primitive as from this description a guest-house may seem, it is not "half bad" for a resting place after a hard day's ride, when the bacon begins to sizzle in the saucepan, the coffee sends out its delicious aroma, and the eggs, which can always be obtained, have had exactly their three minutes and a half.

You arise from such a meal better satisfied than from the table of many a five-dollar hotel, ready to sleep the sleep of the tired, and to go on your way the next morning refreshed and rejoicing.

The charge for these accommodations is exceedingly moderate. In some remote villages, the offer of pay for the guest-house would be resented as an insult. The native traveler can even receive his food free, though he pays for the fodder for his horse. The European traveler can usually insinuate a small gratuity into the hand of the chief man of the village without offense, and give a modest sum besides to the men and boys who have actually been of service.

But there is no insistence on "drink money" in any part of Turkey as in Italy, and, indeed, in most parts of Europe. Those who serve are self-respecting, and

apparently with no servile, sneaking thought of the size of the coming tip always buzzing in the back of their brains, and graduating their service or want of service.

Such are some of the experiences which the traveler in Asia Minor may expect by rail and road, in small places and large, in this year of grace. What is there to repay one for the hardships and discomforts of such a trip, do you ask?

I have already mentioned some of the

The great rock-hewn cities of the Hittites, and their wonderful carvings tell of a civilization still older than that of Croesus or Attalus, as does the "Royal Road," which can still be traced for hundreds of miles, a road which was built by prehistoric races long before the Persians came into power.

The religious man and Bible student will find in the cities described by Luke, and visited by Paul and Barnabas, Timothy



ANCIENT SARCOPHAGUS AT EREGLI IN THE HEART OF ASIA MINOR

rare archaeological wonders of Asia Minor. No other country is so rich in these treasures. The ruins of Italy and Greece are insignificant as compared with those of Turkey. At almost every turn you see relics of past glories: magnificent pillars built into modern walls, or used as grave-stones in dilapidated Turkish cemeteries; great sarcophagi, often beautifully carved, used as watering troughs; now and then you come to an ancient city, like Pergamos or Sardis, which once dominated the eastern world, and whose magnificent ruins tell of a dead and gone civilization, which can scarcely be equalled in the world today.

and Silas, and the cities to which the messages of the book of Revelation was written, places of supreme and unique interest.

The sportsman will find wild boars in many parts of Asia Minor, especially in the Meander Valley and in the Adana district. In other sections deer, chamois, brown bears, wolves, and wild asses will tempt his gun. The fisherman will find plenty of good-sized trout in the cold, clear streams that flow from the Taurus Mountains, and will also find that they are not averse to taking the fly. Singularly enough, the natives of these regions do

not eat fish to any extent, and it is said that they sometimes poison the streams to kill the fish.

For everyone, whether Bible student, hunter, fisherman, or ordinary traveler without any special fad to bring him to Asia Minor, there is the glorious scenery. Even Switzerland cannot surpass Anatolia in this respect.

The Taurus Mountains traverse large sections of Asia Minor, and magnificent snow-clad peaks, that retain their white veils the year through, gloomy ravines and canons, through which rushing torrents pour, are everyday sights, of which the traveler never tires. Much of the interior is a high tableland, from two to four thousand feet above the sea, sur-

rounded by mighty mountains on every side. Indeed it is safe to say that the traveler in Asia Minor is never out of sight of magnificent mountain peaks for a single day.

Add to these wonderful antiquities and this splendid scenery pure air, good water, a country abounding in fruits and flowers, a people for the most part kindly and generous, and the question, "Why travel in Turkey?" is answered.

The discomforts and hardships of primitive journeyings will soon be forgotten, and however seasoned a traveler one may be, he will always remember his weeks in Asia Minor as among the most unique and interesting he has ever spent in any part of this wide world.

THE YOUNG MAN ABSALOM

By ARTHUR JOHN LOCKHART

(*"Pastor Felix"*)

AT the gate stands the old king watching,
While the sun is going down,
For a messenger who is hastening
To Gilead's high-walled town:
At the long delay so anxious
His spirit begins to chafe,
For he cries as the scout approaches—
"Is the young man Absalom safe?"

No matter how went the battle,
No matter for crown or throne;
But what of the beautiful creature—
The boy that I love—*my own*?
Say, tossed on the tide of battle—
The fairest, the dearest waif—
Does he breathe the breath of the living?
"Is the young man Absalom safe?"

O word of woe and sorrow!
It is cruel that we must speak:
The cry strikes down through the ages,
And the tear is fresh on the cheek;
For a thousand lips are saying—
"Ah! where is Charlie?—is Raphe?
And what of the child of my bosom—
Is the young man Absalom safe?"

The Vacation Girl Reads

by Antony Dee



H, NO, I *never* could write a book review," said the Vacation Girl decisively, "never in all the world."

"Of course not," agreed the Regular Reviewer, pulling a wicker chair up beside her, "never in all the world."

"And I never can describe a story I've read, either," went on the Vacation Girl,

anticipating the next query. "So please don't ask me."

"Of course not," repeated the Regular Reviewer. "One who has read all those books in two weeks couldn't be expected to remember them at all."

The Vacation Girl lifted her eyebrows.

"Why did you pile them thusly?" asked the Regular Reviewer casually, pointing to one lot of two, another of a dozen volumes, resting against the house side. "You might have evened them up so a fellow could carry them."

"Those are divisions, silly," scoffed the Vacation Girl. "I could remember enough to classify them. See, I've labeled them—Real Summer Books—Historical Books—Thoughtful Books—"

"H'm," conceded the Regular Reviewer, taking the first volume from the "Real

Summer" list and impressively turning the pages. "So this is 'Fran'¹—you didn't read *that*, did you?"

"Why not?"

"Oh, nothing, except that it's a best seller and its heroine is a chorus girl."

"Fran is no such thing," denied the Vacation Girl. "She's a circus girl—the dearest, sweetest, prettiest little girl. She follows the circus because she has no one to send her to school or give her a home. When she is all tired out, she comes to a

house which is really her own father's, although he doesn't know of her existence, and little by little she wins his affection."

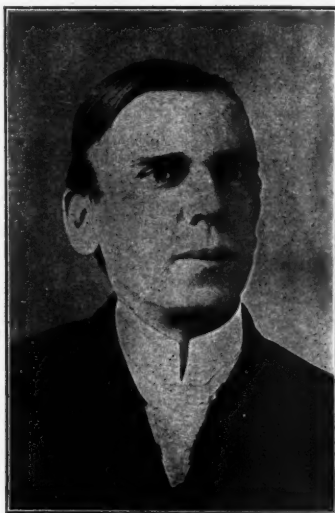
"Quite natural," nodded the Regular Reviewer tactfully.

"Natural!" burst out the Vacation Girl. "I say he didn't know who she was and asked her to *marry* him."

"How tragic—but of course she didn't?"

The Vacation Girl turned her back for three minutes. "Don't be absurd," said she coldly. "And don't keep interrupting. When, as I said, her father asked her to marry him, she revealed her identity, and later she married a suitable young man."

"But men don't appreciate sweet, winning little girls like Fran," sighed the Vacation Girl, taking up another volume. "Here's 'Pollyooly.'² She starts to London to make her living, with nothing but a



JOHN BRECKENRIDGE ELLIS
The Missouri author, whose "Fran" is one of the season's best sellers

shock of red hair, a baby brother, twenty shillings and two useful fists. Like Caesar, she came, she saw, and she conquered. A youthful Prince Charming played at love and—"

"And they lived happily ever after?" queried the Regular Reviewer.

Again a withering glance from the Vacation Girl. "Pollyooly was twelve years



"ANNE SHIRLEY"

The charming creation of Miss L. M. Montgomery
From a new painting by George Gibbs

old," she said. "It's a sort of fairy story."

"Funny?" the Regular Reviewer hazarded.

"There is rich humor," said the Vacation Girl with dignity, "and much pathos. Sometimes Pollyooly's adventures made me think of 'Arabian Nights'."

"'Chronicles of Avonlea,'"³ the Regular Reviewer read, and reached down for the next volume. "Avonlea—Avonlea—where have I heard that before?"

"I suppose," said the Vacation Girl sarcastically, "that if you read 'Anne of Avonlea' you heard it a number of times."

"Quite so," accepted the Regular Reviewer, "it's by L. M. Montgomery, of course. I remember Anne very well; is this another Anne story?"

"Anne Shirley is in the volume," replied the Vacation Girl, "and there are other Avonlea characters. You see, the book is a collection of stories, each complete in itself, and they are written in the most delightful way. I'm going to buy it for Cousin Helen's birthday—it's just the book for a college girl."

"What's this little mystery book?" asked the Regular Reviewer—"The Mystery of Mary?"⁴

"It's just what the title says," said the Vacation Girl, "the mystery—of Mary. Mary is a beautiful girl who is fleeing from two brutish men and is rescued from them by a young society man. He puts her in a cab, takes her to some friends for dinner that night and then has to part with her the next day. She goes to Chicago and becomes a maid—"

"But what's the mystery?"

"Mary is the mystery," snapped the Vacation Girl, "and I won't tell you another thing. Isn't it a mystery for a



Mary is rescued by a young society man

young man to find a girl without hat or coat seeking refuge and concealing her identity and becoming a servant in a strange city?"

"A very compelling mystery," the Regular Reviewer acknowledged. "Are there any murders?"

"No, there are not—although there might have been if—but if you want a murder, here is 'The Chain of Evidence,'⁵ by Carolyn Wells. I don't like murders, myself, although this ugly old man didn't deserve to live. He made life wretched

for his pretty young niece, and then after he had been safely put out of her way—"

"By being murdered?"

"Of course—that's what I said. Then she was free, because he had left her and a cousin all his money, but the police found that the chain of the front door of their apartment had not been taken off to admit anyone, so it looked ugly for the niece. Her lawyer, who was in love with her, at last got a wizard-like detective, who found—"

"All right," said the Regular Reviewer, "of course he found the culprit. Sounds weird."

"It isn't weird," contradicted the Vacation Girl, "in fact, it's a remarkably plausible story, when the mystery is solved. But here's one"—delving among her "Thoughtful" group—"that doesn't solve itself. 'Hidden House'⁶ is a study in dual

and falls in love with her. Then, after she leaves, comes the mad, pleasure-loving Robina—he loves her, too. But she brings a weird atmosphere, and one night the young man makes the discovery that Robina is Moina."



"THE CHAIN OF EVIDENCE" FROM THE MURDERED MAN TO THE DETECTIVE

"Good for him," encouraged the Regular Reviewer, "then he could marry both in one."

"Stupid!" cried the Vacation Girl. "Oh, don't you see? It's a mystery. Robina was mad—she was a ghost. But," with a sigh, "men are too practical and commonplace to understand occultism—some men."

"Let's get away from psychics," suggested the Regular Reviewer.

"Perhaps," said the Vacation Girl in fine scorn, "you can appreciate romance if you can't mystery. This book of Edward Kimball's, 'The Dominant Chord,'⁷ is the story of an American society girl who is kidnapped by a young engineer just before her wedding to an English duke."

"A common engineer on a flyer?" asked the Regular Reviewer.

"A mechanical engineer, silly, or a civil engineer, or whatever kind of government engineers understand boats."

"Maybe a nautical engineer," murmured the Regular Reviewer, and smiled at his joke.

"The kind of engineer," said the Vacation Girl bitingly, "doesn't have much bearing on the story. As I started to explain, he kidnapped the society girl, and took her out to sea, making violent love to her. Of course she hated him."

"Then she loved the Duke?" ventured the Regular Reviewer.

"No—she didn't love anyone. She was cold and conventional and dispassionate. But she hated the engineer, whose name was John Gordon Craig—pretty name,



She was cold and conventional and dispassionate

personalities. A young ministerial student is seeking health of mind and body, and goes to rest in the mountains of Virginia. He boards at a household which consists of an aged Scotchman, a colored servant and the nieces, Moina and Robina. The girls take turns at staying with their uncle, and the student first sees only Moina,

isn't it?—although when troubles came she had to stand by him, and she nursed him through a long illness, finding out at last that the 'Dominant Chord' was—"

"Yes, yes," interrupted the Regular Reviewer, "but I'm going to read it. How's this racing story by Miss Eleahor Ingram?"

"I've been trying to decide," said the Vacation Girl, "whether I like 'From the

falls in love with Corrie's sister Flavia, the dearest, sweetest, prettiest—"

"Yes, yes," gasped the Regular Reviewer, "and the millionaire father objects?"

"Nothing of the sort—the father is the dearest—"

"Sweetest, prettiest—?" laughed the Regular Reviewer.

"The father is the only sensible millionaire I ever saw in a book. All he asks of Corrie is to 'be straight,' and Corrie is, but he has a malicious cousin, Isabel, who injures Gerard—almost kills him in fact—and Corrie takes the blame.

"Gerard forgives him, his sister Flavia believes in him, but his father sends him



"Malicious cousin Isabel injures Gerard"

Car Behind'⁸ better than Miss Ingram's previous book, 'Stanton Wins.' But they're both so good I can't be sure."

"Perhaps you have a mechanical mind," observed the Regular Reviewer, "and understand automobiles, but the general reader—"

"If the general reader never saw an automobile," interrupted the Vacation Girl, "he could enjoy 'From the Car Behind.' Of course Allan Gerard and Corrie Rose were racers,"—the Vacation Girl tripped off the names as though speaking of her latest conquests—"but there's nothing technical about the story. Gerard is a professional racer and Corrie Rose, who is only eighteen and a millionaire's son, is an amateur. They are friends, and Gerard



JOHN REID SCOTT
Author of "The Last Try"

away, and he trains under Gerard for a great auto race. You can't get to it fast enough, and have Corrie exonerated and Gerard and Flavia brought together. Oh, it's an adorable story.

"Then here's another that moves quickly—'The Last Try.'⁹ It's one of those about an imaginary kingdom, and it's full of intrigue and danger. The King of Valeria comes to America incognito, and meets his enemy, the Duke of Lotzen, pretender to the throne. The Duke isn't able to murder

the King, so he seizes the Queen, and imprisons her in his castle. Awfully thrilling."

"Sounds like the old fairy tales," said the Regular Reviewer.

* * *

"Why," exclaimed the Vacation Girl, "that's the last of the 'Real Summer Books.' And that's all I remember about."

"Here's one that must have slipped out," said the Regular Reviewer—"The Lure,"¹⁰ by the author of 'The Veil.'"

"'The Lure' was by itself," said the Vacation Girl sternly; "it's one of those books dominated by atmosphere. The land of Cleopatra casts a spell over Anne Moorhouse, the heroine, and she is all but subjected to the lure of the Nile when the awakening comes. It's a strange book."

"That one beside it is the play 'Thais.'"¹¹ That's awfully powerful, too. I suppose you know the play—Thais is a courtesan of Alexandria in the early Christian era, and Damon, a monk, comes out of the desert to deliver her from her sins. She becomes a nun, and then Damon comes back—I remember what it said under the title—"The Story of a Sinner Who Became a Saint and a Saint Who Sinned."

"There's one of Joseph Conrad's down in the Thoughtful pile that makes you think—'Almayer's Folly,'"¹² it's called. It deals with the harmony of races, and proves that the passionate Oriental cannot fathom the moods of the phlegmatic Occidental. Almayer is a dreamer who hopes to make a fortune through Malaysian commerce. He is unsuccessful; his Asiatic wife and their daughters act against him, and in the end he has recourse to drugs. Mr. Conrad's description of Asiatic passion is awe-inspiring. It's very wonderful—but it's deep reading.

"Will Levington Comfort's latest book is deep also," went on the Vacation Girl courageously. "Perhaps I don't like it as well as 'Routledge Rides Alone,' for there's a lot of the spiritual; yet 'Fate Knocks at the Door,'"¹³ has tremendous force. But I don't like to discuss a Comfort book except in a chapter by itself—they are always so individual."

The Regular Reviewer—who ardently admires Comfort—nodded emphatically. "A master," he murmured, "a voice crying out in the wilderness."

The Vacation Girl looked out across the veranda into the horizon where sky and ocean met, and then thoughtfully met the eyes of the Regular Reviewer. "You will want to read 'Fate Knocks at the Door' yourself," she said slowly, "although I will always maintain that it is a woman's book. First, the spiritual appeals more to a woman; the book carries a special message for woman; it looks directly into a woman's soul. The chief character, Andrew Bedient, is like a prophet come to remind woman of her birthright. At seventeen Bedient is a cook on a ship that became



WILL LEVINGTON COMFORT
Author of "Fate Knocks at the Door"

wrecked in the China Sea, and there he wins the affection of the commander, Captain Carreras. Later the boy goes to the Philippines. There is fighting, love-making, a trip to India and a journey into the Punjab and the hills beyond, where Bedient learns the philosophy of an Indian mystic. Then Captain Carreras, who has established a tropical estate in a West Indian Island, induces Bedient to make him a visit. At his death Bedient becomes his heir. On a trip to New York the young man meets the One Woman among a group of artists. They are long separated by misunderstandings, but Mr. Comfort

brings them together at the close. You never lose sight of Bedient, and the other characters seem so human, so truly drawn, that you marvel at their individuality."

"And yet," said the Regular Reviewer at the pause, "you do not like this book?"

"Like it? Did I say? Why, it's very wonderful."

"Tell me now of 'The Healer,'" ¹⁴ said the Regular Reviewer, who had lost his flippancy. "Robert Herrick is also a thinker."

"And 'The Healer' is also wonderful," said the Vacation Girl. "A poor doctor seems to have an almost magic power of healing. He takes no fees—he becomes known as 'The Healer.' Eventually he marries wealth and influence, and little by little he becomes interested in the social world. He erects a great hospital and is world-renowned, but he loses his power as a healer. Then a poor woman comes to him—but you shall see for yourself."

"And you must read carefully 'The Street Called Straight,' ¹⁵ although I shall want it back again. You have heard the old saying, 'By the street called straight we come to the house called beautiful.' Olivia Guion, an intellectual New England girl, bears out the truth of this old New England maxim. Olivia's father confesses his embezzlement of trust money only a few weeks before his daughter's marriage to Colonel Rupert Ashley, of the British Army. The proud girl promptly breaks the engagement, but not before Peter Davenant, a one-time suitor of humble birth and uncertain social standing, offers her father the money to cover his debts. Ashley, however, insists upon taking the matter on his shoulders, at tremendous sacrifice; but Davenant crosses the ocean and secures the money from Miss Guion's wealthy old aunt, then remains away from home so that he may not disturb the wedding plans. He's the most unselfish, dearest—"

"Sweetest and prettiest?" broke in the Regular Reviewer, with a flicker of a smile.

"If I ever meet a man like Peter Dave-

nant," said the Vacation Girl, ignoring the interruption, "I will go with him to the end of the earth."

"That, I suppose," ventured the Regular Reviewer, "is what the heroine did?"

"Yes, she married him in the end, after she had seen his greatness. It's the most enthralling love story I've read."

"But what became of the English officer?"

"Oh, he went back to England. You see, Davenant was so big, he made them all big also. Oh, what a man he was!"

"I'm afraid," said the Regular Reviewer, "that you are given to hero-worship. What of 'The Story of a Ploughboy,' ¹⁶ by Ambassador Bryce?"

"You'll like that," answered the Vacation Girl promptly, "it's about equalizing conditions of landlord and tenant, master and servant, and things like that. A poor Scottish ploughboy rises by degrees from poverty, and in his turn becomes a part of the social system under which he has suffered. Then he adopts socialistic ideas. There's a very fine introduction by Edwin Markham, and of course it's all written in a clear, forceful style."

"Speaking of style," remarked the Regular Reviewer, "calls to mind Arnold Bennett. I notice you have something of his over there by itself."

"That is 'The Matador of the Five Towns,' ¹⁷ said the Vacation Girl, "another of the famous Five Towns books. This is a collection of short stories, all portraying the people and little tragedies and comedies in an unassuming English manufacturing district. I don't suppose it's the people or the incidents so much as the manner of writing that make these stories so interesting. But Arnold Bennett is a word-painter who seems to see in everybody the salient light and shadows which make up effective pictures."

"That little volume beside 'The Matador' is another of Bennett's—'Polite Farces,' ¹⁸ There are three short comedies, and they are all good reading. I'd like to see them tried out by our Actors' Club in college. Their satire," with a



"Robert Herrick is also a thinker"

meaning glance at the Regular Reviewer, "is admirable."

* * *

"Now, if you please," announced the Vacation Girl, "I am going down for a game of tennis. I've talked books for a solid hour."

"For which I am your humble servant," hastily acknowledged the Regular Reviewer, with a sweeping courtesy. "But before you leave, I've forgotten the—designations on the two remaining piles of books—to my left and to my right."

"To your left, Historical," said the Vacation Girl, looking about for a racquet. "Let me see—'The Shadow of Power' is

a tale of fifteenth century Holland, and is full of incident. The central character is a trusted cavalier of King Philip of Spain. He has a stormy career, but eventually a successful love brings him peace and content. 'Beggars and Scorners' deals with the trials and tribulations of Emilius Six, banker of Amsterdam, an ally of the ruined Jacobites. Emilius helps the lost cause to the sacrifice of his fortune, but eventually he and a charming woman find in the new world a home of love and peace. 'The Touchstone of Fortune' deals with the fortunes of certain young cavaliers and maidens of the court of 'The Merry Monarch,' Charles II of England.

"Now," triumphed the Vacation Girl, "I did that all in one breath. May I go?"

"You forgot 'The Last of the Puritans,'" said the Regular Reviewer, waving a dignified little volume in the air.

"Oh, that's a refreshing little story," said the Vacation Girl, seating herself on the veranda rail. "An overworked student returns from the city to his old home only to find that the last of his family has just passed away. He is heir to the old home—stead, and loves and is loved by the old neighbors. He has the companionship of one aged relation, a delightful old hermit-philosopher, and gets back his strength. Then he wins the love of a girl who is—"

"The dearest, sweetest, prettiest—?" chimed the Regular Reviewer.

But the Vacation Girl would have no more sport at her expense and made off down the steps.

"Just tell me one thing," begged the Regular Reviewer, over the veranda rail, "what division was the pile on the right?"

"Why, why," stammered the Vacation Girl, "why I—oh, I'll have to come up to tell you."

"They haven't any name," she whispered from the third-top step, "but I put them together as suitable only for grown-up people—don't you know? Books on marriage problems and things like that."

They're all serious, and the morals seem to point in the right way, especially this one of Mr. Vachell's, 'Blinds Down.' It's an English novel, dealing with the social life of the nineteenth century. The leading characters are the three Misses Mauleverer. Their stately residence overlooks at one point the wretched Hog Lane, a part of whose cottages belong to their estate, but are shut out from view by keeping the 'blinds down.' These three ladies are interesting and individual. There is Prudence, grim and dictatorial;

Jacqueline, amiable but controlled by Prudence; and there is Rosetta, the young, pretty, independent darling of the house. The sisters are divided in opinion on the matter of marriage—Rosetta wants to marry for love, but Prudence plans for her a rich and honorable union, and eventually brings it about. Poor Rosetta cannot endure her loveless and unhappy life and elopes with a former lover. Her husband reports her dead and her sisters take charge of the baby Rose, left behind by Rosetta. After her husband's death, Rosetta marries the man of her choice and becomes a successful authoress. She is a second time widowed and returns incognito to visit her old home. The baby Rose is now grown and being urged into a like "rich and honorable" marriage; Rosetta declares herself and at last is received back



"Speaking of style calls to mind Arnold Bennett"

into her home. Mr. Vachell is a very convincing writer."

"With quite modern ideas," added the Regular Reviewer. "And Frank Danby—I see you have her latest at hand—no doubt that is radical, too?"

"I suppose so, although it rather inverts 'Blinds Down.' 'Joseph in Jeopardy'²⁴ shows a wealthy art critic married to a commonplace woman. He turns for sympathy and understanding to a very brilliant woman, but after a while it comes home to the critic that his wife's faithfulness is a beautiful thing. This 'Unofficial Honeymoon'²⁵ of Dolf Wyllarde is rather odd. She says at the start that the story is purely imaginative, and utterly impossible, and straightway you begin to wonder why it couldn't be possible—"

"Being a woman and naturally contrary," put in the Regular Reviewer.

"That is unkind," said the Vacation Girl, "and besides, it isn't any more impossible than most novels. A girl and a man—exact opposites by birth and training—are the only survivors of an ocean wreck and are cast on an island. They hate each other, but as they get acquainted one understands the other's viewpoints. They believe they are in love, but the girl keeps the man at bay, trusting that they will be rescued and can be formally married. But the rescue only separates them, and not until the very end are they united.

"Here is a disappointing story," remarked the Vacation Girl, stooping to pick up the last volume, "but of course you would call it true to life. Undoubtedly it is, because it's by an anonymous writer. 'My Actor Husband'²⁶—and he isn't the kind of actor you like to think about. He treats his wife abominably, makes love to other actresses, and is altogether beastly. You keep on hoping that he will turn out right in the end, although you know he won't.

"And now," said the Vacation Girl, "the tennis court is deserted, and I'll have to play by myself."

"I don't suppose," began the Regular Reviewer, "that I would be of any use?"

"But I thought you were going to read

books," said the Vacation Girl, wrinkling her brow. "Anyway, I'd rather go out on the lake—if you really want—"

* * *

Thus it happened that the Regular Reviewer was turned away from his work and prints a full confession, bowed with a heavy conscience, but with many a delicious thought of the "dearest, prettiest, sweetest" of naive young persons whose observations, after all, will perhaps be as interesting to the reader as the sententious critiques which the Regular Reviewer would have written had he not gone a-rowing with the Vacation Girl.

1 "Fran." By John Breckenridge Ellis. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. Price, \$1.25.

2 "Pollyooly." By Edgar Jepson. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. Price, \$1.25.

3 "Chronicles of Avonlea." By L. M. Montgomery. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. Price, \$1.25 net.

4 "The Mystery of Mary." By G. L. H. Lutz. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. Price, \$1.00 net.

5 "The Chain of Evidence." By Carolyn Wells. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. Price, \$1.25 net.

6 "Hidden House." By Amelie Rives. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. Price, \$1.20 net.

7 "The Dominant Chord." By Edward Kimball. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. Price, \$1.25 net.

8 "From the Car Behind." By Eleanor M. Ingram. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. Price, \$1.25.

9 "The Last Try." By John Reed Scott. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. Price, \$1.25.

10 "The Lure." By E. S. Stevens. New York: John Lane Company. Price, \$1.30 net.

11 "Tnaia." By Paul Wiltach. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. Price, \$1.00 net.

12 "Almayer's Polly." By Joseph Conrad. New York: The Macmillan Company. Price, \$1.25 net.

13 "Fate Knocks at the Door." By Will Levington Comfort. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. Price, \$1.25 net.

14 "The Healer." By Robert Herrick. New York: The Macmillan Company. Price, \$1.25 net.

15 "The Street Called Straight." By the author of "The Inner Shrine." New York: Harper & Brothers. Price, \$1.35 net.

16 "The Story of a Ploughboy." By James Bryce. New York: John Lane Company. Price, \$1.25 net.

17 "The Matador of the Five Towns." By Arnold Bennett. New York: George H. Doran Company. Price, \$1.20 net.

18 "Polite Farces." By Arnold Bennett. New York: George H. Doran Company. Price, \$1.00 net.

19 "The Shadow of Power." By Paul Bertram. New York: John Lane Company. Price, \$1.25 net.

20 "Beggars and Scorners." By Allan McAulay. New York: John Lane Company. Price, \$1.25.

21 "The Touchstone of Fortune." By Charles Major. New York: The Macmillan Company. Price, \$1.25.

22 "The Last of the Puritans." By Frederic P. Ladd. New York: F. M. Lupton. Price, \$1.00 net.

23 "Blinds Down." By Horace Annesley Vachell. New York: George H. Doran Company. Price, \$1.20 net.

24 "Joseph in Jeopardy." By Frank Danby. New York: The Macmillan Company. Price, \$1.35 net.

25 "The Unofficial Honeymoon." By Dolf Wyllarde. New York: John Lane Company. Price, \$1.30.

26 "My Actor Husband." Anonymous. New York: John Lane Company.

WOODROW WILSON

Presidential Candidate

A SKETCH

by Joseph Lewis French



HE choice of Woodrow Wilson to be the Democratic standard-bearer is believed by his admirers to be the logical result of events which have been a long time shaping their course. Behind it all, the Atlas of the whole situation is the inevitable law of change, which works somewhat quicker among us than among other nations, owing to our temperament and conditions.

The law of republics as of individuals is the law of contest, of struggle. And there can be no balance without two parties, each of which must have abiding elements of power. These, let the Creator be thanked, both the Republican and the Democratic parties have always possessed. The nomination of Woodrow Wilson has strengthened them both, and has practically eliminated all hopes of a third party, strangling it in its cradle. That incipient upheaval will only cause thoughtful men to think harder, and its chief outcome will be that some progressive Republican votes will be garnered to the Democratic cause under its notable new standard-bearer.

On the whole, Roosevelt may be said to have builded better than he knew. His achievement is really that of a Regulus, who leaping into the gulf (in the modern instance created by himself) sacrifices himself as it closes over him. It seems to be manifest destiny that the political career of Theodore Roosevelt is practically closed. And in the clamor for change which wisely possesses a restless people, there remains free choice of candidates for the Executive. Wilson is the logical outcome of the one situation. He is not an

accident, not a political makeshift or a forlorn hope, least of all a puppet. He is a man who from the first buddings of his career seems to have been naturally and logically fitting himself for the very position which he has finally achieved. The Mother of Presidents has given us another great candidate after many long years, and none of these her illustrious sons, not even Washington and Jefferson, has brought a more thorough consecration to the high office. Some have referred to Woodrow Wilson as a dreamer, and reviewing his whole career one cannot doubt that from his earliest years this high-hearted man must have had some vision of his day of triumph as the people's ruler.

He comes of the sturdiest stock which this country can boast. On his father's side of a Scotch-Irish ancestry, whose record for achievement in America leads the list. This is strengthened on his mother's side by descent from a very old and worthy English family, the Woodrows. On both sides the stock is ecclesiastical, of a Presbyterian origin that runs back to John Knox and the Reformation; and this long line has given him that rock-bound strength of character and rigid uprightness which are among his leading traits. His allegiance to Democracy goes back to his grandfather, Judge James Wilson, an Irishman of Scotch descent who migrated from County Down to Philadelphia in 1807.

His connection with Princeton University also runs back a generation, his father, Rev. Joseph Ruggles Wilson, having received his theological education there.

The Democratic candidate derives his given name from his mother, Janet Wood-

row, who was the daughter of Dr. Thomas Woodrow, a famous Presbyterian minister of his day, and the descendant of an ancient English family. Woodrow Wilson's father was in his day one of the most noted ministers of the South. Thoroughly equipped as a theologian, and a pulpit orator of power, he early reached and long maintained a position of much influence in his church.

Woodrow Wilson's schoolboy years were passed in Augusta, Georgia, where one of his teachers has left a record that he was a quiet lad of exceptionally studious bent.



GOVERNOR AND MRS. WOODROW WILSON

His father was his principal educator in these first formative years, however, being a broad-minded man with an exceptional grasp of the affairs of the world. A sterling theory of his own was that nobody had really grasped a thought until he could put it quickly and definitely into words. This was the foundation of the literary education which has given Woodrow Wilson an international reputation as a historian. The son had been taught to think even before he had learned to read and write.

From his father also he inherited some of his traits as an educator, for the elder Dr. Wilson was for several years, during his son's early youth, Professor of Pastoral and

Evangelical Theology in the Southern Presbyterian Theological Seminary. At eighteen we find the future Presidential nominee preparing himself under his father's roof for entrance to Princeton University.

In so notable a household as that presided over by Dr. and Mrs. Wilson he had always enjoyed the society of people of culture and brilliancy, and he entered Princeton in 1875 with confident assurance of a successful course. He was graduated in the famous class of '79 among the honor men, having an average of ninety per cent, or better, for the four years' course. His capacity for affairs began to manifest itself early in his college career. He became managing editor of the college paper and was prominent generally in undergraduate activities. From the first he manifested a strong bent for the study of government, the theory of it, and the lives of political leaders. He was assiduous as a writer, especially on topics relating to his chosen theme, and neglected no opportunity to cultivate a natural gift for extemporaneous speaking. He distinguished himself not long before graduation and emerged definitely into the ranks of notable Princeton men by the publication of an article in the *International Review* entitled "Cabinet Government in the United States." This contrasted the British and American systems of government, pointing out frankly from the writer's viewpoint certain advantages of the British system.

In the pursuit of the practical career which he had marked out for himself, he entered on the law course at the University of Virginia on leaving Princeton and practiced during 1882-3 at Atlanta. But during this early period he recognized that his special bent was that of an educator, and he gave up law and took a special course in history and politics at Johns Hopkins University. He entered definitely upon his distinguished career as an educator by becoming associate professor in his specialties at Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania, in 1886. Here he remained for two years, when he advanced a step in accepting the chair of history and political economy in Wesleyan University. Two years later he achieved his

first great ambition and once more trod the paths of his alma mater as professor of jurisprudence and politics at Princeton. He was the first layman in the history of the University to be chosen president, which occurred twelve years later in 1902.

During these twelve years as professor at Princeton and afterwards as its chief executive, he added steadily to a growing fame which had already become international. In 1885, while pursuing his course at Johns Hopkins, he had produced "Congressional Government; a Study in American Politics," which was promptly accepted in England as a text-book on American institutions. In 1889 he published "The State; Elements of Historical and Practical Politics," which has become a standard work. In 1893, "Division and Reunion, 1829-1889." In the same year, "An Old Master and other Political Essays"; in 1896, "Mere Literature and Other Essays," his literary career being crowned in 1902 by his splendid "History of the American People," an achievement which will carry his name down to posterity. This is acknowledged by scholars

the world over as the best compendious account of American political history—a masterpiece not the least of whose virtues is the charm of its literary style. His career as president of Princeton, with its opportunities of public prominence, naturally fitted him for public work of a higher character.

When he was called to the governorship of New Jersey, it had long been recognized that the man was made of ideal presidential timber, and he was complimented by an overwhelming vote. His record in the executive chair has only added step by step to his profound popularity with all thoughtful Americans of either party. Through scrupulous training he fitted himself for this great place. That section of the American public, the educated intelligent one, which has long been dreaming of such a leader, may well rub its eyes and exclaim, "Here is the ideal scholar candidate at last." He is not only a political philosopher of the first rank, but an inspiring campaigner, who will very likely inspire the Democratic hosts for a hope of victory next November.

THE ADVANCE

MAN has not slept, but in the passing dark
Has been advancing upward into light,—
Up the long hill of Destiny, in night
More terrible than that which binds the lark
To earth; for in that darkness none could mark
The true way, and the goal lay far from sight.
Man's valiant pilgrimage unto the height
Is ending, and the dawn heaves up a spark.

We in the van behold the day clear-eyed
From the high summit; close behind, the weak
Toil through the shadows to the heights defied;
And lo! before us on the glittering slope,
Golden and glorious, stands the race's hope,
The Mecca, the bright City that we seek.

—Henry Dumont, in "A Golden Fancy."

FISH AS A FOOD

by

WILLIAM CLAYTON



HE general advance in the price of meats during recent years has been the means of stimulating the use of fish as an article of daily food. Many prejudices which formerly existed against the finny tribe are beginning to disappear, and the fish dealers are jubilant over what they believe to be a prosperous future. Legislative investigation has established some important facts regarding the best methods of preservation by the cold storage process, and all that the fishermen now ask is that the public shall become familiar with the facts.

The preference for salt water or fresh water fish is a matter of individual taste. Both are, so far as known, equally wholesome. The market value of fish is affected by various conditions, among which are the locality from which they come, the season in which they are taken, and the food on which they have grown. In general, it may be said that fish from clear, cold, or deep water are regarded as preferable to those from shallow or warm water; while fish taken in waters with a rocky bottom are preferable to those from waters with a muddy bottom. Some fish, for instance shad, are at their best during the spawning season, while others should not be eaten during this period. Those fish which feed on small crustacea and other forms of animal and vegetable life, which are their natural food, are preferable to those living upon sewage and other matter which may contaminate the waters.

As ordinarily used, the term "fish" includes, besides the fish proper, many other water animals, as oysters, clams,

lobsters, crawfish, crabs and shrimps, also turtle and terrapin. The term "sea food" is often used to cover the whole group, or more particularly salt water products as distinguished from those of fresh waters.

Fish in one form or another is now almost universally recognized as one of the most important food materials, and enters to a greater or less extent into the diet of very many, if not most of the American families. Few, however, have any adequate conception of the great importance of the fisheries of the United States and of the immense amount of nutritive material which is every year taken from the salt and fresh waters of this country. The productive area is a vast one, extending from the Gulf of Mexico northward along the entire Atlantic Coast to the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and including the waters of Newfoundland, Prince Edward Island and Nova Scotia; and on the Pacific Coast from California to and including the waters of Alaska.

Of the very large quantity of fish annually placed on the American market the greater part is consumed at home, although a portion is prepared in various ways for export. Fresh water and salt water fish alike are offered for sale as taken from the water, and also in preserved condition. In some cases preservation is only to insure transportation to remote parts. Low temperature is the means most commonly employed for this purpose. By taking advantage of the most recent improvements in apparatus and methods of chilling and freezing, fish may be shipped great distances and kept for a long time in good condition.

Large quantities of fish are dried, salted and smoked, the processes being

employed alone or in combination. These methods insure preservation, but at the same time modify the flavor. Several fish products are also prepared by one or more of these processes. Caviar is usually prepared from sturgeon roe by salting. The methods of salting and packing vary somewhat and give rise to a number of varieties. Although formerly prepared almost exclusively in Russia, caviar is now made to a large extent in the United States.

When fish are salted and cured, there is a considerable loss in weight, due to removal of the entrails and drying. Codfish lose sixty per cent in preparation for market, and if the market-dried fish is boned there is a further loss of twenty per cent.

The canning industry has been enormously developed in recent years, and thousands of pounds of fish, lobsters, etc., are annually preserved in this way. In canning, the fish is heated to destroy micro-organisms and sealed to prevent access of air, which would introduce micro-organisms as well as oxygen. Thus the canned contents are preserved from oxidation and decomposition. The process of canning has been much improved of late years, so that the original flavor is largely retained, while the goods may be kept for an indefinite period. Fish, as well as meat, is usually canned in its own juice. Sardines and some other fishes are commonly preserved by canning in oil.

Various kinds of fish extract, clam juice, etc., are offered for sale. They are similar in form to meat extract. There is also a number of fish pastes and similar products.

Oysters and other shell fish are placed on the market alive in the shell or are removed from the shell and kept in good condition by chilling and other means. Oysters in the shell are usually transported in barrels or sacks. Shipments are made to far inland points in refrigerator cars, and to Europe in the cold storage chambers of vessels. Large quantities of shell fish are also canned. Oysters are now sold as they are taken from the water, either in shell or in sealed cans.

Lobsters, crabs and other crustacea are usually sold alive. Sometimes they are boiled before they are placed on the

market. Large quantities of lobsters, shrimps and crabs are canned.

Turtle and terrapin are usually marketed alive. Turtle soup, however, is canned in large quantities. Frogs are marketed alive or dressed, the hind legs only being commonly eaten. Frogs may be eaten in all seasons, but are best in the fall or winter.

The mode of fish capture greatly affects the market value. Fish caught by the gills and allowed to die in the water by slow degrees, as is the case when gill nets are used, undergo decomposition very rapidly and are inferior for food. Fish are often landed alive and allowed to die slowly. This custom is not only inhumane, but lessens the value of the product. It has been found that fish killed instantly after catching remain firm and bear shipment better than those allowed to die slowly. The quality of the fish is often injured by improper handling in the fishing boats before being placed on the market. All well-conducted fish companies, however, guard against this danger, and with their improved methods of chilling are shipping the products of distant fishing grounds to the consumer in prime condition.

The flavor of oysters is affected more or less by the locality in which they are grown, but this is regarded largely as a matter of individual taste. The season of the year affects the market value of oysters, although it is noticeable that as methods of transportation improve, the oyster season becomes longer. This may be also said of lobsters, crabs and shrimps.

Extended investigation of the conditions affecting the growth and food value of oysters have been carried on by the New Jersey Experiment Station. These investigations have shown that, under proper care and methods of handling, the oysters may be shipped to distant localities and arrive in perfect condition. It was shown, however, that oysters in spawn deteriorate more rapidly than at any other season at the same temperature. Oysters, however, which are ready to spawn are considered especially palatable if cooked soon after removal from the sea bed.

Fish contain the same kind of nutriment as other food materials. In general it

may be said that food serves a twofold purpose. It supplies the body with material for building and repairing its tissues and fluids, and serves as fuel for maintaining body temperature and for supplying the energy necessary for muscular work. Fish is essentially a nitrogenous food, and in this respect it resembles meat. Neither fish nor meat is a source of carbohydrates. Oysters contain some carbohydrates, but the foods which supply this group of nutrients most abundantly are the cereal grains.

In general it may be said that fish, meat, eggs, milk and vegetables all supply fat, the amount varying in the different materials. Fish usually contains less fat than is found in meat, although there is much difference in the fat content of the various kinds of fish. Lobsters, crabs, shrimps and crawfish have been shown by analysis to contain a large percentage of nutrients. This is most noticeable when the composition of the flesh alone is considered.

Lobsters and similar foods are prized for their delicate flavor. Except in certain regions where they are very abundant and the cost correspondingly low, they must be regarded as delicacies rather than as a staple article of diet.

Although the amount of turtle and terrapin used in the United States is considerable, the quantity is small as compared with the consumption of such foods as fish proper and oysters. Turtle and terrapin are nutritious foods, although under existing conditions they are expensive delicacies rather than staple and economical articles of diet.

The total amount of frogs consumed each year is considerable. Frogs' legs contain a considerable amount of protein. With the exception of the hind legs, the meat on other portions of the frog is small, but it is eaten in some localities.

The process of freezing fish consists of freezing them at a very low temperature, then dipping, so as to form a coating of ice which hermetically seals them. If the ice remains unbroken, as it does when the fish are properly cared for, they will come out of the cold storage in perfect condition. It is customary in all well-regulated cold-storage companies to periodically

inspect the fish and redip as often as is necessary.

Frozen fish are unquestionably the most delicious and wholesome of any that is offered for sale. They are frozen immediately after being taken out of the water and remain in that condition until they reach the kitchen. The freezing process retains every quality they possessed when caught. It should be remembered, however, that fish should never be thawed out in warm water; cold water should always be used. This is very important.

Although fish meats may be regarded as sources of protein, they nevertheless contain considerable energy; indeed, those containing an abundance of fat supply a large amount of energy—that is, have a high fuel value. If a food contains little protein or energy, and is high in price, it is evident that it is really an expensive food. On the other hand, a food may be high in price, but in reality be cheap, since it furnishes a large amount of protein, or energy, or both.

* * *

The term "digestibility," as commonly employed, has several significations. To many persons it conveys the idea that a particular food agrees with the user. It is also commonly understood to mean the ease or rapidity of digestion. A number of experiments have been made on man to learn how thoroughly fish is digested and to compare it in this respect with other foods. It was found that fish and lean meat are about equally digestible. In each case about ninety-five per cent of the total dry matter, ninety-seven per cent of the protein and over ninety per cent of the fat were retained in the body. Salt fish is less thoroughly digestible than fresh fish. Lean meats are more digestible than those containing more fat, and the lean kinds of fish, such as halibut, cod, haddock, perch, pike, bluefish, etc., are more easily digested than the fatter kinds, as salmon, shad and mackerel.

As compared with meats, fish containing a corresponding amount of nutriment can be purchased at a saving of fifty per cent. Thus, if the average family's meat bill is \$30 per month, it would be reduced to \$15 if fish alone were used and the same amount of nutriment obtained. The

monthly bill would be \$22.50 if one half fish and one half meat were used.

It has been found that the laborers employed in the fisheries of Russia consume from thirty to sixty ounces of fish daily. This, with some bread, millet meal and tea, constitute their diet during the fishing season, and a more healthy and vigorous class of men would be difficult to find.

Scientific investigation has shown that fish contain large quantities of phosphorus and is therefore particularly valuable as a brain food. It has also been shown that fish is a very desirable food for persons of sedentary habits.

Not many years ago fish could only be obtained for use on Friday. Dealers made no preparation for any large sales on other days of the week, but since the adoption of more scientific methods of storing and handling the product, its use is not confined to any particular day, and with many families it is now a daily article of food.

Fish is prepared for the table in a variety of ways, which are described in detail in books devoted to cooking. It is commonly boiled, steamed, broiled, fried or baked. In the cooking little fat or protein is lost. In most cases carbohydrates in the form of flour, butter or

other material are added to the fish when cooked and thus whatever fuel ingredients are lost is made good. Fried fish is cooked in fat and baked fish is often filled with force meat and may be accompanied by a sauce. The force meat being made of bread, butter, etc., contains fat and carbohydrates.

Canned fish should never be allowed to remain in the can after opening, but should be used at once.

Fish offered for sale should be handled in a cleanly manner and stored and delivered under hygienic conditions. The housewife should, whenever possible, visit the market for the purpose of selecting her fish. She can then determine whether these conditions are being complied with, and can also pick out the fish that are in prime condition. She may easily detect poor fish. While frozen fish would not contain any odor, yet there are discriminating traits which every woman can easily detect. These are: the emaciated appearance, discoloration, sunken eyes and generally poor appearance. It is no more difficult to discover the earmarks of inferior fish than it is for the bank teller to detect a counterfeit bill. After a little study, one glance is sufficient to tell whether the fish are good or bad.

HUMILITY

I HAVE no words to tell my thought for you.
Your gracious presence fills my soul with peace.
When I regard you all my troubles cease.
Yet my words falter, and I cannot tell
To you the simple fact—I love you well.

If I could say what lies within my mind
'Twould be to tell you how I love to look
Upon your face, to make your eyes my book
And read therein a message that would fill
My heart with happiness—if 'twere your will.

I long to take your hand within my own,
I long when you are weary to give rest,
When you are sad, my lips on yours I'd press,
For since my love doth lack the words it needs,
I long to make it known in helpful deeds.

—Caroline H. Burgess.

Business Men in Politics

EVENTS of recent years are pointing toward a political party more directly concerned with business interests and business development.

One prominent commercial leader who has allied himself with this cause is Mr. E. C. Simmons, the eminent hardware merchant of St. Louis, whose radiant optimism and keen business judgment have been felt for many years in national affairs. It has been observed by some that too much politics and mere making of laws has restrained economic and largely developing business.

The fact is brought out that instead of being controlled by business interests, there has been too much of a tendency to favor class legislation for farm and labor interests, although even passing consideration has not been given to the men who are making the markets and developing the arteries of trade and commerce upon which the prosperity of the country so largely depend. John Kirby, president of the American Association, has been announced as favoring a new party, augmenting a movement in which manufacture and business interests will have some voice.

Mr. Simmons is also deeply interested in the movement and with his pencil in hand, it did not take him long to set down some startling facts and figures. The traveling man, covering every corner of the country and every phase of business, is believed by Mr. Simmons to be more practical in his judgment of affairs than the political scout. Few men have been more pre-eminently identified with business affairs and better understand the philosophy of government in its relations to the consumer, producer, and the merchant than Mr. Simmons, and it is felt that if a party of this nature is ever formed, he will be called upon to devote his time and energy and mature business experience to this organization.

This new party would look directly to the welfare of all the people through the

immediate channel in which their welfare is to be obtained, or, in other words, through the channel of business development. The proposed party would look to a more equitable distribution of earnings and profits, establishing an organization that is in harmony with the genius and spirit of the age; getting away from the glamor of martial and ephemeral political prominence, and keeping in touch with the solid, practical men of affairs. In these days of business, the manufacturer, wholesaler and business men have come to understand that their personal interests are based upon the welfare of the purchasing public. This is only a direct application of the proposition that the welfare of each individual is a unit that goes to make up for the welfare of all. On that broad proposition of democracy which recognizes the changed current of affairs, business genius, by its own inherent strength, is intimately associated with the progress of all professions, trades and productions.

The farmer of today is a business man, and that ensures his success. The laboring man today is a business man, and instead of being widely diverted, all the interests of the country are coming slowly but steadily together in a recognition of the great thought which has in years past been merely an academic and scholastic chimera. There is a unity in the whole fabric of humankind which, if only recognized, and if disassociated from the little bickerings of the envy, greed and over-leaping ambitions of men, would of itself naturally and inevitably bring about the results, which were originally but the dream of rancorous propagandists whose blood-thirsty and relentless schemes of distorted reform are unattainable and irreconcilable with great business development and modern necessities.

"Business," said Mr. Simmons as he thrust a paper here and there into a pigeon-hole and packed others in his bag, prepara-

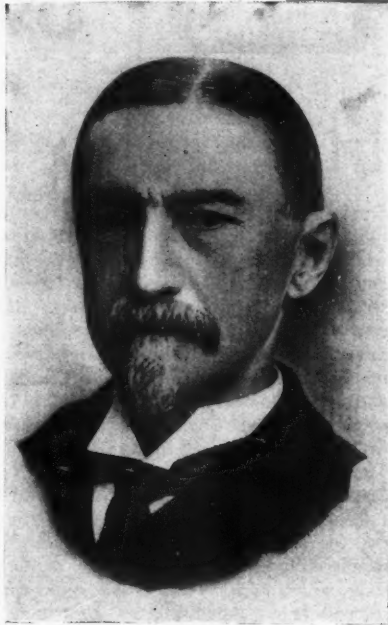
tory to leaving for Convention activities at Chicago, "has been smarting under the irritation of handicaps for five years, so that it has become very restless and is dissatisfied with present conditions—ready to break out with dynamic force, following the lead of any man or set of men who would point out the way to improved conditions. Business wants to come back into its own; it wants to be freed from the handicaps of political demagoguery; it wants to push ahead, and it is chafing vigorously under a restraint which is both unwise and unnatural. The old saying, 'Competition is the life of trade' should now be written 'Competition is the death of trade,' because but few people engaged in legitimate business are producing satisfactory results that enable them to treat their employees generously and to forge ahead in a wholesome and healthy manner."

Mr. Simmons is a true optimist, and he enthusiastically discussed the favorable outlook of business for the coming season. "The basic conditions at present," he said, "are wonderfully favorable. The remarkable activity in the steel industry is one of the best barometers we could possibly have; then again, the weather has been particularly propitious, and there is promise of great crops of grain and cotton, and although winter wheat does not bid fair to yield as largely as last year, the outlook for spring wheat indicates a crop so much larger than that of 1911 as to make the total wheat crop for the year more than was the case last year."

The talk shifted to politics, the most natural subject in a presidential year. "If the nominees," remarked Mr. Simmons, "both Republican and Democratic, are not satisfactory to the people, there is ample time to originate and start a new party, to be called 'The Business Men's Party,' or 'The Independent Party' or some other suitable name. Four months is a long time in which to work, and a whirlwind campaign could be inaugurated and carried out that would, beyond a question of doubt, bring success."

"If a Business Men's Party is started and some man can be found to head the ticket, who has a clean record and who has demonstrated his ability by his success in a decent way, and who has never been

connected with combinations, monopolies, or trusts, I firmly believe that he can get the active and hearty co-operation of more than half the traveling men in the United States. Perhaps such a man could be found who has himself been a traveling man, and that would appeal to the army of travelers, which numbers four hundred thousand. If half of them could be actively enlisted in this work, they would reach about two million voters per day,



E. C. SIMMONS

The head of the Simmons Hardware Company of St. Louis and a leader in the new business men's party

so that in less than thirty days' time they would, numerically speaking, have an opportunity of talking with the voters of the United States. These men are convincing talkers; they are trained to talk in a convincing way; if they were not, they could not be successful in their avocation. There isn't the slightest doubt in my mind but what a Business Men's Party, organized on the right lines and supported by at least half the traveling salesmen, could carry the day at the election in November."



HOW exhilarating it is to hear not only among thousands of readers, but on the street and in the house, words of praise for **HEART SONGS** and **HEART THROBS**. The books have a peculiar fascination in these days, when the voice of the people is so reverently respected. In the street car, among strangers, in the hotel elevators and everywhere there are people who always have a word of appreciation for these books. At the conventions at Chicago and at Baltimore there were hundreds of people who spoke about these books, from Colonel Knight, fresh from his ranch in California, to gentlemen living on the eastern frontiers of Maine. With a thrill I heard "Sweet Belle Mahone" played by the orchestra at Baltimore and I wondered if the people realized how this song, which their mothers sang, had been rescued from oblivion by a contributor to **HEART SONGS**. There was a plaintiveness in the melody that set aside all these fleeting years and came back again with its all-appealing and enduring heart power. The revival of the old songs was coincident with the exploitation of **HEART SONGS**. On the phonograph records there is a great demand for old songs even in competition, for the high-priced operatic artists. The simple old songs as collated by the contributors of **HEART SONGS** have marked an epoch. The revival of "Silver Threads among the Gold" came at about that time, just because these songs have a heart touch about them that seems to permeate the affections more than the recent popular songs. There is a sincerity,

many have said, and an earnestness in the old songs that seems to be lacking in modern melodies.

Many of the contributions to **HEART SONGS** never appeared in what have previously been termed "popular song" books, for **HEART SONGS** is more than a collection of popular songs. Its selections are, indeed, **HEART SONGS** that have a compelling and enduring interest.

The sales of **HEART THROBS** and **HEART SONGS** have continually increased ever since they were first issued, and we are making special preparations for new, fine editions for the holidays. Don't fail to have your bookseller know about these books, because it is not necessary to urge anyone who has **HEART THROBS** and **HEART SONGS** to tell their friends about them. In all the varied achievements of our book-publishing department there is nothing that surpasses our satisfaction in the knowledge that every copy of **HEART THROBS** and **HEART SONGS** that goes from the press carries with it a heart message that comes back to us in all forms and styles of expression with every mail.

"Sweet Belle Mahone!" If you have a **HEART SONGS** book sing it again and then you will not wonder why our mothers and grandmothers loved that dear old song. When later I heard this song on the Columbia phonograph records—and the singing refrain, "Sweet Belle Mahone, Wait for me at heaven's gate, Sweet Belle Mahone"—I recalled how my mother's voice rang out over the lawn where we children were at play, and the sacred memories of scenes and associations of that song can never

It is one thing to make soda crackers that are *occasionally* good.

It is quite another thing to make them so that they are not only always better than all other soda crackers, but *always of unvarying goodness.*

The name "Uneeda"—stamped on every one of them—means that if a million packages of Uneeda Biscuit were placed before you, you could choose any one of them, confident that every soda cracker in that package would be as good as the best Uneeda Biscuit ever baked. Five cents.

**NATIONAL BISCUIT
COMPANY**

be effaced as long as mind and memory shall endure.

And this is only one of the five hundred HEART SONGS.

* * *

IT is a pleasure for the publishers to announce for the September NATIONAL a story by Miss Anne Bozeman Lyon, one of the leading women writers of the South. Miss Lyon has become famous through her colonial fiction, dealing with the people of old Mobile; and this story, "Casimir Jacques," is one of her most charming romances concerning the quaint French settlers of early Alabama history.

Anne Bozeman Lyon was "discovered" by Dr. Charles J. O'Malley, who published "Padre Felipo," the first of her short colonial stories. The story was widely copied and received the hearty commendation of Walter Lecky, the eminent novelist, and other noted writers and church dignitaries. Miss Lyon's "Early Missions of the South" was published in Germany and in England, and adopted as a text-book in some of the schools of Florida. Following this book came short stories, a novel and two novelettes, all written in a clear, finished style that brought recognition to their author. The realism of Miss Lyon's fiction is explained by her statement: "When I start one of these colonial stories, I see the characters vividly, and actually hear their names and feel their presence. They move and sway me and not I them. When the story is done, I couldn't write another until the spirit moves me, not if I were going to be burned at the stake."

No one can read "Casimir Jacques" without being impressed by the simple, Christ-like character who gives the story its name. The publishers feel that "Casimir Jacques" is one of the best short stories that has come to the editorial desk in a number of years.

* * *

WITH the September NATIONAL comes also the opening instalment of the new serial story, "Two and a Pocket Handkerchief," by Josephine Page Wright, the prominent California story writer. A young New York society man who loses

his fortune and his fiancée, and who in desperation seeks retirement on a California ranch; a quixotic offer of marriage to a native girl; the conflict of opposite temperaments; the opportunity to return to the city—these are incidents in one of the most human romances we have met in a long time. The atmosphere of California pervades every chapter; the characters are natural and refreshing; each instalment leads up to a climactic point in the story.

"Two and a Pocket Handkerchief" keeps inside of the NATIONAL standard for fiction that is wholesome and optimistic—fiction that is diverting, entertaining, refreshing, after the day's labor.

It has been gratifying to receive appreciative comments from a number of readers upon the special summer stories that have appeared in the June and July issues. These letters have indicated that many readers approve of a schedule which includes a larger amount of fiction. With this in mind, we are giving special attention to the NATIONAL stories, and are devoting more time and space to this branch of the magazine. The September issue will offer a table of contents in fiction that might well be envied by an all-story magazine for its variety, its authorship and its general excellence.

Aside from the new serial and "Casimir Jacques," the September issue will include "The Gold Girl," a thrilling love story by Nellie Cravey Gillmore; "Wanted—A Young Man," a romantic account of a "want" advertisement and its results; "Across the Night, Beyond the Day," by Louise Pond Jewell, a delightful story of two souls who "understood"; "Padre Bernardo," a Mexican story by Harold de Polo; and a roaring Hebrew farce, entitled "Papa Buys Some Diamonds," by Ed Cahn, the Canadian Montague Glass. Mr. Cahn contributed "Cohen's Insomnia" to a recent issue of *Joe Chapple's News-Letter*, and no story was more enthusiastically received. Mr. Cahn seems to be able to interpret the irresistible humor of the Hebrew, and we count ourselves especially fortunate in securing one of his stories for the NATIONAL. "Papa Buys Some Diamonds" will be illustrated by Orville P. Williams, the cartoonist who came into national prominence through

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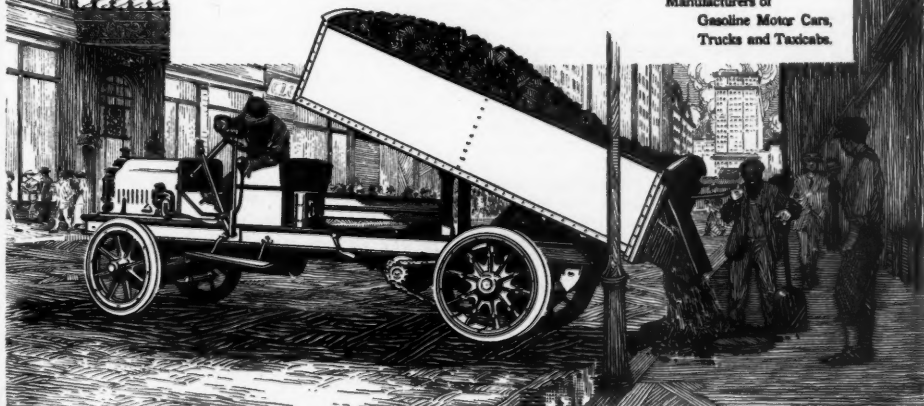
THE purchaser of a motor truck, to be secure in his investment, must consider not only the construction of the truck and its adaptability to his business conditions, but also the financial responsibility and the integrity of the truck manufacturer behind it.

The guarantees and free service offers under which so many trucks are sold, are no better than the reputation and responsibility of the manufacturers who make them.

White Trucks are manufactured by a company which has had the confidence and respect of the industrial world for over fifty years. The name of the White Company is the best guarantee in the world of the sterling quality of White Trucks.

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Trucks and Taxicabs.



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his "Claribel" series of comics. Every one of the writers represented in this list is familiar to magazine readers, and the publishers take pride in the showing.

* * *

WALT MASON, the noted Kansas poet-humorist, characteristically writes of *HEART SONGS*: "*It is the finest thing I ever saw.*" This comment is borne out by Mr. Mason's poem on "The Old Songs," with which many of our readers are doubtless familiar:

The modern airs are cheerful, melodious, and sweet; we hear them sung and whistled all day upon the street. Some lilting rag-time ditty that's rollicking and gay will gain the public favor and hold it—for a day. But when the day is ended, and we are tired and worn, and more than half persuaded that man was made to mourn, how soothing then the music our fathers used to know! The songs of sense and feeling, the songs of long ago! The "Jungle Joe" effusions and kindred roundelays will do to hum or whistle throughout our busy days; and in the garish limelight the yodelers many yell, and Injun songs may flourish—and all is passing well; but when to light the heavens the shining stars return, and in the cottage windows the lights begin to burn, when parents and their children are seated by the fire, remote from worldly clamor and all the world's desire, when eyes are soft and shining, and hearts with love aglow, how pleasant is the singing of songs of long ago!

WALT MASON.

In the columns of the *Kansas City Star*, where Mr. Mason conducts a book review column that is read in all parts of the country, he has said of *HEART SONGS*:

Joe Mitchell Chapple, publisher of the *NATIONAL MAGAZINE*, deserves a gold medal and a wagon load of American Beauties. He has collected all the fine old songs and published them in a beautiful book entitled "*Heart Songs*," which title is descriptive. There are over five hundred pages of the songs, and every one is an old favorite, every one has been sung thousands of times in days gone by. Mr. Chapple raked the country over for the material for this book, and 25,000 people assisted by sending him favorite songs, and the result is a compilation that is a genuine treasury. The phonograph people are now drawing largely upon this book for old-time melodies, which is a good thing for the phonograph people, the public and Mr. Chapple.

In the month's mail there have come also many new sentiments on *HEART THROBS*—the most of them on Volume II—by readers who have known and treas-

ured Volume I since its publication. "The very highest tribute I can pay to the second volume," writes Congressman W. W. Wedemeyer of Michigan, "is to say that I like it just as well as the first; and the first has given me more real pleasure than any other book that came to my hands up to the time I had received it. And none since, except this second volume, has done me so much good. You have earned the gratitude of everybody."

A friend in Boston writes of *HEART THROBS*: "There is no Sunday when I am at home that I don't spend an hour or two with them. They are perfect gems, and all lovers of books should have the volumes in their libraries."

One of the *NATIONAL*'s oldest friends writes the following appreciation: "The *HEART THROBS* book is a gem, and anyone collecting them is doing a noble work in selecting and giving them to the world, whether they are original with the collector, or the result of some other brain, tuned to the same note that shall glorify, amuse and satisfy humanity or stimulate men and women to higher and nobler duties.

LORING W. PUFFER."

Women readers have been most generous and enthusiastic in their bestowal of praise on the volume. A friend writes from Austin, Minnesota: "I simply love the collection of treasures between its covers, and it appeals to me because many of the selections are such old-time friends, bringing to mind memories of days gone by—some sad, many pleasant ones as well, because it is so very human and must reach the hearts of all readers. It will cheer and make happy the fortunate possessor, and I hope will find a place in every home."

From Gatesville, North Carolina, Mrs. G. D. W. writes: "*HEART THROBS*, Volume II, contains some of the purest gems from all the works of English. The reading of this collection of beautiful thoughts must bring to the heart of everyone a throb either of sadness or of joy—like the meeting of old friends and the gladness of welcoming new."

No late fiction could be a better companion for the veranda during the summer days than *HEART THROBS*, which may be taken up at random and put down at will.

The Necco Sweets

"The Standard Sweets of the Nation"

Made in New England since 1847

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Quality
In
Every
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LITTLE HELPS FOR HOME-MAKERS

FOR the Little Helps found suited for use in this department we award six months' subscription to the National Magazine. If you are already a subscriber, your subscription must be paid in full to date in order to take advantage of this offer. You can then either extend your own term or send the National to a friend. If your Little Help does not appear it is probably because the same idea has been offered by someone before you. Try again. We do not want cooking recipes unless for a new or uncommon dish. Enclose stamped addressed envelope if you wish us to return or acknowledge unavailable offerings.

TWO NEW FRUIT DISHES

By Mrs. W. R. C.

Put one pound of large prunes and one pound of apricots in a dish of warm water for twenty minutes and rub well to clean; place in a porcelain vessel with a quart of hot water and boil until tender; stir with a wooden spoon and add water; if it boils down too thick, when done, add a handful of currants with a cup of sugar; let boil five minutes longer; when cool, pour into a glass bowl, cut a few slices of lemon over the top and place on ice if convenient.

Put one pound of large prunes and one pound of dried apples, well washed, into a porcelain vessel with a quart of hot water. Boil until tender. Stir with a wooden spoon, adding water as it boils down. If too thick to look nice, when done, put sugar to suit taste, with a few sticks of cinnamon, or orange peel in small dice. The prunes had better be seeded if you have time.

IRONING LACE

By O. K.

When necessary to iron lace, use tissue paper above and under the lace. It will prevent the lace from ironing shiny.

EVERLASTING YEAST

By Mrs. F. E. Van B.

A yeast that is *always* ready, in hot weather or cold; in town or on the farm, may be had, if at each baking is saved a small quantity of the bread sponge, before any salt has been used: to this must be added about one half the same amount of sugar for a preservative. I have used the same yeast in this way for two and one half years now and it is as good as ever. Freezing does it no harm. *No salt* should be used. If in warm weather it seems to be without life, try it with a little flour and water, and it will be all right. This makes the finest possible bread.

USES FOR TARRED PAPER

By C. T.

1. Put tarred paper over mouse holes and the mice will not gnaw through.
2. When putting clothes away, place tarred paper in with them to keep the moths away.

For a Cold

Pure linseed oil is good for a cold.

BAKER'S Breakfast Cocoa

Is of Unequaled Quality



Registered
U. S. Pat. Off.

For delicious natural
flavor, delicate aroma,
absolute purity and
food value, the most
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the standard.

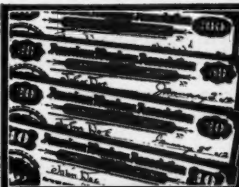
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Issued in tens, twenties, fifties and one hundreds, in any amount and combination desired.

Write to Bankers' Trust Company, Wall Street, New York, for information as to where you can obtain cheques in your vicinity, and an interesting booklet, "How to Use the Traveling Cheque."

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The Largest and Best Equipped School of Music

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GRAND OPERA SCHOOL

This school gives a *practical training* for Grand Opera in regular professional rehearsals. The conductors, stage managers and repetiteurs are of the staff of the Boston Opera House. Pupils of this Opera School will have the opportunity to obtain a debut in the Boston Opera House when they demonstrate sufficient ability.

Free Examination for Entrance to Grand Opera School

A conductor of this school will visit the cities and towns from whose vicinity a sufficient number of applications are received and will hold **free examinations** for entrance to the school. Application for examination should be made **before** September 15th in order to include your city in this tour.

For all information address

RALPH L. FLANDERS, Manager.

THE HOME

HANGING PICTURES

By Mrs. G. B. H.

To prevent pictures from slipping and hanging uneven, hang them first face to the wall and then twist around, making a cross in the wire.

Fried Fish

Remember when frying fish that if the fat in which it is fried is not quite boiling, the fish will be greasy and sodden. Never put in the fish till a blue smoke is rising from the fat.

To Clean Graters

A small whisk broom kept for the purpose is just the thing to clean horseradish graters.

Delicious Cake Frosting

One cup of powdered sugar, rolled fine; three tablespoonfuls of sweet cream, mixed together; one tablespoonful of cocoa, half teaspoon of vanilla. If this rule is followed the frosting will not get hard and crack.

A Fine Liniment

Take equal parts of turpentine and sweet oil and put in all the gum camphor it will dissolve. Put the gum camphor into the turpentine before the oil is mixed with it.

Clean the Bottle

Always wash the mouth of the milk bottle before removing the paper cap, for it is by the top of the bottle that the milkman carries it.

Washing Wooden Ware

Do not wash wooden ware in hot water and it will not turn black. Use soap and lukewarm water and rinse in clear cold water.

To Remove Fruit Stains

Whiskey will remove all fruit stains.

A GOOD CLEANER

By Mrs. L. H. P.

To clean hardwood casings add one pint of sweet milk to a pan of water. It will remove all dust and leave the wood looking bright and clean.

A Convenient Closet

Where there is no built-in closet in the kitchen, a very convenient one can be made by placing a partition diagonally across a corner, using wainscoting to match the woodwork. Place hooks in rows on wall thus enclosed for hanging work coats, and the space at bottom can be used to store work shoes. The door should be well hung and closed with a snap-button.

A Bread Hint

When setting bread sponge, omit putting in salt until light and ready to knead. The salt partly kills the yeast germs and thus retards fermentation.

NOVEL MATS FOR HOT DISHES

By Nettie Rand Miller

Cut a piece of pasteboard the size and shape desired, round, square, or octagon, and sew on this felt or flannel. On the reverse side sew on flat bone, pearl, or china buttons, all of one size, putting them on in rings or other patterns. These will hold the hot dish up from the table.

An Excellent Summer Dessert

Whip one pint of cream with the white of an egg until stiff. The egg adds to the stiffness and bulk. Sweeten to suit the taste. Have ready some English walnuts ground rather fine, also a dozen dates and half a dozen figs cut into fine pieces. Stir these into the whipped cream. Put in a mold, cover tightly and pack in a bucket with finely pounded ice and salt, as you would for ice cream. Let it stand for four or five hours. The quantity given will serve eight persons.

Cleaning Hints

A paper bag slipped over the hand when using a cloth to wipe off the stove will greatly save the hands. A painter's duster will be found very useful for dusting the stove, mouldings, etc. Stains on knives can be removed by scouring the blade with a raw potato dipped in brick dust.

A Guest Menu Book

Keep a little book in which to write the menu each time you have company, then if the same people come again, you will not serve the same things. Also make a note if you find there is anything you served that they specially liked or disliked.

What Salt Will Do

A little rubbed on the cups will take off tea and coffee stains.

If soot drops on the carpet, cover it immediately with salt and it can all be swept up.

Salt added to the starch will prevent the clothes from getting musty.

Put into whitewash will make it stick better.

It will keep the teeth white, the gums hard and rosy.

A good gargle for sore throat. One teaspoon to a pint of water.

Salt and water will clean willow furniture. Apply with a small brush and wipe dry.

Salt and water held in the mouth after a tooth has been extracted will stop bleeding.

Two teaspoons to one cup of tepid water is an excellent emetic, and an antidote for nitrate of silver.

After having the hands in dish water, or when rough from housecleaning, wash them, rinse, and while wet rub thoroughly with table salt, rinse again and wipe dry. You will be surprised to see how smooth they will feel.

To keep clothes from freezing to the line, put a handful of salt in the last rinsing water.

Salt put down the sink drain will keep it from freezing.

DEPARTMENT OF PROGRESSIVE ADVERTISERS

Since the decision rendered by the United States Supreme Court, it has been decided by the Monks hereafter to bottle

CHARTREUSE

(Liqueur Pères Chartreux)

both being identically the same article, under a combination label representing the old and the new labels, and in the old style of bottle bearing the Monks' familiar insignia, as shown in this advertisement.

According to the decision of the U. S. Supreme Court, handed down by Mr. Justice Hughes on May 29, 1911, no one but the Carthusian Monks (Pères Chartreux) is entitled to use the word CHARTREUSE as the name or designation of a Liqueur, so their victory in the suit against the Cusenier Company, representing M. Henri Lecouturier, the Liquidator appointed by the French Courts, and his successors, the Compagnie Fermiere de la Grande Chartreuse, is complete.

The Carthusian Monks (Pères Chartreux), and they alone, have the formula or recipe of the secret process employed in the manufacture of the genuine Chartreuse, and have never parted with it. There is no genuine Chartreuse save that made by them at Tarragona, Spain.

At first-class Wine Merchants, Grocers, Hotels, Cafés.
Bâtjer & Co., 45 Broadway, New York, N. Y.
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The Old Oaken Bucket

filled to the brim with cold, clear purity. Bring back the old days with a glass of

Coca-Cola

It makes one think of everything that's pure and wholesome and delightful. Bright, sparkling, teeming with palate joy—it's your soda fountain old oaken bucket.

Delicious—Refreshing—Thirst-Quenching

Free

Our new booklet, telling of Coca-Cola vindication at Chattanooga, for the asking.

Demand the Genuine as made by
THE COCA-COLA CO., Atlanta, Ga.

Whenever you see an Arrow think of Coca-Cola.



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THE CHARMS OF SUMMER SEAS

Spend your vacation on the Great Lakes the most economical and enjoyable outing in America. Daily service is operated between Detroit and Cleveland, Detroit and Buffalo; four trips weekly between Toledo, Detroit, Mackinac Island and way ports; daily service between Toledo, Cleveland and Put-in-Bay.

A Cleveland to Mackinac special steamer will be operated two trips weekly from June 15th to September 10th, stopping only at Detroit every trip and Goderich, Ont., every other trip.—Special Bay Trips Between Detroit and Cleveland, During July and August.—Railroad Tickets Available on Steamers.

Send 2 cent stamp for Illustrated Pamphlet and Great Lakes Map.

Address: L. C. Lewis, G. P. A., Detroit, Mich.
Philip H. McMillan, Pres. A. A. Schantz, Gen'l Mgr.
Detroit & Cleveland Navigation Company

THE HOME

TENDER BREAD CRUST

By N. A. Denel

Bread may be brushed over with melted butter three minutes before removing from the oven if a tender crust is desired.

Rhubarb Custard Pie

Put well stewed rhubarb through a flour sieve. To a cupful of this add a cup of sugar and a tablespoon of cornstarch dissolved in a little water. Then add two beaten eggs, a piece of butter the size of a small egg. You need no top crust. Instead, sift sugar over the top while baking.

Sewing on Buttons

Tailors double their thread used to sew on buttons and make a knot and hold the knot in the teeth while they twist the thread, then they wax it and that keeps it twisted. Then they put a pin across the button, and after the buttons are sewed on they remove the pin and wind the thread around several times, making a kind of a stem. This makes it more easy to button the garment. The buttons on children's waists should be sewed on this way so more than one garment can be buttoned on the same waist.

Custard Pie

When making custard pies, try using flour instead of cornstarch. Mix the flour and sugar together dry before putting with other ingredients.

In Growing Cabbage

Always hoe cabbage when the dew is on and never when the sun shines. When plants are rather small, begin to sprinkle with a little pepper and salt about once in two weeks.

Sour Milk

Sour milk will keep people young if one drinks large amounts of it, as it keeps the arteries from hardening.

Skirt Hangers

Take two pieces of ribbon four inches long. Cover two rings with silk to match the ribbon in color. Sew a ring to one end of each piece of ribbon and to the other end of each piece of ribbon have a safety pin. Hang the rings on two nails in your closet and pin a dress skirt to the ribbons with the safety pins and you have a nice dress hanger. Several of these would be nice to carry in a trunk to use while away from home. Some of these would make nice little Christmas gifts.

Cold Water Biscuits

One quart of flour, little salt, two teaspoons cream tartar, one teaspoon soda. Sift all these together two or three times, then work in lard or cottolene about the size of a hen's egg; then add water until you get a batter about like cake and drop on a floured biscuit pan, size about seven and one half by eleven and one half inches, with a large spoon. If

they run together, cut them apart after they are done.

SUBSTITUTE FOR EGGS

By Mrs. J. S. McG.

When a cake recipe calls for two eggs, and eggs are scarce and high, use one egg and sift one tablespoonful of cornstarch with the flour.

To Bake Custards

To keep custards from wheying place in pan of hot water to bake.

Simple Cough Remedy

Beat white of an egg, add one teaspoonful of sugar and eight drops of oil of tar. Take one teaspoonful every few hours.

Muriatic Acid for Discoloration

For basins, bath tubs, etc., that have become discolored, apply muriatic acid with a cloth.

Ink Stains

To remove ink or iodine stains pour boiling starch over them.

Keep Cool

A new use for hot water bags is to fill them with ice water during the excessive hot weather laying one at the foot and one at the head of the bed. It is surprising how they lower the temperature.

TWO HELPFUL HINTS

By B. T.

When wishing to keep vegetables—such as greens, lettuce, parsley, etc., until the following day, place, with the roots, or where they have been cut, in a vessel containing water, exactly as you would a bunch of cut flowers, and they will be as fresh as if newly cut.

If you have a quantity of soup, vegetables or stewed fruit which you do not care to use at once, and do not want to waste, bring to a boil, heat a quart or pint jar, according to quantity, put on a good rubber and fill to the brim with the food, even allowing a little to run over. Seal as quickly and carefully as if expecting to keep all winter—which it should, if desired. This is particularly handy when ice cannot be procured.

CORRECTION

By Mrs. W. E. B.

Fruit jams without cooking: Mash berries fine; take two cups of (cane) granulated sugar to one cup of mashed fruit; stir until sugar dissolves, put in can. The secret of success is, tie a cloth over top, but *don't* seal with rubber and screw top, and don't heat jam at any time.

For Colds

Rub eucalyptus oil on chest and neck. It relieves soreness.